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VOLUME V

NUMBER 1

LINCOLN'S BODY GUARD

THE UNION LIGHT GUARD OF OHIO

WITH SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY

ROBERT W. McBRIDE
LATE CORPORAL AND COMPANY CLERK

INDIANAPOLIS
EDWARD J. HECKER, PRINTER
1911

PREFATORY

Handwritten: 100
This booklet is not intended as a contribution to either literature or history. It is intended as a mere token of remembrance among comrades. As memory reaches back through the years, my heart turns to those comrades of mine who, in the midst of one of the most deadly conflicts the world has ever known, volunteered to go as soldiers on a special service, the nature of which none of them knew. They only knew that they were going in the service of their country, but they also knew that in that day, wherever men followed the old flag, death trod on the heels of duty. It seems to me that at that stage of the war, men who volunteered for an unknown and special service were entitled to as much credit as if they had volunteered in a forlorn hope.

Handwritten: 100
They went, expecting to face danger, and were disappointed when they were denied that chance. It has taken years to efface that disappointment and bring to them a tardy realization that their service was as honorable as if they had actually challenged death on the field of battle.

R. W. McB.

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LINCOLN'S BODY GUARD

The Union Light Guard, otherwise known as the Seventh Independent Company of Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, was organized by Governor David Tod, of Ohio, during the months of November and December, 1863, for special service, the nature of which was not disclosed to the members of the company until some time after it was mustered into the service. The original intention was to select one man from each county in the State, and the military committees of the several counties were requested each to select a representative for their county, and furnish him transportation to Columbus. Some of the counties being slow in responding, other counties were allowed to furnish men to make up the deficiency. Their enlistment was for three years, or during the war, and they were mustered into the service at Columbus, Ohio, December 17, 1863, by Captain Elmer Otis, Fourth United States Cavalry, acting as mustering officer. They left Columbus for Washington, D. C., December 22, 1863, via Wheeling, W. Va., and the B. & O. railroad. On arrival at Washington they reported to the Secretary of War, and were first assigned to barracks located a few squares southwest of the War Department. The members of the company then learned for the first time that the special service for which they were enlisted was to act as a bodyguard or mounted escort for President Lincoln. Later, barracks were built for the company in what has since been known as the "White Lot," then called the Treasury Park. The barracks were directly south of the Treasury Department and opposite E street.

The stables in which the company horses were kept were on the north side of E street, adjacent to Fifteenth street, and occupied a part of the ground now occupied by the Albaugh Opera House. A part of the company was assigned to duty at the White House, while others were detailed to various points in and around Washington, a large number being sent to the Virginia side of the river, and scattered among the forts constituting the defenses of Washington, from a point opposite Georgetown to a point below Alexandria.

During the summer months President Lincoln spent his nights at the Soldiers' Home, near Washington, and the company escorted him from the White House to the home and returning.

The company continued in the service after the assassination of President Lincoln until September 9, 1865, when it was mustered out at Washington, D. C., by H. C. Strong, First Lieutenant Veteran Reserve Corps.

Taking the company as a whole, the membership was much above that of the average company of soldiers, intellectually, morally, socially and physically. The mystery concerning the special service for which the company was organized, and the care taken in their selection, spurred the imagination and led its members to hope and believe that they would be given a chance to write their names high on the nation's roll of honor. There was bitter disappointment when the men found themselves condemned to that which they felt was a service of "inglorious inactivity," and earnest efforts were made by members of the company and by others in their behalf to have the company assigned to duty at the front, where it could share in the activities and dangers of real warfare. These efforts elicited a stern reminder from the great

War Secretary that a soldier's first duty was unquestioning obedience to the orders of his superiors, and an equally stern admonition to our Captain that it would go hard with him if the department was ever again annoyed by receiving further requests of that character. We were also reminded from other sources that, as soldiers were needed for that particular duty, if we were sent to the front others must come from the front to take our places, and that we could serve our country as faithfully and as well by cheerfully discharging the duties assigned to us as we could possibly do on the field of battle. Aided by the perspective of time, we can now realize the truth of this as we then could not. We can also now realize, as we could not at that time, the honor of having been specially chosen as the personal escort and bodyguard of one of the greatest of Americans and greatest of men.

The company had its share of unpleasant experiences which were best forgotten, and when its members returned to their homes after being mustered out it is probable that a majority of them would have considered a blank page as the best record of their war service. Especially so, when they began to touch elbows with those who bore the scars of battle and listen to their tales of camp and campaign.

Now, however, we know that those same battle-scarred veterans would have been glad at any time to have changed places with us, and, instead of regarding service as the personal bodyguard of Abraham Lincoln as "inglorious," they esteem it to have been a service of high honor. One distinguished officer who had won honor in the field declared that he would rather have been the captain of the Union Light Guard than a brigadier general in any other service.

Since the war several efforts have been made to hold reunions of the company, but the membership was found to be so scattered that none of these efforts met with very great success. A number of the members of the company got together twice at Columbus, Ohio, but no record was kept of the meetings, and there is now no means of knowing how many and who attended. During the National Encampment held in Cincinnati, in 1898, the following ten members met:

Martin Gorman, Defiance, Ohio.

John C. Rhodes, Urbana, Ohio.

Theodore F. Bailey, Delaware, Ohio.

O. H. Spencer, Ironton, Ohio.

Milton Koogler, Bellefontaine, Ohio.

Nelson Tway, Kile, Madison county, Ohio.

Marshall D. Ellis, 843 Elm street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

G. C. Ashmun, 794 Republic street, Cleveland, Ohio.

David Banker, Jr., Poast Town, Ohio.

Robert W. McBride, Indianapolis, Indiana.

No attempt was made at that time to effect an organization. Another attempt was made to hold a reunion at Toledo, Ohio, during the National Encampment in 1908. As a result the following nine members got together at that time:

G. C. Ashmun, 1965 East One Hundred and First street, Cleveland, Ohio.

A. T. Brechbill, 122 Seneca street, Defiance, Ohio.

G. G. Banks, Antwerp, Ohio, R. F. D. No. 3.

George F. Laubender, Mt. Carmel, Illinois.

M. B. Gorman, Defiance, Ohio.

John Crowe, Defiance, Ohio.

Smith Stimmel, Casselton, North Dakota.

Paul Metzger, Salem, Ohio.

Robert W. McBride, Indianapolis, Indiana.

A permanent organization was effected, with Lieutenant G. C. Ashmun as president, and Robert W. McBride as secretary. At that time it was decided that an effort should be made to locate all the survivors of the company, and that for the future the members should try to keep in closer touch with each other. The writer undertook to prepare, publish and distribute a brief outline sketch of the company's organization, and of its service, with a copy of its original roster, and the addresses of its survivors so far as they could be obtained. This promise was kept, and the promised sketch was published and sent to such of the survivors as had then been located. Since that time five additional survivors have been found, while at least four of those who were then living have since died.

The following is a copy of the original roster of the company:

George A. Bennett, Columbus, Ohio.

Arthur W. White, Columbus, Ohio.

J. B. Jameson, Columbus, Ohio.

Horace S. Fuller, Warren, Ohio, clerk.

William P. Anderson, Marysville, Ohio, editor.

Paul Metzger, Salem, Ohio, student.

George C. Ashmun, Talmage, Ohio, teacher.

Josiah Chance, Perrysburgh, Ohio, teacher.

David N. Jones, Delaware, Ohio, farmer.

Samuel Culp, Waldo, Ohio, farmer.

Webster M. Adams, Findlay, Ohio, painter.

Ephraim Adamson, Cambridge, Ohio, farmer.

Edward P. Brown, Lima, Ohio, carpenter.

Frederick R. Baker, Avon, Ohio, farmer.
Albert G. Bacon, Bucyrus, Ohio, stonecutter.
Frank A. Baird, Zanesville, Ohio, student.
Homer Barnes, Delaware, Ohio, farmer.
Thomas B. Ball, Marysville, Ohio, shoemaker.
John I. Burnham, West Jefferson, Ohio, farmer.
Henry C. Baird, Zanesville, Ohio, miller.
Theodore F. Bailey, Delaware, Ohio, farmer.
William P. Bogardus, Four Corners, Ohio, farmer.
Abraham T. Brechbill, Defiance, Ohio, clerk.
George G. Banks, Antwerp, Ohio, farmer.
Lemuel A. Brandeberry, Delaware, Ohio, dentist.
William I. Barbour, Marysville, Ohio, clerk.
David Banker, Middletown, Ohio, farmer.
Cornelius Curran, Logan, Ohio.
Edward W. Crockett, Napoleon, Ohio, farmer.
John Crowe, Defiance, Ohio, merchant.
George W. Crum, Fremont, Ohio, merchant.
Asa C. Cassidy, Zanesville, Ohio, farmer.
John W. Custer, Lima, Ohio, farmer.
Daniel H. Conditt, Newark, Ohio, painter.
Henry G. Clark, Lockburn, Ohio, farmer.
Hiram Cook, Circleville, Ohio, carpenter.
Robert J. Cox, Delaware, Ohio.
Henry Cutler, Harrisville, Ohio, carriage maker.
Jeremiah N. Dunn, Mt. Gilead, Ohio, teacher.
Edward P. Dolbear, Delaware, Ohio, printer.
David J. Elliott, Sidney, Ohio, farmer.
Thomas J. Everett, Millersburg, Ohio, farmer.
Marshall D. Ellis, Eldorado, Ohio, student.
Joseph Fulkerson, Bucyrus, Ohio, bricklayer.
John F. Field, Columbus, Ohio, farmer.

Gilbert N. Gilley, McConnellsville, Ohio, carpenter.

Martin Gorman, Defiance, Ohio, clerk.

William Gassoway, Smithfield, Ohio, farmer.

Robert H. Hyde, Wauseon, Ohio, clerk.

Frederick T. Hard, Norwalk, Ohio, clerk.

Asa R. Hughes, Delaware, Ohio, student.

Samuel P. Haverfield, Cadiz, Ohio, dentist.

John Holmes, Bucyrus, Ohio, farmer.

William P. Hopkins, Ravenna, Ohio, clerk.

Lemuel T. Hibbard, Defiance, Ohio, tinner.

William H. Hughes, Wilmington, Ohio, farmer.

Peter Ingle, Delaware, Ohio, farmer.

Alfred Jordan, Springfield, Ohio, farmer.

Jefferson Koontz, Canton, Ohio, plasterer.

John F. Kellar, Caldwell, Ohio, farmer.

Milton Koogle, Lebanon, Ohio, carriage maker.

Joseph W. Lawrence, Marysville, Ohio, printer.

George F. Laubender, Millersburg, Ohio, farmer.

Samuel Lynn, Delaware, Ohio, farmer.

Frank P. Lutz, Circleville, Ohio, clerk.

John W. Minor, Eaton, Ohio, farmer.

Ira L. Morris, Troy, Ohio, farmer.

Robert W. McBride, Mansfield, Ohio, clerk.

Andrew Mayfield, Norton, Ohio, farmer.

James W. Mayfield, Delaware, Ohio, farmer.

Thomas W. McClellan, Eaton, Ohio, farmer.

Lewis M. Meeker, Canfield, Ohio, hotel keeper.

George Orman, Lancaster, Ohio, carpenter.

George H. Platt, Toledo, Ohio, merchant.

Henry P. Pyle, Mt. Vernon, Ohio, clerk.

Nathaniel M. T. Page, Portsmouth, Ohio, clerk.

Thomas R. Plummer, Wauseon, Ohio, merchant.

George S. Rowan, Chillicothe, Ohio, cooper.
Samuel H. Rulon, Wilmington, Ohio, dentist.
Mark B. Robinson, Miamisville, Ohio, farmer.
John W. Ray, London, Ohio, teacher.
Luther B. Ricketts, New Philadelphia, Ohio, clerk.
James D. Raikes, Cambridge, Ohio, engineer.
John C. Rhodes, Urbana, Ohio, clerk.
John Q. A. Redd, Lebanon, Ohio, baker.
Levi M. Rodecker, Woodsfield, Ohio, artist.
Smith Stimmell, Lockburn, Ohio, farmer.
David G. Spaulding, Delaware, Ohio, carpenter.
Charles C. Smucker, Newark, Ohio, tinner.
Judson A. Spaulding, Delaware, Ohio, carpenter.
Benjamin F. Summers, London, Ohio, artist.
William A. Scott, New Philadelphia, Ohio, merchant.
Oscar H. Spencer, McArthur, Ohio, watchmaker.
Emery C. Swank, Canfield, Ohio, painter.
Barton W. Swerer, Brady Station, Ohio, teacher.
Charles S. Slade, Wapakoneta, Ohio, farmer.
Zebulon Sparks, New Philadelphia, Ohio.
Imri Smalley, Jefferson, Ohio, painter.
George Terry, Portsmouth, Ohio, clerk.
Alva R. Tichenor, Lebanon, Ohio, clerk.
Nelson Tway, Marysville, Ohio, farmer.
Silas B. Thompson, New Concord, Ohio, carpenter.
Wilson White, Newark, Ohio, painter.
Joshua M. Yeo, Lebanon, Ohio, clerk.
William Cook, Columbus, Ohio, colored cook.
William Davis, Columbus, Ohio, colored cook.
John Carter, Columbus, Ohio, colored cook.
James Robinson, Columbus, Ohio, colored cook.

The following named members of the company died while in the service:

Samuel Culp.
David J. Elliott.
Benjamin F. Summers.

The following named members were discharged before the end of their time of service:

Captain George A. Bennett,
First Lieutenant Arthur W. White,
Imri Smalley,
David N. Jones,
Henry C. Baird,
John Crowe,
Cornelius Curran,
Robert J. Cox,
John W. Custer,
Edward P. Dolbear,
George W. Donely,
John F. Field,
Frederick T. Hard,
Peter Ingle,
Milton Koogle,
Jefferson Koontz,
James W. Mayfield,
Paul Metzger,
John W. Minor,
John W. Ray,
Zebulon Sparks,
Judson A. Spaulding,
Oscar H. Spencer,
Wilson White,
John Carter,
William Cook,

William Davis,
James Robinson.

Second Lieutenant James B. Jameson was promoted to First Lieutenant December 21, 1864.

George C. Ashmun was promoted to Second Lieutenant February 8, 1865.

The following named members of the company were commissioned in other commands:

Josiah Chance, promoted to Captain One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Regiment U. S. Colored Troops, September 13, 1864.

William P. Bogardus, promoted to Second Lieutenant Twenty-fourth Regiment U. S. Colored Troops, March 6, 1865.

Jeremiah M. Dunn, promoted to Captain Twenty-ninth Regiment U. S. Colored Troops, September 26, 1864.

Marshall D. Ellis, promoted to Second Lieutenant U. S. Colored Troops, April 21, 1865.

Luther B. Ricketts, promoted to Second Lieutenant One Hundred and Second Regiment U. S. Colored Troops, May 6, 1865.

Joshua M. Yeo, promoted to First Lieutenant and Adjutant One Hundred and Ninety-sixth O. V. I., March 30, 1865.

With one exception the remaining members of the company were mustered out together, as a company, September 9, 1865. The one exception was Mark B. Robinson, who was on detached duty, and was not mustered out until November 24, 1865.

As a result of patient and persistent inquiry and correspondence, the following survivors were located:

Arthur W. White, Bostwick, Nebraska.
Horace S. Fuller, Crete, Nebraska.

- Wm. P. Anderson, 450 Nineteenth street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C., Treasury Department.
Paul Metzger, Salem, Ohio.
George C. Ashmun, 1965 East One Hundred and
First street, Cleveland, Ohio.
Ephraim Adamson, Mowequa, Illinois.
Edward P. Brown, Zebra, Missouri.
John I. Burnham, San Jose, California.
Henry C. Baird, Zanesville, Ohio.
Theodore F. Bailey, Delaware, Ohio.
William P. Bogardus, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.
Abraham T. Brechbill, 122 Seneca street, Defiance,
Ohio.
George G. Banks, Antwerp, Ohio, R. F. D. No. 3.
John Crowe, Defiance, Ohio.
Hiram Cook, Circleville, Ohio.
Robert J. Cox, Delaware, Ohio.
Marshall D. Ellis, 120 Massachusetts avenue, N.
W., Washington, D. C.
Joseph Fulkerson, 55 Souder avenue, Columbus,
Ohio.
Martin Gorman, Defiance, Ohio.
William H. Hughes, 41 W. McCreight street,
Springfield, Ohio.
John F. Kellar, Crookston, Nebraska.
Milton Koogle, Bellefontaine, Ohio.
George F. Laubender, Mt. Carmel, Illinois.
Samuel Lynn, Bentonville, Benton county, Ar-
kansas.
Frank P. Lutz, 38 Block K, Peublo, Colorado.
Robert W. McBride, 1434 Park avenue, Indian-
apolis, Indiana.
Andrew Mayfield, Norton, Delaware county, Ohio.

James W. Mayfield, Norton, Delaware county, Ohio.

George Orman, Lancaster, Ohio.

Nathaniel M. T. Page, Cuba, Crawford county, Missouri.

James D. Raikes, 901 Concannon street, Moberly, Missouri.

John C. Rhodes, Urbana, Ohio.

Smith Stimmell, Casselton, North Dakota.

Charles C. Smucker, 675 Neil avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Oscar A. Spencer, Circleville, Ohio.

Emery C. Swank, Soldiers' Home, Sandusky, Ohio.

George Terry, Arbatross street, San Diego, California.

Nelson Tway, Kileville, Ohio.

Joshua M. Yeo, Chillicothe, Ohio.

Jefferson Koontz, 1754 Pennsylvania avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.

David N. Jones, Brock, Nebraska.

Thomas W. McClellan, Pacific Grove, California.

John W. Ray, Guthrie, Oklahoma.

William Davis (colored), 602 Court street, Charleston, West Virginia.

Since that time I have received notice of the death of the following:

William P. Anderson, died December, 1910.

Edward P. Brown, died February 20, 1910.

Marshall D. Ellis, died 1909.

David N. Jones, died October 4, 1909.

Others reported as dead are as follows:

J. B. Jameson,

Josiah Chance,

Samuel Culp,
Webster M. Adams,
Frederick R. Baker,
Frank A. Baird,
Homer Barnes,
Thomas B. Ball,
Lemuel A. Brandeberry,
William I. Barbour,
David Banker,
Edward W. Crockett,
George W. Crum,
Asa C. Cassidy,
John W. Custer,
Henry G. Clark,
Daniel H. Conditt,
Jeremiah N. Dunn,
Edward P. Dolbear,
David A. Elliott,
Thomas J. Everett,
John F. Field,
Gilbert N. Gilley,
William Gassoway,
Robert H. Hyde,
Frederick T. Hard,
Asa R. Hughes,
Samuel P. Haverfield,
John W. Holmes,
William B. Hopkins,
Lemuel T. Hibbard,
Peter Ingle,
Joseph W. Lawrence,
John W. Minor,
Ira L. Morris,

Lewis M. Meeker,
George H. Platt,
Henry P. Pyle,
Thomas R. Plummer,
George S. Rowan,
Samuel H. Rulon,
Mark B. Robinson,
Luther B. Ricketts,
John Q. A. Redd,
Levi M. Rodecker,
David G. Spaulding,
Judson A. Spaulding,
Benjamin F. Summers,
William A. Scott,
Barton W. Swerer,
Charles S. Slade,
Zebulon Sparks,
Imri Smalley,
Alva R. Tichenor,
Wilson White.

The following relatives of deceased members of the company have also been heard from:

Lieut. P. G. Banker, Middletown, Ohio, son of David Banker.
Lieut. William E. Crockett, Napoleon, Ohio, son of Edward W. Crockett.
D. Harry Conditt, 311 Market street, Camden, New Jersey, son of Daniel H. Conditt.
Mrs. Ada H. Gassoway, 1423 O street, N. E., Washington, D. C., widow of William Gassoway.
Mrs. A. W. Rodecker, Lancaster, Ohio, widow of Levi M. Rodecker.

Mrs. Irene Scott, New Cumberland, Ohio, widow
of William A. Scott.

No trace has been found of the following:

George A. Bennett,
Albert G. Bacon,
Cornelius Curran,
Henry Cutler,
Silas B. Thompson.

Of the four colored men who were enlisted as cooks, the only one I have succeeded in locating is William Davis, who has been connected with the schools of Charleston, West Virginia, for a great many years.

In connection with the sketch of the company was published some of the writer's personal recollections of Abraham Lincoln. Since that publication the Indiana State Historical Society has interested itself in the company because of its association with Abraham Lincoln, whose boyhood was spent among the pioneers of southern Indiana, and at their request some additional personal recollections have been added and are now included herein.

It is a long step from the President of the United States to a corporal of cavalry, and yet when the President is Abraham Lincoln, and the corporal happens to be a member of his bodyguard, he may in after years have memories of the President worth treasuring. He may not have seen much of the *President*; he may not have any memories of Cabinet meetings, of the preparation of state papers, or social or state functions, but he may have seen enough of the *man* to supply him with memories of many things that will bear telling.

To those familiar with the city of Washington during the time of the Civil War it was not surprising that Lin-

coln was assassinated. The surprising thing to them was that it was so long delayed. It is probable that the only man in Washington who, if he thought upon the subject at all, did not think that Mr. Lincoln was in constant and imminent danger, was Mr. Lincoln himself. The city was filled with Southern sympathizers, and could easily be entered by men coming from beyond the rebel lines. The feeling against Mr. Lincoln as the chosen leader of those battling for the maintenance of the Union was, of course, intensely bitter. Even in the North he was constantly abused and villified, characterized as a tyrant and monster, while articles appeared daily in many of the newspapers the tendency of which was to incite to his murder. It is said that it was with reluctance, and only upon the urgent solicitation of the great War Secretary, Edwin M. Stanton, and others, that he consented to have a guard stationed at the White House and a company of cavalry assigned as his mounted escort.

A company of infantry from one of Pennsylvania's famous regiments of "Bucktails" was camped in the grounds just south of the White House, and a daily detail from its ranks was posted in front of the House, one on each side of the great portico, the beats of the sentinels beginning on each side of the entrance and running east and west about as far as the east and west sides of the main building. Posted thus, they were more ornamental than useful. They were not allowed to challenge or stop any person who sought to enter the White House, and its doors opened then as freely to visitors as they do to-day.

A company from a New York regiment of cavalry, known as "Scott's Nine Hundred," was his original cavalry escort, but in 1863 Governor David Tod, of Ohio,

tendered the services of a picked company of cavalry from that State. His offer was accepted, and in December of 1863 the company, 108 men strong, reached Washington. The company was known as the "Union Light Guard," or "Seventh Independent Squadron of Ohio Volunteer Cavalry." From that time until it was mustered out of service, on the 9th day of September, 1865, it was the mounted escort or bodyguard of Abraham Lincoln and of his successor in office.

It was quartered in barracks in what is now known as the White Lot, but which was then known as the Treasury Park. In those days the White House grounds proper only extended south to a line running east and west from the south end of the Treasury Department building to Seventeenth street. It was bounded on the south by a stone wall three or four feet in height, the top of the wall being on a level with the White House grounds. South of that, and extending to the old canal, which ran immediately north of the then unfinished Washington monument, was the Treasury Park, a great commons with a few small scattering trees and a half-mile race track. The barracks were south of the Treasury Department, on the west side of Fifteenth street, facing D and E streets. Their horses were stabled on the grounds now occupied by Albaugh's Opera House, and were picketed and groomed on Fifteenth street.

It was while serving as a member of this company that I had many opportunities to see Mr. Lincoln. The utter inadequacy of the measures taken for his protection will be understood in some measure when I describe how I first saw him.

It was after midnight of a January night in 1864. The approaches to the White House and the great portico on

its front were lighted by flickering gas jets, for that was before the days of electric lighting. The two great iron gates which guarded the driveways from Pennsylvania avenue were open, but on each side of each gate was a mounted cavalryman, the detail from the Union Light Guard. Dismounted and lounging against the stone supports of the portico was the cavalry corporal of the guard, his horse being picketed in the rear of the house. (On that particular evening I happened to be the corporal of the guard.) The two "Bucktails" were pacing their beats. From the end of the beat of the sentinel on the east side a walk ran to the Treasury Department, and just north of this path stood the White House stables, inside a square-trimmed hedge of boxwood, probably two and one-half or three feet high. From the end of the beat of the sentinel on the west side a path paved with brick ran westward to the old War Department, a dingy-looking old brick building of the dry goods box style of architecture, occupying a part of the north end of the ground now covered by the magnificent State and War Department building. South of it, fronting on Seventeenth street, and separated from the War Department a short distance, was another old-time brick structure, resembling it in architectural ugliness, and occupied by the Navy Department. The space between the White House and War Department contained a number of great forest trees, making a beautiful little park in daylight; but at night, lighted only by the wavering beams of a solitary gas jet, it was a place of shadows and gloom. The path to the War Department ran along the south end of this little park, under the shadow of the trees. Just south of the path was a brick wall, probably five or six feet in height, easily scaled, enclosing what was then called the White House

gardens. Lights shone in only a few of the windows of the White House.

The front door opened, and a tall, rather slender, angular looking man came out alone. He wore a long black frock coat, and a silk hat of the peculiar narrow, high, straight style then in vogue. The hat had apparently either seen its best days or had been badly cared for, as it had lost its shine, and the nap was standing on end in many patches. The long coat and the high hat made him seem taller and more slender than he really was.

Closing the door, he clasped his hands behind his back, and with head bent forward, walked slowly toward the front of the portico. At this the cavalry corporal became suddenly alert, came to attention, drew his saber, and brought it to a carry; for, thanks to the illustrated papers (*Harper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie*), he had recognized in the gaunt figure approaching the President and commander-in-chief of the army, to whom all military courtesy was due.

The President came slowly forward until he reached the steps, and there stopped. For several minutes he stood, seemingly in deep thought, and apparently giving no heed to his surroundings. The opportunity to observe him closely was improved, for he had stopped where one of the gas lights shone full upon him. He looked careworn and weary. His features, as well as his form, were rugged and angular, and there were lines in his face that do not appear in his portraits. His hat was set back far enough to show a high, broad forehead. His nose and ears were large, his cheek bones prominent, his jaws square, his cheeks slightly sunken, his mouth large, and his lips full and rather prominent. His eyes were bent downward and could not be distinctly seen. His face,

around his mouth and a portion of his cheeks, was smoothly shaven, but his chin and jaws were covered with closely-trimmed dark-colored whiskers.

He came down the steps, and, without appearing to notice, gravely lifted his hat in recognition of the salute given, and turned toward the War Department. With similar gravity he acknowledged the salute of the infantryman as he passed him. While the infantryman at once resumed his beat, both he and the cavalryman anxiously watched the tall figure as it passed into the shadows of the great trees, and I know of one of them whose anxiety was only relieved when Mr. Lincoln was seen to enter the War Department building. In about half an hour he came back, still alone. This, while the first, was only one of many similar occurrences, for, as I then learned, it was his frequent and almost nightly practice thus to visit the War Department before going to bed, that he might have the latest news from the front. It was also his daily practice to make an early morning visit to the department. I never saw him attended at any of these times. He always went and came alone. I think, however, that late in the fall of 1864 a member of the police force in plain clothes attended him whenever he left the White House.

From the description I have given of the surroundings, it can be seen how easy it would have been for an assassin to have killed him while he was on one of these solitary visits to the War Department, and how little actual protection was given him by the guards as they were posted. The evidence on the trial of the conspirators showed that they knew of his habit of visiting the War Department, and that they had at one time planned to abduct him, by seizing him on a dark night, while in the shadows of the park, lifting him over the brick wall that bordered the

south side of the pathway, and hurrying him across the Treasury Park to a vacant house belonging to a rebel sympathizer, where he could be kept concealed in the cellar until he could be taken across the Potomac in a boat. The plan was practicable, and I have never understood why it was abandoned.

The next morning I witnessed an interesting scene. Mr. Lincoln came out and started toward the department, apparently absorbed in thought. The infantry sentinel presented arms as he approached, but Mr. Lincoln walked by without returning the salute. The soldier remained standing at a present arms. When Mr. Lincoln had passed him nearly or quite two rods, he suddenly stopped, turned clear around, lifted his hat and bowed. His manner was significant of his kindly nature. It was that of one gentleman apologizing to another for an unintentional slight. Mr. Lincoln was not a military man, yet his position made him the commander-in-chief of the army and entitled him to military honors. He understood that the duty of an officer to return a salute was as imperative as the duty of the soldier to give it. The humblest private in the ranks is entitled to have his salute returned, and a failure to return it is an affront and a breach of military courtesy. When Mr. Lincoln realized that he had failed to recognize the salute at the proper time he was not content merely to return it, but in his manner of returning it tendered an ample apology. I asked the soldier why he continued standing at a present after the President had passed him so far. He explained that such occurrences were common; when Mr. Lincoln was absorbed in thought he frequently passed the sentry without returning the salute, but never failed to remember before he had gone very far, and invariably stopped, when he did remember, and returned it.

We soon learned to know from Mr. Lincoln's manner, as he returned from the War Department, whether the news from the front was good or otherwise. If good, he came back with head erect and arms swinging. His countenance was bright, and he usually smiled as he acknowledged the salute. If the news from the front was not encouraging, we could read it in his manner. His countenance was clouded, and he frequently walked with bowed head and hands clasped behind his back. One night there was an alarm of fire. The White House stables were burning. Those of us who were early on the ground saw a tall and hatless man come running from the direction of the White House. When he reached the boxwood hedge that served as an enclosure to the stables he sprang over it like a deer. As he approached the stable he inquired if the horses had been taken out. On learning that they had not, he asked impatiently why they had not, and with his own hands burst open the stable door. A glance within showed that the whole interior of the stable was in flames, and that the rescue of the horses was impossible. Notwithstanding this, he would apparently have rushed in had not those standing around caught and restrained him. It suddenly occurred to some one that possibly the stables had been fired for the purpose of bringing him out of the White House and giving an opportunity to assassinate him. Captain Bennett, of the Union Light Guard, and some others immediately hurried him into the White House, while, by Captain Bennett's orders, with a detail of the men of our company, I took charge of the entrance, remaining there on duty for several hours.

After posting the sentinels, I went inside. Mr. Lincoln, with others, was standing in the East room, looking

at the still burning stable. He was weeping. Little "Tad," his youngest son, explained his father's emotion. His son Willie had died a short time before. He was his father's favorite, and the stable contained a pony that had belonged to the dead boy. The thought of his dead child had come to his mind as soon as he learned the stables were on fire, and he had rushed out to try to save the pony from the flames.

The presidential receptions offered another opportunity for the assassin. The recent tragic death of President McKinley shows that it was indeed a real danger. With feeling running so high, it speaks well for the American character that some fanatic did not take advantage of the license afforded by the presidential receptions to assassinate him as President McKinley was assassinated.

At those receptions Mr. Lincoln, like other Presidents, would stand for hours shaking the hands of all who came. For hours a constant stream of mixed humanity passed him. The clerk, the mechanic and the laborer from the streets would elbow the millionaire or the high official, as they crowded through, and the President greeted all with the same courtesy.

During a public reception at the White House, on an evening in March of 1864, while standing near the entrance watching the crowds as they came, I noticed two officers come in quietly and join the throng passing around to the right to reach the President. One wore a close-cropped brownish colored mustache and beard that covered his entire face. His uniform showed the slight purplish tinge taken on by the military uniform in those days when it had seen much service in the field. His shoulder straps were those of a major-general. The other, who followed him closely, also wore a full beard,

which, as I remember it, was darker than that of his companion, and was not trimmed. His shoulder straps were those of a brigadier-general. Some one asked: "Who are they?" Most of those present were familiar with the general officers of the Army of the Potomac, but these were strangers. Suddenly some one whispered: "That looks like the picture of Grant in Harper's Weekly," and then the word went round that it was General Grant, with General Rawlings, his chief of staff. General Grant had just been nominated and confirmed as lieutenant-general, and had come East to receive his commission and take command of the armies. This was his first visit to the White House during the war, and his first meeting with Mr. Lincoln. I had the privilege of seeing them meet. Mr. Lincoln recognized General Grant before he reached him, and, contrary to his usual custom, stepped forward to greet him. He was much taller than General Grant, and when he clasped his hand his head bent downward as he looked into General Grant's eyes. I could not hear what they said. The crush became terrific, as the crowd tried to get near enough to witness the meeting. With other members of my company, I assisted in clearing the way for General Grant to escape from the crush. Placing him and Secretary of State William H. Seward in the center, we formed a sort of football wedge, and thus forced our way through the crowd and across the East room. On the east side of the East room was a sofa, on which Mr. Seward and General Grant climbed. A little speech from Mr. Seward and a little energetic pushing by the guard started the throng past General Grant, who shook hands with them as they passed.

Mr. Lincoln spent the summer of 1864 at the Soldiers' Home, going out from the city in the evening and return-

ing in the morning. A detachment of the guard accompanied him as his escort and remained at the Soldiers' Home over night. Occasionally Mr. Lincoln would go among the men and chat familiarly with them.

Mr. Lincoln's manner on such occasions was that of one having a genuine, kindly interest in the members of the company and a wish to learn how matters looked from their point of view. There was nothing patronizing about it, nor anything savoring of condescension or superciliousness. My first impression on seeing Mr. Lincoln was that he was ungainly, awkward and ugly. Memory recalls him as being rugged, strong, plain and kind.

One beautiful spring morning in 1864, as the President returned from his morning visit to the War Department, he found a group of school children playing on the north portico of the White House. The news from the front had evidently been satisfactory and the President was bright and cheerful. He stopped, called the children around him and for several minutes talked pleasantly with them, looked at their books, questioned them about their studies and said pleasant, quaint and humorous things. His manner was not that of condescension, but rather of comradeship. The children crowded round him as if he had been their elder brother.

When Mr. Lincoln delivered his second inaugural address I had the privilege of standing within twenty feet of him. His voice was singularly clear and penetrating. It had a sort of metallic ring. His enunciation was perfect. There was an immense crowd of people surrounding the east front of the Capitol, but it seemed as if his voice would reach the entire audience. It had rained a great deal during the forenoon, and clouds overcast the sky as the presidential party and the Senate came out on

the east portico. While the ceremonies were in progress the clouds suddenly parted, and, although it was about midday, Venus was seen clearly shining in the blue sky. The attention of the immense throng was directed to it. The superstitious ones, and some who were not so superstitious, as they listened to that wonderful address, were impressed with the thought that the appearance of the star might be an omen of the hoped-for peace, of which Mr. Lincoln spoke with such wistful pathos.

General Lee surrendered to General Grant on the 9th day of April, 1865. The word reached the War Department and was given out on Monday, the 10th day of April. At that time I was on detached duty in the adjutant-general's office, our rooms being in the Thompson building, on the west side of Seventeenth street, opposite the Corcoran Art Gallery. The day was warm and the windows were open. We heard a shout, followed immediately by cheering. We looked from the open window toward the War Department and saw evidence of great excitement. A voice rang out: "Lee has surrendered." I know of no language sufficient to describe the scene that followed. In every direction the shout could be heard, "Lee has surrendered." Men yelled, screamed, shouted, cheered, laughed and wept. No one thought of doing business. A crowd gathered in front of the War Department. A band appeared from somewhere and commenced playing patriotic airs. In response to calls, Secretary Stanton, Adjutant-General Townsend, Vice-President Andrew Johnson, Preston King, Montgomery Blair and others made speeches. That of Andrew Johnson was bitter and vindictive. One expression I can never forget. It was: "And what shall be done with the leaders of the rebel host? I know what I would do if I were

President. I would arrest them as traitors; I would try them as traitors, and, by the Eternal, I would hang them as traitors." His manner and his language impressed me the more because of its contrast with the temperate manner and language of President Lincoln.

Some one in the crowd shouted: "To the White House!" The crowd surged in that direction and began calling for the President. He appeared at an upper window, just west of the portico. His appearance was the signal for cheering that continued for many minutes, with shouts of "Speech! Speech!" He raised his hand and the crowd stilled.

He said: "My friends, you want a speech, but I can not make one at this time. Undue importance might be given to what I should say. I must take time to think. If you will come here to-morrow evening I will have something to say to you. There is one thing I will do, however. You have a band with you. There is one piece of music I have always liked. Heretofore it has not seemed the proper thing to use it in the North; but now, by virtue of my prerogative as President and commander-in-chief of the army and navy, I declare it contraband of war and our lawful prize. I ask the band to play 'Dixie.'" Again the crowd went wild, and for probably the first time after the fall of Fort Sumter the tune of "Dixie" was greeted with cheers from Union throats.

It was evident he was acting on the impulse of the moment when he called upon the band to play the Southern air. The act was significant and characteristic. It illustrated forcibly one of the differences between the character of Mr. Lincoln and that of Andrew Johnson. Mr. Johnson's first thought was of vengeance. Mr. Lincoln's first thought was evidently one of peace and recon-

ciliation, and of how best to heal the wounds of war. Thenceforth the North and South were one, and his impulsive acceptance of the music of the South was a tender of the olive branch.

The next evening the President, according to his promise, made that which proved to be his last public speech. This speech, which is doubtless familiar to all, shows that even in that moment of victory Mr. Lincoln had in mind the smarting wounds of both victor and vanquished, and was already grappling the problem of reconciliation. On Friday night of that week he was shot.

Other memories come to me out of those far away years,—memories of Lincoln and of those about him; memories that would long ago have been lost in the ocean of forgetfulness, but for their association with him. Of most of these incidents I speak from personal knowledge and personal recollection. The others I know as soldiers generally come to know the daily happenings within the observation of their comrades as they are talked over in their quarters or around their camp fires. Knowledge of facts thus acquired rises above mere hearsay, and in a real sense becomes a part of the common knowledge of all.

History tells us of Early's raid in the summer of 1864, and of his attack on the defenses of Washington, but the picture as drawn by history lacks in detail. History tells of the days of anxiety because of the inadequate manning of the city's defenses, the troops having been sent to reinforce Grant in front of Petersburg. But history does not tell how Mr. Lincoln personally visited the fortifications, informed himself as to their defensive condition and as to the troops available for resisting an attack by the gray-clad raiders. Nor does history tell, as

the Union Light Guard and others present at the time can tell, of that July day when Early made his attack on Fort Stevens, and of how Mr. Lincoln, improving his first and only opportunity to see a real battle, watched the fighting, standing on the parapet of the fort exposed to the fire not only of the Confederate skirmishers but of the Confederate sharpshooters who had taken possession of the Blair mansion and fired from its windows until the shells from the fort passing through and exploding in the house sent them scurrying for better shelter. Mr. Lincoln, apparently unmindful of or indifferent to his danger from the enemy's bullets that were sending up little spurts and puffs of dust as they thudded into the embankment on which he stood, paid no heed to the remonstrances of those around, and calmly suggested that he was only taking the chance that thousands of others were taking daily at his command. After an officer standing near him was stricken down, the general officer in immediate command, thoroughly alarmed for Mr. Lincoln's safety, with something of sternness admonished him that his life was too valuable to the country at large to justify such exposure, and notwithstanding Mr. Lincoln was, as President, his commander-in-chief, because of his personal responsibility he *ordered* him to retire to a position of less danger, which Mr. Lincoln did with obvious reluctance.

Memory also recalls some other things in that connection that serve to suggest that the muckrakers of to-day were probably whelped from the curs that snarled at Lincoln's heels, and that our yellow newspapers can claim no pre-eminence in mendacity over the rebel sympathizing papers of 1864.

At the very hour when Lincoln was coolly listening

to the hum of Confederate bullets at Fort Stevens, certain of these newspapers were publishing vivid stories telling of his cowardice and of the measures he had taken for his own safety. According to those mendacious disseminators of misinformation, he had shown himself a craven coward, had taken his family and his valuables on board an ironclad which was anchored in the Potomac, with steam up, and had made all preparations for flight in case Early succeeded in capturing the city.

While, as I have heretofore said, Mr. Lincoln occasionally spoke to and talked with members of the company, I can only speak of one instance where he made use of a story to illustrate his point. This was at the Soldiers' Home, when one of the boys, speaking for the company and encouraged by Mr. Lincoln's evident interest in their welfare, expressed the belief that the company was of no use there and was needed at the front. Mr. Lincoln prefaced a kindly admonition as to a soldier's duty to obey orders without question, by saying: "You boys remind me of a farmer friend of mine in Illinois, who said he could never understand why the Lord put the curl in a pig's tail. It never seemed to him to be either useful or ornamental, but he reckoned that the Almighty knew what he was doing when he put it there."

During the time the Union Light Guard was on duty at the White House, Mr. Lincoln's family consisted of himself, Mrs. Lincoln, and his two sons, Robert and Thomas—familiarly known as "Tad." Robert was away most of the time in college, as we were told. Tad, however, was very much in evidence. He was a very bright boy, about eleven or twelve years of age, with a keen sense of humor and brimming with mischief. Because of some defect in his vocal organs he could not articulate

distinctly. That he could on occasion make himself understood, however, was demonstrated at one of our Sunday morning inspections. Tad was present, dressed in the uniform of an officer, and accompanied Captain Bennett during inspection with the gravity of a veteran. Inspection over, Captain Bennett took position in front of the company to deliver his usual scolding. Tad stood by his side. The Captain proceeded to criticise sharply the condition of the quarters. He described the manner in which they should be kept and said: "The condition of the quarters is disgraceful. Instead of being kept as they should be kept, they look like" —— At this point Tad's shrill voice rang out, completing the sentence in a manner more pungent than elegant and quite unprintable. The effect was ludicrous. The sternness of the Captain's face relaxed in a broad smile, as he turned on his heel, while the company, regardless of discipline, burst into unrebuked laughter.

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Sitting quietly on horseback for two hours on a cold night is, to say the least, disagreeable. To afford a little relief for the mounted sentinels at the gates, the corporal of the guard was given a police whistle which he blew at intervals of half an hour, at which signal the sentinels would change places, one from each gate starting at the signal, meeting and passing in front of the house. As soon as they had taken their new positions the other two would change in like manner. Tad soon noticed this and one evening came to me and asked to see my whistle. I handed it to him, and he turned and ran with it into the house. In a few minutes he appeared at a second story window, opened it and blew the whistle. The men at the gates, supposing the signal was given by me, changed places in the usual way. The change was no sooner ef-

fect than Tad again blew the whistle, and the men again changed places. He kept this up for at least half an hour, to the bewilderment of the sentinels, who, however, enjoyed the change of program and the additional exercise. Presently Tad emerged from the front door carrying the whistle in one hand and a bowl of something in the other hand, which with a mischievous grin he handed to me, evidently as a peace offering. The bowl was filled with Roman punch. A state dinner was being given to the representatives of foreign countries, and Tad had levied on the refreshments for my benefit. This was the beginning of my personal acquaintance with Tad Lincoln, as well as with Roman punch.

In the summer of 1864 a delegation of the chiefs of the Plains Indians, Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes, visited Washington. My recollection is that Red Cloud, Spotted Tail and Crazy Horse were among the number. They were presented to the President one afternoon on the south portico of the White House. Besides the President, there were present several members of the Cabinet, a few prominent army officers, and other more or less distinguished personages. Mrs. Lincoln and several other ladies were also present. The chiefs wore their war bonnets and were in full Indian regalia. They looked dignified and picturesque. The papers had published announcements of the ceremony, and a large crowd of people had gathered in front of the portico to witness it, and to have a good look at live, fighting Indians. Several of the chiefs made short speeches, which were repeated by the interpreter, and Mr. Lincoln responded. I can recall nothing of the speeches except that Mr. Lincoln's was terse and pointed. This was the first time I had heard him make a speech, and I noted the peculiar quality

of his voice, especially its clearness and its carrying power. When the ceremony was over the dignity suddenly fell away from the Indians, when several of them came down the steps of the portico and became beggars. Holding out their war bonnets bedecked with eagle feathers, they, through their interpreter, asked for money. I do not now remember what was assigned as the reason for this, but I saw many persons throw money into the bonnets.

While spending his nights at the Soldiers' Home, Mr. Lincoln would occasionally leave the house late at night and take long and solitary walks. Lieutenant Ashmun (now Dr. G. C. Ashmun, of Cleveland, Ohio), the only surviving commissioned officer of our company, has furnished me with the following statement concerning one of these occasions.

"In the autumn of 1864—the year of Mr. Lincoln's second election—the escort was cautioned repeatedly to be extremely vigilant, not only on the trips to and from the Old Soldiers' Home, but to be prepared for any disturbance during the night in the vicinity of the Home. The whole company was kept under arms with horses saddled. One beautiful Indian summer night, about 12 o'clock, during the period of intense anxiety, as I was returning across the grounds from a visit to one of our pickets, who had fired at something, I saw a man walking alone and leisurely across the path I was taking, and as I came near him I saw it was Mr. Lincoln. At an earlier hour I would have kept from speaking, but, prompted by anxiety, I said, 'Mr. President, isn't it rather risky to be out here at this hour?' He answered, 'Oh, I guess not—I couldn't rest and thought I'd take a walk.' He was quite a distance outside the line of infantry guards

about the house where the family was staying. He turned back after I spoke to him, and I passed on to where the escort was camped."

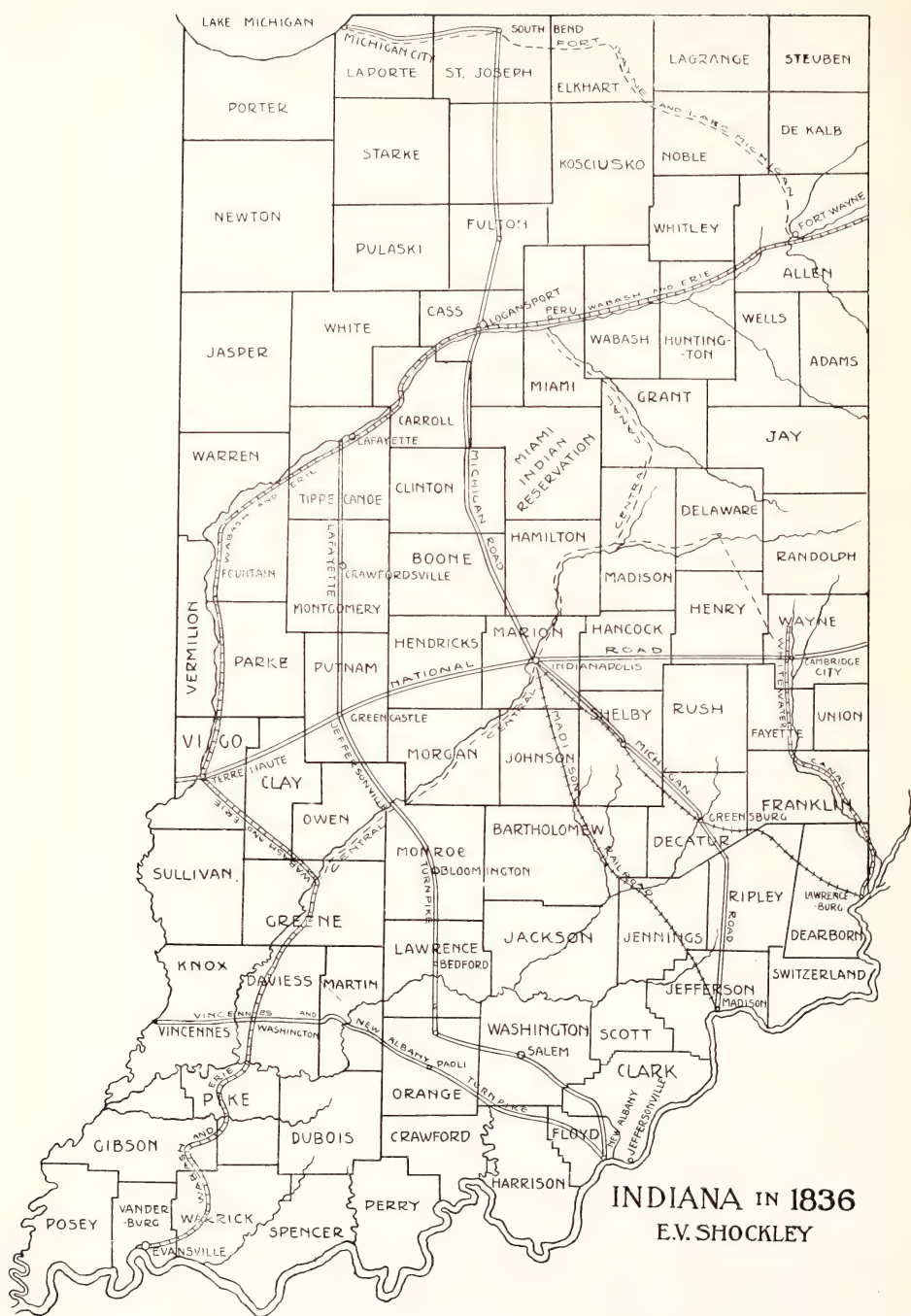
The place where Lieutenant Ashmun met him was forty or fifty rods from the cottage he occupied.

I have frequently been asked, where was Mr. Lincoln's escort on the night of his assassination? Why were they not with him and why did not they protect him? The answer is—because of respect for Mr. Lincoln's wishes. Left to himself, he would have had no guard and no military escort at any time. Spending the greater part of his life in Indiana and Illinois, among people whose Americanism is so intense that submission to the will of the majority is a corollary to their love of country, his faith in his countrymen was such that notwithstanding the South had gone to war because of his election, he could not believe that they would ever resort to political murder. He especially resented any suggestion that there was any such danger while he was mingling with the people on social occasions, or while he was visiting the theaters. Mrs. Lincoln did not share in this feeling. Her anxiety was such that in the fall of 1864, just after the family had returned for their winter residence at the White House, she privately requested that a detail from the Union Light Guard should each night, without Mr. Lincoln's knowledge, be stationed in the White House. At her request such a detail was made, and for several nights, until her fears were allayed, members of the Union Light Guard remained in the house all night, the reliefs resting on couches and on the floor.

At the time of the funeral the Union Light Guard, together with the company of infantry, attended without arms, as mourners, occupying and almost filling the Blue

Room. The two companies marched behind the coffin to the Capitol, and encircled the coffin in the center of the great rotunda, while the final family funeral service was conducted by Rev. Dr. Gurley. The only persons within the circle thus formed were the officiating clergy, Robert T. Lincoln, the members of the Cabinet, and a few general officers. It is doubtful if the rotunda will ever again present so impressive a spectacle, or one so deeply touching to the hearts of the American people. Although almost half a century has passed, the memory of that time lingers, and I feel certain that no more sincere mourners gathered around the bier or lamented the death of Abraham Lincoln, that the men who had so long stood guard over him, and who, as I believe, to a man would willingly have given their own lives to have saved his.





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INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS

IN

EARLY INDIANA

BY

LOGAN ESAREY, A. M.

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PREFACE

The following paper was prepared while the writer was teaching at Vincennes. The materials from which it is written were collected at Vincennes, Indianapolis, Ft. Wayne, and various other places. The chief sources were the legislative records, consisting of the *Laws of Indiana*, the *Senate Journal*, the *House Journal*, and the *Documentary Journal*. These have been supplemented by the newspapers, the most valuable of which were the *Western Sun*, the *Indianapolis Journal*, and the *Indianapolis Sentinel*. The writer was not permitted to use the *Madison Courier*, which has since been acquired by the State Library. The official reports of the various agents, engineers, and boards have been used in all cases. Secondary materials, such as county histories, biographies, and memoirs, have been examined, but their unconfirmed statements have not been used.

The subject is much too large for this limited paper. In the effort to reduce it to the required length the paper has been made more sketchy than otherwise would have been necessary.

This study of Indiana history was begun at the suggestion of Dr. James A. Woodburn, and it has been continued under his direction. Dr. Samuel B. Harding has improved the paper with kindly suggestions, and, if it has any formal excellence, it is largely due to his patient criticism. Ernest V. Shockley, a fellow-student with the writer in the History Seminary of Indiana University, and an authority on the historical geography of the State, prepared the map. It is scarcely necessary to mention the kindness and attention shown by the State Librarian and his assistants. That is their business, and they do it with courtesy not always found among public officials.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS IN EARLY INDIANA

I.

INTRODUCTION.

§1. ECONOMIC SITUATION IN THE UNITED STATES, 1816-'20.

After the Napoleonic Wars had ceased and European trade had settled back into its customary channels, it became necessary for the American people living along the Atlantic seaboard to find a new field for the capital and labor that had been employed in maritime commerce. Everything pointed to the West as the new field. Soon the waves of emigration, that Burke had seen in vision lapping over the crests of the Alleghenies, grew into a deluge that swept down the western valleys, overwhelming the wild animals, the Indians, and the primeval forest. This was no ordinary movement of population. It was almost a national migration to this American "hinterland." We are accustomed to think of these pioneers as moving along four routes: up the Hudson and Mohawk rivers, across Pennsylvania, through Cumberland Gap, and along the Wilderness Way. This is true in general, but it is not an adequate picture. They came by all roads and by every means of conveyance.

The great obstacle in the road to this western world was the Allegheny mountains. In the first era of internal improvements it was the problem of surmounting the Alleghenies that had to be solved. There were many attractions beyond these mountains. For the laborer, there was free land, a chance to become wealthy, and to win for himself

and family a prominent place in a society truly democratic. For the small farmer of the East, on his little soil-worn farm, there was a Land of Goshen where he could acquire a section for a trifling price. For the Eastern manufacturer, there was a numerous and rapidly growing people needing farming implements, household goods, and clothing, and able to pay for them with their bountiful harvests. For the younger sons of the Southern aristocracy, too poor to own a plantation and too proud to work among slaves, there was a place where their political training would avail them, and where manual labor was not incompatible with the highest dignity. Corn could be bought on the prairies for fifteen cents a bushel; but it cost fifty cents in freight to get it to New York. On all such bulky materials the cost of transportation was prohibitive. If a road was to be built across the mountains, the means must be found in the East; there was no capital in the West. In the East there was both a political and a commercial necessity for a road.

Experience in the War of 1812 had awakened the nation to a realization of the fact that no adequate defense of the West could be maintained with existing means of transportation. Moreover, there had been mutterings of discontent and even of secession in the West ever since the Revolution. The only way to stop this discontent was to unite the two parts of the country more closely in interstate commerce. The federal government had power to establish post roads, regular interstate trade, and promote the general welfare. Under these conditions it undertook to construct the National Road from Washington to St. Louis. Had the government held to this policy and spent in constructing roads the money so recklessly misspent on rivers, harbors, and canals, we might now have forty or fifty of these beautiful highways radiating from the capital. No money expended by the nation has brought back larger re-

turn in "general welfare" than that spent on the National Road.

The commercial significance of a good road over the mountains was perceived at once by the trade centers of the seaboard. The city that should be made its eastern terminus would become the metropolis of the republic. New York attempted to reach the West by way of the Hudson river-Mohawk valley; Philadelphia attempted to reach the Ohio river at Pittsburg; Baltimore attempted to reach the same river by the Braddock Road. In proportion as these cities succeeded in these undertakings their commerce flourished. New York reached the Great Lakes by the Erie Canal, and from that day she has had no rival for the commerce of that region. Philadelphia and Baltimore, by less advantageous routes, reached the Ohio, and had to wage a losing contest with New Orleans for the trade of the Ohio valley.

After these thoroughfares were completed across the mountains, it was necessary to develop local transportation facilities in the Western States. The pioneers hoped this would be done by the federal government. This hope was encouraged by Jefferson's second inaugural, by Gallatin's famous report on canals, and even by the messages of Madison. These fathers of the Republican party had all gone on record as favoring canals. But the party of Jefferson ultimately found it inconsistent with its politics to construct internal improvements on government account. Nevertheless it did not hesitate to aid the States with lavish land grants. It seemed that the continued prosperity of the rising West depended on better transportation facilities. All the States—East and West—were earnestly engaged on this problem from 1820 to 1830. The States also found ready money in London and Amsterdam, and State bonds to the amount of \$225,000,000 found their way to these money

centers. In the following paper it is attempted to show the part that Indiana, following the lead of Pennsylvania and New York, played in this second era. Her experience was similar to that of Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois. Aside from this nation-wide movement, the story has little significance. As a chapter in a larger history it will, it is hoped, throw some light on the great political struggle between the Whigs and the Democrats over internal improvements.

§2. CONDITIONS OF TRAVEL IN EARLY INDIANA.

When Indiana was admitted into the Union it contained about 65,000 people. These lived chiefly in the Whitewater valley, on the lower Wabash, and along the Ohio river hills. As a compromise to these widely separated pioneers, Corydon was chosen to be the seat of the State government.

The problem of travel was a serious one, and was not liable to be overlooked by legislators who had made the trip to Corydon. From the Wabash country, they doubtless came on horseback over the Vincennes-Ohio Falls trail, which led through Mt. Pleasant, Paoli, and Fredericksburg. From the Whitewater, they traveled down the Ohio river, stopping at New Albany, or coming on down to Evans Landing or Leavenworth, and thence by trail to the capital.

The inconvenience of the location was manifest, and a commission was appointed in 1820 to locate a site for a capital near the center of the State. Congress had already donated four sections of land for this purpose, and by 1825 Indianapolis was a hustling village of several hundred inhabitants. A newspaper had appeared as early as 1823, before the brush was cleared from the streets. If the problem of transportation had been insistent at Corydon, it became all-absorbing at Indianapolis.

There were several well-defined lines of travel leading into the interior of Indiana at this time, each in a measure

used by a distinct stream of immigrants. From Kentucky, Virginia, and the Carolinas, they came to Madison and Louisville. From Madison, a stage line was early established to the east fork of White river, or Driftwood creek, crossing at the mouth of Flat Rock. From Louisville, Jeffersonville, and New Albany two routes led to the interior; one by Salem, Bono, Bedford, and Bloomington to the Wabash at Lafayette; the other, as already mentioned, led by Greenville, Fredericksburg, Paoli, Mt. Pleasant, and Maysville to the Wabash at Vincennes.

The southern part of the State was settled largely by emigrants from the Southern States. Along the Whitewater were many Ohioans, Pennsylvanians, Yankees, and North Carolina Quakers, who had come by the National Road or by way of the Ohio river to Cincinnati. The Whitewater valley found its commercial base in Cincinnati. Among them, however, even at this time, were many Quakers and Moravians, driven from the South by hatred of slavery. In fact, the large majority of the early settlers who crossed the Ohio river at this period did so on account of slavery—too proud to work among slaves, too poor to own a plantation.

One can scarcely realize the condition of Indiana in 1825. There was no railroad, no canal, no pike. All her rivers except the Ohio were obstructed by fallen trees, ripples, and bars. Two stage lines led to Indianapolis, one from Madison, the other from Centerville. The service was bad, roads frequently impassable, and stages usually late.

II.

EARLY ATTEMPTS TO BUILD TRANSPORTATION ROUTES, 1816-1827.

§1. STATE ROADS AND THE THREE PER CENT. FUND.

Two schemes for carrying on internal traffic were early taken up by the Indiana government. The earliest was the building of State roads with the three per cent. fund. Congress had set aside five per cent. of the net proceeds of lands sold in Indiana for road building. Three per cent. of this was placed at the disposal of the Legislature, and was always known as the three per cent. fund. In 1818 Christopher Harrison was appointed agent of this fund.¹ He was succeeded in 1826 by B. I. Blythe,² of Indianapolis, who gave place to N. B. Palmer³ in 1835 or '36. This agent received the money from the United States and paid it out, according to appropriation by the State Legislature, to the county agent. The county agent used it in opening roads through the forest. These roads were one hundred feet wide, but the money was not sufficient to do more than clear them of timber. Until the country was settled more thickly and there were consequently more "hands" to work the roads, these were little more than bridle paths. Yet much of the time of the Legislature from 1818 to 1840 was occupied in authorizing these roads and distributing the three

¹ Harrison came of an aristocratic, slaveholding, Maryland family. He was a merchant for many years at Salem, Indiana; held office of Lieutenant-Governor; and was the active member of the commission that laid off the site of Indianapolis. He died in Maryland in 1863. He was never married.

² Blythe was clerk of the commission that laid off the town site for Indianapolis, where he made his home. He was Auditor of State, 1828-'29.

³ Mr. Palmer was a leading Democrat of Indiana from 1830 to 1850. His home was Indianapolis. He was State Treasurer, 1835-'41. He made the race for Congress in Indianapolis district, but was defeated by Judge David Wallace.

per cent. fund. In 1821, \$10,000 was appropriated. The fund was usually overdrawn; nevertheless it was a great aid to the pioneers, most of whom earned money working on the roads at \$1.50 per day to pay their annual taxes. All told, over one-half million dollars was received by the State for this purpose.

Various fanciful schemes were discussed by the Legislature from time to time for disposing of this fund. In the session of 1834 J. R. Mendenhall, of Union county, proposed to anticipate it to the amount of \$15,000 for each county to build pikes with.⁴ But on the whole the fund was loyally used.

§2. THE NATIONAL ROAD.

Though not strictly within the field of this paper, a short sketch of the National Road is properly included in a discussion of the internal improvement system of Indiana. As early as 1802 the subject of a national road had occupied Congress, and in the bill admitting Ohio five per cent. of the proceeds of the public land sales in that State was set aside as a fund for building roads by which emigrants might reach the West. Four years later, a bill passed Congress for a survey of a road from Cumberland, Maryland, to the Ohio. The route follows the old Braddock trail nearly to the battleground, and then turns to the west, striking the Ohio at Wheeling.⁵

It is not usually realized by Americans that this is the greatest wagon road in the world. It was surveyed eighty

⁴ *Journal of the House of Representatives*, 1834, p. 59. This document, together with the *Journal of the Senate* and the *Documentary Journal*, forms the principal sources for this paper. There are some inaccuracies in the dating of these, but I have invariably dated the references in this paper according to the year in which the Assembly met. Thus *House Journal*, 1835, is for the session beginning in December, 1835, and ending in 1836.

⁵ Schaff, *History of Etna and Kirkersville*, p. 61, seq.

feet in width, the timber was then grubbed and the ground graded. Culverts and bridges were built of cut stone, and at last a track in the center, thirty to forty feet wide, was macadamized with ten inches of stone. Two six-horse teams could race abreast on this road. In 1818 it reached Wheeling, in 1833 Columbus, Ohio, and in 1852 Vandalia, Illinois. During its building it was the chief event in Ohio and Indiana. The author and promotor of this road was the Swiss, Gallatin, Jefferson's Secretary of the Treasury. Jefferson favored the project, but was so tender on the States' rights theory that, before work could begin, permission had to be secured from the sovereign States of Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania.

From six to twelve independent stage lines ran on this road, and a score of companies were in the transportation business. The schedule of the stage was thirty hours from Washington to Wheeling, forty-five hours to Columbus, sixty hours to Indianapolis, and seventy-five hours to Vandalia. Only thoroughbred Virginia horses were used on the best lines, and the sound of the bugle was as certain an indication of the time of day as the passing of passenger trains on the railroads at the present time. The coachman was a man of consequence along the route, almost an idol for the boys. To see him dash up to a post, throw the lines to the stable boys, tell the latest news from the East while teams were changing, then break away at a fifteen-mile clip, was enough to attract all the youngsters for a mile or two. The driver usually courted this admiration, and never missed a chance to take a boy on the seat with him—a favor the boy paid for with apples and cider, and remembered with pride during the rest of his life. A guild of wagoners soon grew up in the freight business. These men were well known from Baltimore to Columbus and thoroughly reliable.

Thirty-four different acts of Congress show how important the road was in a public way. Its cost was \$6,824,919, but it was never completed. It was surveyed and opened to Vandalia and St. Louis, but never macadamized beyond the western boundary of Indiana. Congress did not overestimate its value. It was a powerful agent for union, and a material symbol of its power and usefulness. It bound the East and West together and brought them three days' travel nearer to each other. During the twenty years of its greatness a steady stream of "movers," with their covered wagons and droves of cattle, hogs, and sheep, poured into Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. For months at a time there was no moment in the daytime when a family wagon was not in sight. At night the road appeared like the picket line of an army. Having traveled over this road, the memory of it lingered long and came back especially vivid as one traveled over the corduroy or mud roads of early Indiana. Most of the settlers of central and eastern Indiana were familiar with "the old pike." Even yet the expression "hit the pike" reminds us of the time when to "hit the pike" meant to leave the country.

§3. THE MICHIGAN ROAD.

Article II of the treaty between the Potawatomi Indians and United States commissioners, made October 16, 1826, on the Wabash near the mouth of the Mississinewa, in Miami county, ceded to the State of Indiana what was considered a sufficient amount of land to build a public highway from Lake Michigan to the Ohio.⁶ This road was to be one hundred feet wide, and to this right of way the In-

⁶ For the best discussion of the Michigan Road see a decision by Judge Black, of Bloomington, Indiana, in the case of the Western Union Telegraph Company vs. Krueger, 74 *Northeastern*, p. 453. The historical part was written by Charles Moore, of Indianapolis, one of the attorneys in the case.

dians added the further gift of a section of contiguous land for every mile. Where the contiguous land did not belong to the Indians—all south of the Wabash—Indiana was to select a section of unsold land for every mile of road. The United States proclaimed the treaty February 7, 1827, and confirmed to the State the gift made by the Indians⁷ by act of March 2, 1827.⁸

By act of the Legislature,⁹ 1828, John I. Neely, of Gibson, Chester Elliott, of Warrick, and John McDonald, of Daviess, were appointed commissioners to lay down the road from Lake Michigan to Indianapolis. They were instructed to select the best natural harbor on the lake; or, in the absence of a good one, the best place to construct an artificial harbor. The route from Logansport to the lake offered considerable difficulty. The terms of the grant were for a direct route. This would lead through the Kankakee swamps, where nobody lived, and where it would be very costly to build a road. To avoid this the road would have to run from Logansport due north to the South Bend of the St. Joseph, thence west to the lake. The point where Michigan City now stands—the mouth of Trail creek—was selected for the northern terminus. Then two complete sets of field notes and plats were made—one via South Bend, the other direct through the Kankakee flats. The party spent 130 days in the northern forests, for which each person received about \$200.¹⁰ Extra hands were paid 75 cents per day and the surveyor in chief received \$2. John McDonald did most of the surveying, but John K. Graham, of New Albany, surveyed twenty-two days.

The choice of routes was thrown back on the Assembly and caused much comment.¹¹ The commissioners, it was

⁷ *Senate Documents*, vol. 35, p. 453.

⁸ *United States Statutes at Large*, 1827, ch. 52.

⁹ *Laws of Indiana*, 1827, ch. 70.

¹⁰ *Laws of Indiana*, 1828, ch. 3.

¹¹ *Laws of Indiana*, 1830, ch. 148—Joint Resolution.

said, had been unduly swayed by personal reasons. Thirty miles of road, it was argued, would cost a great deal and ought not to be thrown lightly on the State for the sole purpose of accommodating a few settlers on the St. Joseph river. The best of the argument, however, was on the side of the commissioners, and on January 13, 1830,¹² the route of the second survey, by way of South Bend, was chosen. The act of January 29, 1830,¹³ established the road from Logansport via Indianapolis and Greensburg to Madison. A new board, consisting of Samuel Hanna, of Wayne county, William Polke, of Knox, and Abraham McClellan, of Sullivan county, was named. This board served only one year and was abolished by act of January 4, 1831. From this time on the whole work was entrusted to William Polke. The road was expected to be opened from Madison to the Wabash by November 30, 1831. The law of 1830 caused quite a memorable quarrel in the Legislature.¹⁴ While it was under discussion Governor Ray appeared on the floor of the Senate and denounced Noah Noble, the contemplated contract commissioner, as a man totally unfit for so responsible a place. The Governor was hissed from the room and the measure passed by a large majority. Although Governor Ray had threatened to veto the bill, he finally signed it. Then on the back of the paper he stated, in abusive words, why he thought the appointee unfit for the place. Senator Linton thereupon offered a resolution that the power of the Governor should extend only to signing or vetoing bills, not to scribbling abuse on them. This passed, and the Senate adjourned, without the usual courtesy of asking the Governor if he had any further communications.

Three surveying parties,¹⁵ headed by Commissioners

¹² *Laws of Indiana*, 1829, ch. 69, sec. 1.

¹³ *Ibid.*, ch. 70.

¹⁴ *Western Sun*, January 20, 1830.

¹⁵ *Western Sun*, October 30, 1830.

Hanna, McClellan, and Polke, spent the summer of 1830 selecting and surveying Indian lands; one party under Hanna on the headwaters of the Eel river, the other two parties on the St. Joseph. They had not made their final report until they were notified that Congress had refused to ratify their choice¹⁶ and had demanded that the road be laid down and then contiguous sections chosen. Further, the land must be selected from lands not yet ceded by the Indians. The construction of the road went steadily on, however, scrip being used in place of money. This scrip was based on the ceded lands and almost the whole road was financed with it. Noble laid off the road into sections of four miles each. By act of February 4, 1831,¹⁷ Polke opened the sale of lands at Logansport. No land was to be sold under \$1.25 per acre. The part of the road from Logansport to St. Joseph county was ordered under contract at a price not exceeding \$150 per mile. The road was divided into three sections.¹⁸ The first, from Madison to Indianapolis, was under the management of Daniel Kelso; the second reached to Logansport and was under the superintendence of Horace Bassett; the last was managed by Polke himself. During 1832 lands were placed on sale at Laporte.¹⁹ Scrip was accepted in payment for all lands. The road was cleared one hundred feet wide; thirty feet was grubbed and graded. By 1836 it was clearly ascertained that this made a poor road. In the worst places logs were piled in crosswise and covered with sand. Many bridges were washed away every year by the streams. Although the road was used enormously north of Indianapolis, it was anything but satisfactory. It passed through fourteen counties and was used by the inhabitants of thirty-five in going to the capital. The

¹⁶ *Western Sun*, January 15, 1831.

¹⁷ *Laws of Indiana*, 1830, ch. 72, sec. 6.

¹⁸ *House Journal*, 1834, p. 106.

¹⁹ *House Journal*, 1833, Appendix.

Assembly at almost every session had to make an appropriation for repairs. In 1837 a surveyor named Julius W. Adams was authorized to examine the road with a view to macadamizing.²⁰ The party spent the summer along the northern part of the road. The survey began at the capital and followed the old route. Reports were made on the soil, topography, materials for road building, rainfall, streams, and their probable volume in flood time. A good dry road could be made, they estimated for \$2,409 per mile, or a total of \$411,646. The road could be paved with wooden blocks for \$12,000 per mile, but this was not advised. A good dry dirt road, the report concluded, would answer all demands.

By this time, 1837, the State was not able to give further aid to the road. Its resources were completely prostrated. By act of February 2, 1837, the various county boards through whose jurisdictions the road ran were required to divide the road into suitable sections, over each of which a supervisor was to be placed with power to call out the hands to keep it in repair.²¹ These hands were liable for two days' work each year. By acts dated February 13, 1841, and January 31, 1842, the road was classed with all other State roads and brought entirely within the compass of the general road law of 1838.

This road began at Madison, ran almost due north through Jefferson and Ripley counties to Greensburg in Decatur. Thence by a direct line, it led across Shelby county to the capital. The important sections of the road were those from Indianapolis across Hamilton, Boone, Clinton, and Carroll counties to Logansport, and from that place due north again across Cass, Fulton, and Marshall to South Bend, and thence west to Michigan City. During eight months of the year it

²⁰ *Laws of Indiana*, 1836, ch. 49, sec. 1. See also the *Report of the Commissioners of the Michigan Road*, December 19, 1836; *Documentary Journal*, 1836-'37 (not paged).

²¹ *Laws of Indiana*, 1836, ch. 49, sec. 3.

was an open, passable highway, but during the winter it was an endless stream of black mud and almost useless. Its importance may be estimated from the fact that one-half the pioneers of the northwest quarter of Indiana reached their homes over it. As a road it was not comparable to the National, but it was an available means of reaching a very attractive country when there was none other.

§4. OPENING STREAMS FOR NAVIGATION.

The second plan of the Legislature to secure internal communication was to open up the streams for navigation. The natural features of the State easily lent themselves to this plan. The southern boundary was a navigable river from which numerous tributaries led into the interior. On the west was the Wabash, crossing the State almost diagonally, and sending off large branches to almost every county. The northeast was accessible from the Maumee, while the northwest had the St. Joseph and Lake Michigan. Unfortunately, all the streams, except the Ohio, were too small for successful navigation; but it was thought, by clearing them of snags and bars, that they could be made navigable for pirogues and small flatboats. They would thus answer the purpose of highways, at least for the present. The first step in transforming these streams into highways, was to declare them navigable waterways,²² thus forbidding their obstruction by milldams and bridges.

This work was begun during the fourth session of the General Assembly, at Corydon. By a combination bill ap-

²² The Ordinance of 1787 provided that: "The navigable waters leading into the Mississippi and St. Lawrence, *and the carrying places between the same*, shall be common highways, and forever free, as well to the inhabitants of said territory as to the citizens of the United States, and those of any other States that may be admitted into the confederacy, without any tax, impost or duty therefor." This plainly meant "navigable" for the canoes and bateaux then used for navigation, and the early legislation was based on that understanding.

proved January 17, 1820, White river to the forks at Daviess county; West fork to the Delaware Towns near Muncie; East fork to Flat Rock in Shelby county; Muscakatuck from its mouth to Vernon; Big Blue to Fredericksburg near the south line of Washington county; Whitewater from the north boundary of Fayette county to the Ohio; Anderson from its mouth at Troy to the Hurricane fork near St. Meinrad; Poison creek to Cumming's mill; Oil creek to Aaron Cunningham's mill (the two latter entirely in Perry county); Raccoon creek in Parke county, to Brook's mill; Big creek to Black's mill; Loughrey creek in Ohio county, up to Hartford; Patoka river to Moseby's mill; Indian creek in Harrison county; Indian Kentucky creek for a few miles in Jefferson county up to Brook's mill; Little Pigeon and Big Pigeon creeks, the latter at Evansville, the former between Spencer and Warrick counties; Big Sand creek to its forks near Scipio in Jennings county, were all declared navigable streams.²³

Almost every creek large enough to float a sawlog was opened, so far as a statute without an appropriation would effect it. Later the Legislature tried a different plan.²⁴ January 21, 1826, by act of the Legislature, John Eaton, Jacob Wolf, and Joseph Latshaw were commissioned to clear Busseron creek from Eaton's mills to its mouth in the Wabash above Vincennes. Log creek in Switzerland county, Plumb creek in the same county, Big Indian creek in Morgan county, Lick creek in Orange county, Lost river in Orange county, Mississinewa river from Marion to Peru, Brushy fork of Muscakatuck, and Eel river up into Putnam county, were likewise put in commission. The county boards of justices had chief control of most of this work.

²³ *Laws of Indiana*, 1820, ch. —, p. 59.

²⁴ *Laws of Indiana*, 1825, chs. 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40. See also *ibid.*, 1826, chs. 39, 40, 41, 42, and 1827, chs. 42, 43.

The commissioners were empowered to call out the "hands" living within two miles of the stream to help clear it.

Little serious effort was ever spent on any of the minor streams, but greater hopes were built on the possibilities of White river and the Wabash. It was confidently believed that White river could be opened to the year-round navigation of boats of large tonnage. During the session of 1825 Alexander Ralston was appointed to examine the obstructions in West fork of White river from Sample's mill, in Randolph county, to its junction with the East fork, and the latter from the junction of Blue river and Sugar creek in the southeast corner of Johnson county to its mouth, and to report to the next Legislature.²⁵ Much spasmodic and ineffective labor was spent on these streams, but the recurring freshets kept the rivers full of drifts and uprooted trees. The journals of the Legislature contain numerous petitions to break up drifts that had interrupted navigation. These streams formed the main outlet for the surplus farm products of their valleys. Flatboats were built, loaded in convenient pools, and, when the water reached the proper stage, were floated down to the Wabash and Ohio, then either re-shipped or taken on to New Orleans. Hundreds of these went down the Wabash every year.

Upstream navigation was well-nigh impossible, but was occasionally resorted to when roads were impassable. It was difficult to get along the shore with a tow line, so the only way to propel a boat upstream was with sharp poles set against the bottom. This plan was used most on the upper Wabash, from Lafayette to Logansport and Peru. Steamboats rarely went above Lafayette, and for several years an

²⁵ *Laws of Indiana*, 1825, ch. 46. This session of the Legislature convened in January, 1825, instead of December, 1824, as was customary. There were consequently two sessions beginning in 1825. The act referred to above was approved February 12, 1825. Mr. Ralston was an early surveyor, helped survey the site of the capital and located nearby.

extensive commerce in salt and manufactured goods was carried on between that place and upstream towns by means of pole boats. For this purpose they used a flat bottomed boat thirty to forty feet long, with four foot-guards, along which six or eight men walked and pushed with spike poles set against the bottom. In this manner three or four tons could be driven eight to ten miles per day.

There were many attempts in the early years of Indiana to pilot steamboats up to the upper Wabash towns. The best water came in March usually. In 1821 Mr. Linton, a trader from Terre Haute, had a steamer run to that town, which they estimated to be three hundred miles from the Ohio.²⁶ A merchant of Lafayette, named Elston, freighted a steamer to that town as early as 1825. On March 24, 1830, Captain John Moon, of Ripley, Ohio, ran the "Paragon" to the mouth of Rock creek, about twelve miles below Logansport. They reported good water—six and one-half feet—on the bar below Logansport. These reports, and the fact that boats could be loaded anywhere along the river for the New Orleans market, brought a rush of settlers.

Governor Ray, in his message of 1829, said that for months past there could be seen daily twenty to fifty wagons, each containing a family, heading for the upper Wabash.²⁷ He estimated the number at 180 per day, or at least 50,000 per year. The settlers along the Wabash had early asked the State for aid in opening up the river. Vincennes was the center of this agitation. The only local political platform for candidates in Knox county from 1816 up to 1840 was "Improvement of the Wabash." Opposition or indifference to this was defeat to a candidate. Before the government was transferred to Indianapolis, a law was enacted January 31, 1824, looking to the improvement of the Wa-

²⁶ *Miami Times*, quoted in the *Western Sun*, May 8, 1830.

²⁷ *House Journal*, 1829, p. 14.

bash.²⁸ This was in response to a memorial from Illinois, asking the aid and co-operation of Indiana. Commissioners were appointed, one from each State, to examine the river from the mouth as far up as it formed the common boundary. Illinois was then interested in opening up for navigation all the small streams in that State and it wished to include the Wabash. William Polke had been appointed by the Legislature in 1822 to view the river and had reported that the Grand rapids, just above the mouth of the White river, was the chief difficulty.

William Polke, who was the first commissioner of the Wabash, was at this time a citizen of Knox county. He was long and honorably connected with the early history of the State. He helped frame the first State Constitution, at Corydon, in 1816. He served in the Senate from 1816 to 1820, inclusive. The Michigan road was built almost entirely under his administration. He died April 26, 1843, at Fort Wayne, as register of the government land office. In early life he had been a soldier under Wayne on the Maumee. Contemporary papers praise him highly as a man of honesty, ability, and great public usefulness. Almost forty years of his life were spent in public service.²⁹

For this survey of the Wabash, Mr. Polke was paid \$114, January 31, 1824, by Christopher Harrison, agent of the three per cent. fund. By this same Legislature the Governor was instructed to have a channel thirty feet wide and two and one-half feet deep dug at the Grand rapids. All the three per cent. fund due Knox, Sullivan, Vigo, Vermillion, and Parke counties was set aside for this work.³⁰ The Governor was to have \$2 per day for the time actually spent on the banks. Illinois was expected to furnish half the money for the work. Some idea of the task may be had from the

²⁸ *Laws of Indiana*, 1823, ch. —.

²⁹ *Western Sun*, May 13, 1843.

³⁰ *Laws of Indiana*, 1823, ch. —, p. 81.

report of Mr. Polke and Thomas S. Hindes, the commissioner from Illinois.³¹ The ripples at White river, Hanging Rock, Grand island, Little Rock, and Coffee island aggregated over two and one-half miles in length with an average depth of water, at time of survey, of eighteen inches, and a fall of near ten feet. With the small appropriation, Governors Hendricks and Cole could not do more than keep snags and drift out of the river.

§5. THE OHIO FALLS CANAL.

The story of the Ohio Falls Canal takes us back into the territorial days of Indiana.³² The portage at Louisville had been a bugbear to navigation since the first settlements along the upper Ohio. The first demand for a canal came from Cincinnati, and the Legislature of Ohio manifested more concern in its building than that of either Indiana or Kentucky. The first attempt by Indiana people was about 1805, when a company, composed largely of Clark county citizens, subscribed \$120,000. Rivermen seemed willing to pay a large toll rather than unload or risk running the falls.

One of the first acts signed by Jonathan Jennings, the first Governor of Indiana, was an act to incorporate the "Ohio Canal Company." The corporation name was John Bigelow & Company, capital stock twenty thousand shares of \$50 each, or a total of \$1,000,000. Much of the capital was expected from Madison and Cincinnati. The directors were John Bigelow, James Lemon, Samuel Beach, Samuel Gwathmey, James Scott, Nathaniel Scribner, and Nathan Cromwell.³³ This board included some of the most prominent early settlers of Clark county. The long law of twenty-three sections shows much careful thought and argues that its framers expected soon to see the work done.

³¹ *Western Sun*, May 8, 1824.

³² *History of Ohio Falls Cities*, vol. 1, p. 53.

³³ *Laws of Indiana*, 1816, ch. —.

The power of eminent domain was conferred, both for right of way and for building material. They might double the capital if necessary. Books were to be opened to the inspection of the Legislature or of its agents. The canal was to become the property of the State in 1858. No tax was required of the corporation until its canal was complete. The canal was to be cut on the Indiana side. The act is an evidence of the aspirations of the two young Hoosier cities.

New Albany was then only five years old, having been laid out by the Scribners in 1813. John K. Graham, a prominent citizen of the State, was also one of its first settlers. At the time when the canal company was incorporated, New Albany contained near one thousand people—about 150 houses. Jeffersonville was both older and younger. It was surveyed by John Gwathmey in 1802, but it grew slowly. It is claimed the original plan for the town was drawn by Thomas Jefferson in checkerboard shape, the alternate squares to be retained as parks by the city. It was not incorporated till 1839, when its population had reached slightly over five hundred.

The charter of 1816, however, was not liberal enough in its provisions to suit foreigners, and the money for the canal was not forthcoming. Governor Jennings in his message December 2, 1817, recommended that something be done to secure the canal at New Albany.³⁴ Accordingly a second company was chartered January 18, 1818, and the old charter canceled. The main provisions of the old charter were retained.³⁵ The directors were given power to fix the toll without legal restraint. They were further empowered to receive subscriptions from any source, especially the United States. They were given the privilege of raising \$100,000 by lottery; one-half the amount to be invested in stock for

³⁴ *House Journal*, 1817, p. 8.

³⁵ *Laws of Indiana*, 1817, ch. —.

the State, the other half in stock for the company. Work was to begin in two years, and be completed in 1824. The charter was to expire by limitation in 1899. One of the directors was Benjamin Parke, a native of New Jersey who came to Lexington, Kentucky, when a young man, and crossed over to the territory in 1801; later he was appointed territorial judge by Jefferson. He was a personal friend of Henry Clay and General Harrison. Others were James Scott, a lawyer; Jacob Burnett, Christopher Harrison, John Paul, of Madison, one of the incorporators of the Madison Academy; William Prince, and Steven Ludlow, of Dearborn county, later on the commission to locate Indianapolis.³⁶ Work began in 1819. The course, two and one-half miles long, was laid down from the ravine at the mouth of Cone creek to the eddy at the foot of the rapids. Bigelow and Beach, the local bankers, were the chief promoters. They were using Cincinnati capital. The directors met in March, 1819, and set the first Monday in May as the time to begin work. "The time for delay is past," says the *Indianian*.³⁷ "The interests of the whole West are inseparably connected with the canal. The lottery to raise money will commence drawing in a few days. Let people purchase the tickets freely." Michael I. Meyers took the contract for the work.³⁸ It was a big undertaking for that day, but he went at it in a Herculean way. Cone creek was dammed and a new channel cut for it along the canal route. Clark county clay was found rather too stubborn and the plan failed. The Legislature of 1819 empowered Governor Jennings to take two hundred shares of stock on account of the State, and it set aside \$10,000 from the three per cent. fund for the purpose.³⁹ A part of this was invested, but even the fact

³⁶ *Western Sun*, August, 1835.

³⁷ *Western Sun*, March 27, 1819, copied from *The Indianian*.

³⁸ *History of the Falls Cities*, vol. 2, p. 453. Also *Geographical Sketches of the Western Country*, p. 420.

³⁹ *Laws of Indiana*, 1819, ch. —, p. 135.

that the State was aiding did not save the company. Governor Jennings now thought the State in honor bound to go ahead and finish the work.⁴⁰ Public sentiment generally favored it, and he advised using the three per cent. fund. Meanwhile the Ohio Legislature, urged by the *Cincinnati Gazette*, was considering a bill to construct a canal at the Falls.⁴¹ "It will be a proud day for Ohio," says the *Gazette*, "when the canal is done." The commissioners appointed by Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, and Kentucky to view the falls and report the most practicable route, decided in favor of the Louisville canal, estimating its cost at \$400,000 and the one on the Indiana side at \$1,000,000. This was a death blow to the Indiana company.⁴²

By an act of January 31, 1824, Governor William Hendricks and Christopher Harrison were appointed to take charge of the derelict corporation.⁴³ They were directed to take measures at once for the immediate completion of the work at the State's expense. Money was to be borrowed, for which the three per cent. fund, and the future receipts of the canal, were to be the pledges. All the rights and privileges of the old company were devolved on the agents, who were further empowered to work the State convicts. In their zeal the projectors overlooked two very important considerations—neither the labor nor the capital could be had in the vicinity at the time, and the amount of commerce was not sufficient to attract outside capital. Eastern improvements, especially in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, were absorbing all the surplus means then in the country.

There was a further reason. The Legislature of Kentucky in 1825 chartered a company, backed by Philadelphia

⁴⁰ Governor's Message, *House Journal*, 1820.

⁴¹ *Western Sun*, March 17, 1821.

⁴² *Niles Register*, December 25, 1819.

⁴³ *Laws of Indiana*, 1823, ch. —, p. 78.

capital, to build a canal on the Kentucky side.⁴⁴ The United States subscribed \$290,200 to the enterprise. On December 28, 1826, the *Louisville Public Advertiser* announced that the contract for the whole job had been let, at twenty per cent. below estimates, to Chapman, Culver, Lathrop, Collins, Perrin & Company. These were the old contractors, fresh from the Erie canal, bringing men and tools from that work. The contract called for completion October, 1827, but it was not entirely completed till 1831. In less than fifty years the canal entirely paid for itself, and in 1872 the national government assumed complete control. There was complaint of exorbitant tolls, and in 1836 an Indiana company obtained a charter to build another canal on the north side, but nothing was done.⁴⁵

§6. COMMERCE OF EARLY INDIANA.

Meanwhile there was considerable commerce on the Wabash and Ohio. Andrew Gardner and Samuel Mundy did the best they could, with the small amount of money at their disposal, toward keeping the river clear.⁴⁶ The steamer "American," James L. Wilson, master, was making regular trips from Louisville to Terre Haute. Her owners advertised her for sale in the *Western Sun*, June 6, 1827. Johnson & Wilkinson carried an advertisement in the *Sun* during the summer of 1827 to forward goods from New York to Pittsburgh in seventeen days for \$2.25 per hundred, or to Sandusky in twelve days for \$1.25 per hundred.⁴⁷ The steamer "Philadelphia" made the run from New Orleans to Cincinnati in nine days.⁴⁸ From the *Sun* of April 25, 1829, the following river news is taken: April 17, "Criterion,"

⁴⁴ *Western Sun*, January 14, 1827.

⁴⁵ *Western Sun*, March 4, 1836, quoting the *Albany Gazette*. See also *Laws of Indiana*, 1835, ch. 59, p. 240.

⁴⁶ *Vincennes Gazette*, March 28, 1835.

⁴⁷ *Western Sun*, April 7, 1827.

⁴⁸ *Ibid.*, April 28, 1827.

arrived from Lafayette to Shawneetown; 18, "Victory," from Lafayette to Louisville; 19, "Wm. Tell," from Cincinnati to Lafayette; 21, "Criterion" returned from Shawneetown, with a barge of salt in tow. From the same paper, April 23, 1831, is the following: April 16, "Pearl," from Shawneetown to Eugene; April 17, "Fairy," from Louisville to Lafayette; April 18, "Pearl," on return to Shawneetown; April 20, "Forester," from Lafayette to Louisville; April 18, "Java," Louisville to Eugene; on the 23d the "Experiment" made the trip, the first on record, from New Orleans direct to Terre Haute.

In the issue of March 27, 1834, these arrivals at Vincennes were noted: March 22, "Camden," from Lafayette, and "Shylock," from the mouth of the Wabash; 24, "Salem," from Pittsburgh, and "Tennessee," from Lafayette; 25, "Logansport," from Delphi; "Sabine," from Pittsburgh; "Fairy," from the mouth of the Wabash; 26, "Tide," from Lafayette; "Wm. Hurlbut," from Cincinnati; on 26, "Monroe" and "Salem," down from Lafayette. From April 14 to 27, forty-one boats landed at Terre Haute. The "Indian" was built that spring expressly to do the carrying trade from Cincinnati to Lafayette. While the stage of water would permit—during February, March, and April—there was at least one boat per day at the Vincennes wharf.

The Vincennes papers usually carried two pages of commercial advertising. Goods are, almost invariably, "just received" from New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, or New Orleans. April 24, 1824, Samuel Thorn advertised that he had "just received" from New Orleans a full line of groceries. He further wanted one hundred dozen chickens, for which he would pay \$1 per dozen. May 1, 1824, Mr. Samuel Tomlinson notified his customers that his order of merchandise from Philadelphia and Baltimore had arrived. July 9, 1825, James McArthur received a bill of hardware

consisting of griddles, dogirons, fan mills, rag irons, ten-plate stoves, odd lids, wagon tires, square iron, mill spindles, flatirons, wagon boxes, mandrels, sawmill cranks, teakettles, bull plough plates, scallop iron, bars, ovens, and two hundred pounds of salt. Of this list less than a half-dozen articles could now be found on the market. Muir & Ormsby received a full cargo, February 18, 1826, consisting of seventy-nine packages of dry goods, twenty-eight casks of hardware, and the balance of groceries. These were to be opened for the big spring sale, March 13, 14, 15, 16.⁴⁹

It is next to impossible to construct a table of prices from the newspapers remaining from this period. Prices necessarily fluctuated with the possibility of immediate shipment. Through about nine months of the year the river was either too low or frozen over. From the evidence at hand it seems that prices of produce on the Wabash were about forty per cent. of those at New Orleans. Price currents from New Orleans were printed regularly in the Vincennes papers during the spring and summer. The following from the *Western Sun and General Advertiser*, December 15, 1825, are fair samples: Scotch bagging, 26 cents; Kentucky ball rope, 7 cents per pound; hams, 9 to 12 cents; beans, \$1.50 the bushel; brandy, \$1.12 the gallon; coffee, 25 cents; corn, 40 cents; flour, \$7 the barrel; iron, \$100 the ton; cut nails, 15 cents per pound; salt, 45 cents per bushel; shot, \$9 the hundred pounds; sugar, 11 cents; whisky, 30 cents per gallon. On the other hand, J. L. Coleman offered, in the *Sun* February 14, 1824, to pay 62½ cents for wheat at the old Ox Mill, and on August 11, 1827, William Logan advertised for good, corn-fed hogs, for which he would pay 1½ cents per pound in merchandise.

The Canal Commissioners for 1829 estimated the annual trade of the Wabash at 7000 barrels of salt, 3000 barrels

⁴⁹ All these items are from the *Western Sun*.

of whisky, at Terre Haute alone; 3000 barrels of pork from Terre Haute, 10,000 barrels from the whole valley, and 450 tons of dry goods. The freight on these items alone at usual canal rates would be about \$7000.⁵⁰

Meanwhile the interest in navigation was not confined exclusively to the lower Wabash towns. On April 11, 1831, there appeared in White river, at Indianapolis, a real steamboat, the "Robert Hanna." Not only was there a real steamboat, but it was pushing a heavily laden keel barge. Indianapolis had always claimed that the White river was navigable. Now who could deny it? No excitement in the history of the town compared to this. Every man, woman, and child lined up on the banks of the river. There was no time for sleep that night. Early the next day Captain Blythe paraded his artillery company on the bank and fired a salute. The captain of the boat then offered to take the ladies who wished to go for an excursion up the river. There was no lack of volunteers and the gallant captain had to make a second trip or leave a fatal division in society at the capital.⁵¹ The boat had been purchased by Hanna & Company, contractors on the National Road, to be used to haul stone from the Port Royal bluffs for the big bridge across White river. The glory was short-lived. The boat was not built on the lines required and had to be sent back. On her return trip she ran on a bar at Hog island, a few miles down, and lay there till winter. However, the event added greatly to the reputation of the capital and limited the swaggering of the members from the metropolitan cities of Madison, New Albany, and Vincennes.

A like excitement was caused on the St. Joseph three years

⁵⁰ *Western Sun*, February 7, 1829.

⁵¹ *Indiana Journal*—copied in *Sun* April 30, 1831. The *Journal* was established in Indianapolis March 7, 1823. Its name, at first the *Western Censor and Emigrants' Guide*, was changed to *Indiana Journal* in 1825.

later when the "Matilda Barney" steamed down to the South Bend on her way to Elkhart and Goshen. She had on board one hundred passengers and ten tons of freight, and was drawing thirteen inches of water. Everybody in reach rushed to the banks to see the wonder. Land along the river rose over night, from \$5 to \$10 per acre.⁵² The most promising point along the river at the time was the iron foundry at Mishawaka.

The shopkeepers of Delphi and Peru had tried, unsuccessfully, for some years to secure regular navigation up to those towns.⁵³ Finally, they prevailed on the master of the little steamer, "Republican," to make a trial trip. Accordingly, on the June rise, 1834, the start was made, with a number of Logansport men on board and also the interested merchants. The boat walked along beautifully till, a few miles above the Delphi landing, she began to strike. The crew had to get out at sand bars and lift and push. Hawsers were run ashore and used as tow lines. Finally she struck the Georgetown bar and stuck fast. Captain Towe, as well as Colonel Pollard, and Job Eldridge, who had goods aboard, got out in the water and pushed and hauled. It was no use. Twenty yoke of cattle were hitched on and the little "Republican," shorn of much of her prestige, but still alive, steamed into the harbor at Logansport. The return trip was never attempted. The boat bilged and sank near the mouth of Eel river.⁵⁴ This, if not the first, was among the first of the steamboats that ever went so far up. The soundings taken by the "Republican" showed that Delphi could be reached easily; and the next year a petition was sent to Congress by the Delphians asking that that place be made a port of entry. This was coupled with an im-

⁵² *Western Sun*, May 31, 1834.

⁵³ Sanford Cox, in *Recollections of an Old Settler*, Lafayette, 1860.

⁵⁴ Dr. James H. Stewart, *Recollections of Carroll County*, Cincinnati, 1873.

provement bill. From this time the Wabash became a part of the system and will be further treated in that connection.

§7. EARLY PARTIES AND GOVERNMENT AID.

The discussions in the Legislature at Corydon discovered two parties that continued throughout the internal improvement era in the State. The eastern members, headed by the Madison representatives, wished at this time a canal around the falls at Jeffersonville. The western members, led by the Knox county representatives, had their heads set on the improvement of the Wabash. The State had no money to do both, and, as a compromise, the Wabash representatives had to be content for the time with a survey only. "The members from the West," says the *Western Sun*, "who opposed a canal around the falls without first making provision for the navigation of the western rivers deserve the warmest support of their constituents." "We view with a deep and lively interest," says John Ewing, in a report by the committee on the Wabash, to the Legislature, "all efforts looking toward the navigation of our rivers. The future welfare of our State is inseparably joined with the opening of the rivers to commerce. Already there is produced an enormous surplus, but for lack of market it has no value. What we need is a system of canals with the Wabash as the basis. Our prosperity awaits the canal builders. The scintillations of their mighty geniuses have visited every hemisphere, and their benign influence will continue to unfold and expand the beauties of nature and the mysteries of political economy till the Danube, like the Nile, the Mississippi, like the Thames, and the Wabash, like the Hudson, shall exhibit one grand theater of splendid and successful exertion."⁵⁵

By this time, 1827, the New Orleans market was failing, not on account of the quantity of produce, but on account of

⁵⁵ *Western Sun*, March 5, 1825.

the time and manner of reaching it. Three-fourths of the marketable produce of the Mississippi valley was run out in March. This deluge struck New Orleans all at once, and, it being a small city, was unable to take care of it till it could be shipped to New York. In the spring of 1826, 152 flatboats passed Vincennes loaded for New Orleans. These carried 250,000 bushels of corn, 100,000 barrels of pork, 10,000 hams, 2500 live cattle, 10,000 pounds of beeswax, 3600 venison hams, besides hogs, oats, meal, chickens, etc.⁵⁶ On this basis, about three hundred flatboats left the Wabash each year. With the failure of the New Orleans market, the agitation for a Wabash & Erie canal began in order that they might have direct connection with New York.

In the session of the Legislature of 1826, a bill was introduced providing that \$100,000 of the three per cent. fund be anticipated and applied toward opening the Wabash, but the bill was not passed.⁵⁷ General W. Johnston, Benjamin V. Beckes, and John W. Ewing, the Knox county delegation, could not agree among themselves, and the eastern men lent their aid in killing the bill. S. C. Stephens, Philip Sweetser, and Isaac Howk spoke against it, accusing the Vincennes men of trying to make a grab.⁵⁸

On their return home, Johnston attempted, in a series of letters in the *Western Sun*, to fix the responsibility for the defeat on Beckes. Beckes replied in kind, and a running fight of abuse was kept up all summer, each attempting to outdo the other in proclaiming himself a friend to improvement. Their constituents retired them both and at the August election returned Samuel Judah, a Vincennes lawyer, and Thomas McClure, tax collector of Knox county, as their representatives, and John Ewing, a wealthy merchant of Vincennes, as senator. General W. Johnston, the leader

⁵⁶ *Western Sun*, June 17, 1826.

⁵⁷ *Western Sun*, February 24, 1827.

⁵⁸ *Western Sun*, May 19, 1827.

in this effort, was a Virginian, born in Culpepper county, in 1774. At the age of twenty he came West and fought under Harrison at Tippecanoe. For many years he was a prominent lawyer in western Indiana, and served a term as president judge. He died in Vincennes October 26, 1833.⁵⁹

Notwithstanding Mr. Judah began a newspaper campaign as soon as he was elected, interest in State improvement of the Wabash lagged.⁶⁰ All felt that the expression by the Legislature of 1826 was final. Besides, there was grumbling in many quarters over the present expenses of the State, which reached already beyond \$30,000 per year. Four thousand, five hundred twenty-eight dollars was appropriated January 29, 1830, to clear the Grand Rapids of obstruction, but no further attempt on a large scale was made for State improvement.⁶¹

The Legislature next turned its attention to the government at Washington. A joint resolution of the fourteenth session begged the United States to open the Wabash.⁶² The same session called the attention of Congress to the needs of the Ohio and also asked for a land grant to build a road from the falls of the Ohio to Indianapolis.

The internal improvement men controlled Congress at the time, but Jackson looked with suspicion on all attempts to break into the national treasury. Led by Senator John Tipton, of Harrison county, and John Ewing, of Vincennes, representing the second district in the lower house, Congress sent a bill to the President, carrying a \$20,000 appropriation for the Wabash.⁶³ Jackson vetoed the measure, giving as

⁵⁹ *Vincennes Gazette*, November 9, 1833. This paper was founded in 1830 by Richard Y. Caddington. It was the organ of the Whig party. It was edited by its founder for twenty-five years. It continued till 1865.

⁶⁰ *Western Sun*, October 20, 1827.

⁶¹ *Laws of Indiana*, 1829, ch. 57, sec. 1.

⁶² *Laws of Indiana*, 1830, ch. 135.

⁶³ *Vincennes Gazette*, August 2, 1834

his reason that there was no port of entry. The defeat was the more crushing because Indiana had voted almost two to one for Jackson when the State was safely Whig. During the next session, Colonel Tipton renewed his efforts, including in his bill a clause making Lafayette a port of entry. Senator Tipton cited thirty cases where Jackson had signed similar measures.⁶⁴ Webster denounced the President's excuse as having no legal foundation. Money had been appropriated to improve the Monongahela and the Cumberland, neither having ports of entry. Tipton took the President severely to task for his partisanship, but the only reward he received was four columns of abuse in the *Congressional Globe*, for his presumption. Ewing gave expression to his feelings in the *Vincennes Gazette*. The Wabash valley never forgave Jackson for what it termed his treachery.

Senator John Tipton was a prominent character in early Indiana history. His father, a Marylander, had emigrated to Sevier county, Tennessee, after the Revolution, and was murdered there by the Cherokees in 1798. John Tipton was seven years old at the time. He removed with his mother to Brindley's Ferry, Harrison county, Indiana Territory, in 1807. After the Tippecanoe campaign, in which he served, he was chosen sheriff of Harrison county. He represented his county in the Legislature in 1819, 1820, 1821, and 1822, serving on the commission appointed 1819 to locate a capital in the center of the State. In 1823 President Monroe made him Indian agent at Fort Wayne. In 1828 he removed with the agency to Logansport. In 1832 the Legislature chose him to fill out the unexpired term of James Noble in the United States Senate. In 1833 he was elected for a full term, closing his term and his life in the same year.⁶⁵

⁶⁴ *Ibid.*, January 3, 1834.

⁶⁵ Pershing, *Life of John Tipton*.

III.

ERA OF SYSTEMATIC INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS, 1827-'40.

§1. THE PROBLEM, THE PEOPLE, AND THE LEGISLATURE.

Immediately after the War of 1812 there arose in all parts of the United States a demand for internal improvements constructed by the government. The rise of a party favoring this policy is contemporaneous with the admission of Indiana into the Union. The party found its strength among the farmers, and was based on a legitimate economic need. The farmers throughout the nation possessed an abundance of fertile land. Their surplus products were of little value to them; since a large part, and frequently all, of their profits were eaten up in transportation. Naturally, this party was strongest in the Western States. Their markets were the seaboard cities, and the farther west the farmer was, the less valuable was his surplus grain. All the seaboard States, however, were deeply interested in the problem of transportation. Every State from New York south and west was busy from 1816 to 1840 developing and perfecting its own system. Legislators and legislatures were called wise just in proportion to the completeness and inclusiveness of their systems. The history of this period seems like that of an ancient people, so completely have times changed.

The migration of hundreds of thousands from the seaboard to the Ohio valley kept the interest in highways unabated. Committees of legislatures, whose States seemed on the point of being deserted, reported that the people were leaving on account of lack of transportation facilities. Every State finally caught the fever, and in the two decades following the close of the War of 1812 they rolled up a com-

bined internal improvement debt aggregating \$225,000,000.¹ Pennsylvania took the lead in amount, while New York led in time and spirit, and was the only one to carry the policy to success. At the very time when the Indiana Legislature was holding its first session, the future policy of the United States toward internal improvement was being decided. In the session of Congress, convened in 1816, a select committee,² appointed on motion of Calhoun, introduced a bill setting aside the bonus of \$1,500,000, paid by the Second Bank of the United States, and the annual dividend on \$7,000,000 of stock, owned by the United States, as a fund for building roads and canals. This measure passed Congress by virtue of votes from the Middle and Western States, but it was vetoed by Madison. Three months after the first Indiana Assembly adjourned—April 15, 1817—the Legislature of New York undertook the construction of the Erie canal, and every resource of that State, from the income of lotteries to the labor of her convicts, was pledged to its completion.

In his message to the Legislature of December 2, 1817, Governor Jennings, of Indiana, refers to a letter from De Witt Clinton, of New York, discussing the practicability of connecting the Great Lakes with the Ohio-Mississippi system, thus making all-water connection between the Hudson and Mississippi.³ In the same message, he notifies the Legislature of a resolution of the Pennsylvania Legislature, inviting the Governors of Ohio, Virginia, Kentucky, and Indiana to meet the Governor of Pennsylvania in a conference on internal improvements, especially looking to the better navigation of the Ohio. The newspapers of the State early added their influence. The *Western Sun*⁴ considered a sys-

¹ *American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the Year 1840*, p. 105. Boston.

² McMaster, *A History of the People of the United States*, IV, 411.

³ *House Journal*, 1817, p. 8.

⁴ December 3, 1816.

tem of improvements an imperious necessity. Even then there were two parties that continued through the whole era to divide the counsels and energies of the young State. The settlers along the Ohio and Wabash rivers looked to New Orleans as the natural emporium; while all those settlers, and they were rapidly gaining the ascendancy, who came over the National Road, looked to New York and the seaboard cities as the best markets. There was no lack of discussion nor fanciful schemes for building canals, but the slender resources of the State were a bar to any definite attempt. Governor Jennings, in his third message, suggests that "The internal improvement of the State forms a subject of the most serious importance and deserves the greatest attention. It increases the value of the soil, leads to culture and refinement, induces immigration, broadens the horizon of the people, and prevents feuds and political broils. With the three per cent. fund it is in your power to lay the foundations of a system coextensive with the State."⁵ During the next ten years the "System" was the commonest subject of discussion. No one knew exactly what was meant by the "System," but it was felt that as soon as possible the State, by some means or other, would construct some kind of a system of communication that would answer the needs of the people. "Interest in the canals has abated," said Governor William Hendricks in his message, "but we should keep them in mind and wait till the resources of the State increase."⁶

In response to memorials, Congress, May 26, 1824, donated to the State a strip of land 320 feet wide through the public domain, on condition that the State, in twelve years, would construct a canal thereon. The committee on canals

⁵ *House Journal*, 1818, p. 21.

⁶ *House Journal*, 1822, p. 37.

of the Indiana Legislature reported the grant illiberal, and moved another memorial.⁷

The State debt at this time was \$27,000 and the annual income about \$40,000. Taxable polls numbered 34,000, of which Wayne county had the largest number, 2141.⁸ At the August election of 1825 James Brown Ray was elected Governor by the internal improvement party. Governor Ray was a Kentuckian by birth—born in Jefferson county, February 19, 1794. He studied law in Cincinnati and settled down to practice at Brookville, then one of the leading cities of the State. He represented Franklin county in the sixth General Assembly as a Representative; in the seventh, eighth, and ninth sessions as a Senator. He served as Governor two terms, 1825-1831. In 1837 he was defeated for Congress in the Indianapolis district, where he had made his home after his term as Governor expired. Physically he was a well-proportioned man weighing about 250 pounds. In temper he was haughty and overbearing, usually in trouble, which he seemed to enjoy. He would quarrel with a carpenter over an hour's wage with the same dignity as with the Legislature.⁹ Many stories remain concerning his irascible temper. On one occasion, while attending court at Danville, and while the lawyers were warming their shins before the fire, Calvin Fletcher raised some doubt over a statement made by Ray. The latter without a further word took Fletcher by the nose and demanded a retraction. Fletcher landed on the ex-governor's jaw, but friends stopped the argument. Ray's pet vision was his adopted city as the center of a great railroad system with radiating lines reaching every city in the State. Throughout his life

⁷ *House Journal*, 1825, p. 176.

⁸ *House Journal*, 1825, p. 17.

⁹ Woollen, *Biographical and Historical Sketches of Early Indiana*, p. 56, Indianapolis, 1883. This is an excellent collection of short biographies, but is uncritical.

he remained firm in his faith in State improvements. He died of cholera in Cincinnati in 1848. He was considered one of the most eloquent men of his day, and it was the ambition of his life to be a United States Senator. The following sentence—the first in his first message¹⁰—illustrates the man and the prevailing idea of oratory: “I am much exhilarated to witness that the great author of nature, the munificent disposer of all human concerns, the omnipotent dispenser of every blessing, has, in the arrangement of his providence, permitted us all to assemble here together, at the capitol of the State, at this time, prepared to enter upon a performance of the most important social duties that are embraced within the power of mortals.”

With this message, which required twenty-six pages of print, the agitation for internal improvements began again. Congress had at the previous session offered the State a right of way for a canal. This, the Governor urged, should be accepted at once and a further memorial sent to that body asking a section of land for each mile. This would easily build it. Thus a continuous waterway from New York to New Orleans would be opened across the country. This canal needed to be only twenty-eight miles long. Further, there was a great demand, continued the Governor, for a canal from Lawrenceburg to Fort Wayne. A company in fact was already surveying the route. This improvement should be encouraged by the State, although it had no design on the treasury. A commissioner was then examining White river, and ere long two hundred miles of waterways would there be opened for navigation. Internal improvements were demanded by necessity and the spirit of the times. They must have canals. They were no longer an experiment in the economy of commerce. Withal, these schemes should not be entered into hastily. The situation

¹⁰ *House Journal*, 1825, p. 38.

should be studied carefully. It should be ascertained if the commerce of the locality would justify, beyond a doubt, the outlay. They would make no mistake, in such case, if they borrowed money and laid it out in improvements.

The campaign was not dependent alone on Governor Ray. On July 4, 1825, Ohio started on her canal building projects. Great ceremonies were held that day at Newark, where ground was first broken for the Ohio and Erie canal. Governor Clinton, as the guest of the State, arrived early by the Mt. Vernon stage, and joined Governor Morrow, of Ohio, and General Van Rensselaer. A procession, led by the military, marched out to the selected spot. Judge Minor, as president of the Ohio Canal Commission, placed a spade in the hands of Governor Clinton and another in the hands of Governor Morrow. These men each lifted a spade full of earth and Ohio had embarked on her canal-building career. The crowd was then addressed by the eloquent Thomas Ewing, orator of the day. Later a grand barbecue was served. Seventeen days later Governor Clinton assisted in breaking ground at Middletown for the Miami and Erie canal.¹¹ These celebrations were all recounted by the Indiana press and read with interest by the citizens.

Meanwhile our delegation in Congress, led by ex-Governor Jennings in the House, and William Hendricks in the Senate, were busy. At the session of 1826 a bill, asking a land grant for Indiana, was introduced but not acted upon.¹² This was not a new subject in Congress. The internal improvement policy of the government had been a live issue in national politics for a generation. Jefferson, in his message of December, 1806, had expressed it as his highest ambition, after the constitution had been amended to give him power, to use the great resources of the national government

¹¹ *History of Ohio Canals*, p. 20.

¹² *Congressional Debates*, 1825-'26, II, pt. I, 705.

in developing his country. His Secretary of the Treasury, Gallatin, had spent a year perfecting a plan for a system of canals that would meet all the requirements of our domestic commerce.¹³ As a beginning the Coast Survey had been established and the Cumberland Road projected. A compact and powerful party in the United States backed the internal improvement policy. This party found its support in the Middle States, east and west.

On the other hand the question of a canal at the portage between the Maumee and the Wabash rivers was also an old one. Every statesman of this and the preceding period who was interested in the Northwest had studied the problem of an all-water trade route between the seaboard and the Ohio valley. Washington repeatedly discussed this; and in a letter to his Secretary of War, Henry Knox, suggested the Maumee portage as the most feasible point of connection.¹⁴ The first definite information was based on surveys and observations by Captain James Riley, a United States surveyor. While surveying land for settlement he noted the ease with which the two rivers could be united. He reported to his superior, a report that soon found its way to Congress, that a canal six miles long would connect the St. Mary and Little rivers, from which navigation by the Maumee to Lake Erie and by the Wabash to the Ohio was easy. The swampy prairie through which the canal would run was reported to be so wet that no feeder would be required. This first observation was made in 1818, and during the following season he ran a line of levels. The canal, he thought, would need to be six miles in length. Every public man in the Middle or Western States had his pet project for a route from the coast to the waters of the Ohio. The New York Congressmen, led by Peter Buell Porter, himself a part owner in the

¹³ Adams' *Life of Gallatin*.

¹⁴ *Writings*. IX. *passim*.

monopoly of transportation between Ontario and Erie, stood for the northern route by way of the Lakes and the Hudson.¹⁵ The Pennsylvania delegation favored a route by Pittsburgh and the Ohio, while Maryland and Virginia clung to the Cumberland route. A comparison of Riley's report, which was taken as conclusive, with the facts in the case, shows how unsubstantial the foundation was on which most of these statesmen rested their plans.

The history of the canal system of Indiana begins in earnest with an act of Congress approved March 2, 1827.¹⁶ The party of Clay and Adams driven from power in the nation thus, on the eve of dissolution, bequeathed its principles and its policy to the State of Indiana. This act granted to the State, for the purpose of aiding to build a canal, uniting at navigable points the waters of the Maumee and those of the Wabash, a strip of land one-half of five sections wide, on either side of the canal, reserving alternate sections to be selected by a land commissioner under the direction of the president. In the preceding session of the Indiana Assembly the canal committee had reported a bill providing for a canal board and some surveys. This bill was drawn by James M. Hays, of Parke county, but failed on account of the reluctance of the majority to raise taxes.¹⁷ Surveyor Shriver was surveying the Whitewater for a company organized to build a canal from Lawrenceburg to Fort Wayne.¹⁸

Meantime the settlers on the upper Wabash were clamoring for aid. Produce could not be sold nor could they get goods from any place. Salt was hauled by ox teams from Michigan City at a cost of \$12 per barrel, the trip requiring two weeks. In 1826 a corps of United States engineers,

¹⁵ *Annals of Congress*, 1809-'10, p. 1401.

¹⁶ *United States Statutes at Large*, IV, 236.

¹⁷ *House Journal*, 1826, p. 214.

¹⁸ Governor's Message, *House Journal*, 1826, p. 46.

under the charge of Colonel James Schriver, then at work on Whitewater, was sent to survey the portage at Fort Wayne. All were soon sick and Colonel Schriver died. Asa Moore continued the survey to Tippecanoe, and then down the Maumee as far as the rapids, where he also died in his tent, October 4, 1828.¹⁹

On January 5, 1828, Indiana accepted the gift from the nation and committed the State to the building of the canal.²⁰ Following the practice of Ohio, which had begun a system of canals two years before, the law provided for a board of Canal Commissioners, to consist of three men. These commissioners were to select land, hire surveyors, locate the canal, make estimates, lay off town sites, and finance the undertaking. This board consisted of Samuel Hanna, of Fort Wayne; Robert John, of Franklin county, and David Burr, of Jackson county. The board did nothing more than investigate and report to the next Assembly. The Legislature seemingly had gone as far as it could. When it came to expending money, there was a deadlock. The tax levy of the previous year had netted \$33,000, which barely covered expenses.²¹

Those not directly benefited were reluctant to raise the levy. The sentiment of the State was strong for internal improvements. All parties favored them. "I shall vote for John C. Calhoun because he is the friend and zealous advocate of internal improvements,"²² said Samuel Judah, a leader, at that time, of Jacksonian men in Indiana. A meeting of Gibson county Democrats "resolved that Jackson is and ever has been the friend of internal improvements."²³

¹⁹ Knapp, *History of the Maumee Valley*, p. 397.

²⁰ *Laws of Indiana*, 1827, ch. 7. See also Joint Resolution, ch. 98.

²¹ See Governor's Message, December 4, 1827. The annual message of the Governor may be found in either the *House*, *Senate*, or *Documentary Journal*.

²² *Western Sun*, November 1, 1828.

²³ *Ibid.*, May 10, 1828.

On that platform he carried the State, although the State officers of the opposite party were elected by decisive majorities. The country was delirious with internal improvement fever. The Miami canal was opened from Middletown to Cincinnati, March 17, 1828, and thousands of citizens crowded its banks to see the first boat.²⁴ South Carolina in 1828 chartered three railroads and the capital stock was subscribed in a few hours—the Augusta and Charleston; Columbia and Charleston; Orangeburg and Charleston.²⁵ These advertised to reduce the freight rates on a bale of cotton from \$1.50 to 25 cents. When the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was completed to Gwynne's Falls, the bridge over that stream was dedicated by Charles Carroll, last of the signers, and the bridge was afterward known as the Carrollton viaduct.²⁶ A few days later the Postmaster General visited Baltimore and took a ride on the railroad, reporting that the engine drew twenty-four people fifteen miles per hour with ease.²⁷ Kentucky was surveying a railroad from Lexington via Frankfort to Louisville. Virginia authorized a road from the Shenandoah to the Ohio river. Railroad stocks in this country and Europe soared in value. Those of England alone gained in value over \$40,000,000 in one year. The papers, especially scientific journals, contained little else than news of roads and canals.²⁸

Two of the Canal Commissioners, Burr and John, met on call of Governor Ray at Indianapolis, July 17, 1828, organized, and proceeded to the Wabash; but on studying the law they found themselves without authority.²⁹ A four-years' war opened then in the State Legislature, fought on the

²⁴ *Ibid.*, April 12, 1828, quoted from *Cincinnati Gazette*.

²⁵ *Ibid.*, January 31, 1829.

²⁶ *Western Sun*, January 23, 1830, copying from the *Baltimore Gazette*.

²⁷ *Ibid.*, February 26, 1830.

²⁸ *Journal of Franklin Institute*, vol. 31, p. 384.

²⁹ *Indianapolis Gazette*.

floor in session and in the newspapers out of session. The lowest estimates called for an expenditure of \$991,000. The Whitewater members cared little for the Wabash and hung back for a deal. The Ohio river group opposed openly and stoutly. The speaker, Ross Smiley, of Union county, favored railroads. Governor Ray also favored railroads because of less cost.³⁰ The group that favored the canal, called the "Wabash Band," lacked unity, and were attacked openly by John Ewing, of Vincennes, their ablest member. Mutterings of discontent over high taxes reached all parts of Indiana from the people of Ohio, who were building a great system of canals. Added to this, there was no definite knowledge furnished by engineers. The settlers on the Wabash were impatient lest the State let the land grant forfeit. The members from the South opposed because the State had lost some money in the Ohio Falls canal. But this was a very different work, it was answered. It would require little money, and that was to be furnished by the United States. Why did not the board get to work? No settlers were coming into the valley. No land to the north was surveyed, and that to the south was held up by the President.³¹

The canal committee of the Legislature of 1828, headed by Samuel Judah, of Vincennes, made a lengthy report in favor of canals. There was no longer any question of the utility of canals, he argued. They could be used by any and all persons. Each farmer would be master of his own transportation. New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, all furnished ample evidence of this. The only question left them for discussion was that of means. The cost would approximate \$1,000,000. This could be borrowed now and replaced later

³⁰ Governor's Message, 1827, in *House Journal*.

³¹ "A Citizen of the Upper Wabash" in the *Sun*, September 20, 1828.

with the proceeds of the land sales.³² The committee again introduced a bill looking toward construction, and again the Legislature turned them down. Some opposed it because they did not think it necessary, others because they wanted more definite information; while a large third party would not run the State into debt for something not absolutely needed. A new board was organized under the act of January 28, 1830, providing means for work. This board consisted of three men, David Burr, J. Vigus, and Samuel Lewis, selected for three years.³³ One of these commissioners had charge of land sales, one of the funds, and one of all accounts. Lands were to be sold for one-fourth cash, balance in seventeen years, with interest at six per cent. The board was empowered to hire an engineer to prepare plans and specifications and personally oversee the work on the ground. For this purpose they hired Joseph Ridgeway, of Ohio, "a man of much knowledge and experience in canalling."³⁴

When the surveys commenced an unexpected trouble arose. Navigable points on the two rivers could not be united without building part of the canal in Ohio. This Indiana could not do. Accordingly, Ohio appointed Willis Silliman its agent to confer with Jeremiah Sullivan with like power from Indiana.³⁵ These men met in Cincinnati October 3, 1829, and agreed that Ohio should take a part of the land grant and dig that part of the canal within her boundary.³⁶ The work was to be done in fifteen years and citizens of either State were to have the same privileges on the whole canal. The ratification of this compact furnished

³² *Western Sun*, January 31, 1829. See also Judah's letter in the *Sun*, December 31, 1829.

³³ *Laws of Indiana*, 1829, ch. 8.

³⁴ Annual Report of Board, *House Journal*, 1829.

³⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 66.

³⁶ *Western Sun*, January 9, 1830.

a theme for discussion during the whole session of 1829-'30. If the agreement was approved it finally committed the State to action. The whole field was again threshed over. A strong railroad party developed.³⁷ By a deal with one of the parties to the Michigan road dispute the canal party finally carried the day and ratified the compact with Ohio.

During the following October land sales began at Logansport and Lafayette. The tracts were put up at auction and spirited competition was shown. The prices, however, were a disappointment. The highest prices at Logansport were \$4.06 per acre; lowest, \$1.25; average, \$1.75. From Lafayette came better reports, lots selling as high as \$6 to \$9 per acre. During the season 42,000 acres were sold for \$75,000, one-fourth of which was cash. By joint resolution of the Legislature the sales were stopped February 10, 1831.³⁸ Two hundred thirty-four thousand acres had been offered and 41,000 sold in 547 tracts or lots. There were no speculators buying.

The people grew more impatient to see digging begin. Ohio refused to ratify the Cincinnati agreement and the railroad party, under the lead of David Hoover, of Wayne county, was strong enough to block the Legislature for a whole session. The supplemental acts of 1832 put the project on its feet.³⁹ Ridgeway had prepared final estimates that the canal complete would cost \$1,081,970. A canal fund was constituted and placed in charge of three commissioners, known as Fund Commissioners. Money was to be borrowed at six per cent., pledging land, tolls, and the faith of the State. The Fund Commissioners were given full power to act, and were required to keep the Canal Board supplied with money. Lands were placed in three classes: First, to sell at \$3.50; second, at \$2.50; third, at \$1.50. Plat

³⁷ *Western Sun*, March 20, 1830.

³⁸ *Laws of Indiana*, 1830, ch. 124.

³⁹ *Laws of Indiana*, 1831, ch. 1, p. 108.

books of this were made, and the Canal Board was to open sales again in October, 1832. Work was ordered commenced on the canal before March 2, 1832.

The board met at Fort Wayne February 22, 1832, and made all arrangements for work. A big celebration had been prepared. J. Vigus was master of ceremonies and used the spade. Charles W. Ewing was orator of the day.⁴⁰ A procession formed, crossed the St. Mary's, moved up to the spot selected, and formed a circle around the speaker. Ewing was of an old Revolutionary family, born in the Genesee country, New York. He had come to Fort Wayne early to practice law, and was the first prosecutor of Allen county.

We are apt to judge the leaders of this period hastily and accuse them of losing their heads. They did make a gigantic mistake, but there are some mitigating conditions. This venture was considered, and held before the public, ten years before work was commenced. Then it was undertaken only in despair of any better means of reaching a market with their produce. A bushel of corn at Indianapolis was worth 12 to 20 cents. On the river board it was worth 50 cents. An ordinary acre of farm land would produce sixty bushels—a loss on each acre, due to lack of transportation facilities, of \$18. On such a basis fabulous arguments can be reared. The loss on one hundred acres was \$1800 annually. The State had within its boundaries millions of such acres whose value and usefulness to the State depended on commercial communication with the world. Now the nation was offering to donate land worth \$1,000,000 toward a canal whose estimated cost was only \$1,100,000, and vest the title in the State. The proposed canal, however, was far to the north of the settled portion of the State, and could never benefit nine-tenths of the people who were to build it. And it was

⁴⁰ *Cass County Times*, March 2, 1832.

only on the tacit agreement, that it was to be the first of a system, reaching all parts of the State, that it was undertaken. It is not the undertaking, but the business method, that comes in for most censure. There were too many commissioners, engineers, staff officers, land agents, paymasters, finance agents in New York, Baltimore, and Boston.

At the close of the year 1832 the Fund Commissioners had \$104,673 on hand. This money was loaned out at various places. Mr. Sullivan had loaned his friends \$9100; McCarty's friends had \$8600; William C. Linton's, \$7753, but the larger part was in the Merchants' Bank, New York City.⁴³ There is no evidence of any system of financial management. Each member did as he pleased with what funds came into his hands. To remedy this, the board hired Samuel Hanna as its disbursing agent, thus transferring its only duty and its only excuse for existence.

Samuel Hanna was perhaps more honorably known in connection with Indiana canals than any other man. He was born in Scott county, Kentucky, October 18, 1797. He removed to Dayton, Ohio, in 1804; kept store and taught school in Piqua. Came to Fort Wayne as a settler in 1818; opened a store later at the corner of Columbia and Barr streets. He brought his goods on horseback from Detroit, or up the Maumee in pirogues. He was agent of the American Fur Company—the Standard Oil Company of those times. He served as State Representative, 1826-'31, also in the session of 1840; as Senator, 1832-'34; as State Treasurer, 1847-'50. Later he aided in financing Fort Wayne railroads and made considerable money as a contractor. He held the first circuit court of Allen county, August, 1824. He died June 11, 1866, one of the most respected citizens of Fort Wayne.⁴⁴

⁴³ *House Journal*, 1832, p. 190.

⁴⁴ Bryce, *History of Fort Wayne*, Appendix.

The act of January 9, 1832, required the Fund Commissioners to borrow \$200,000 for canal work. A bond sale was advertised in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York.⁴⁵ J. D. Beers & Company offered to take \$100,000 of State semi-annual six per cent. 20-30 year bonds at 113.26—the bid reading “one hundredth per cent. above any other bid.” The Canal Board began letting contracts March 1, 1832. William Rockhill undertook section one of the middle division.⁴⁶ The canal was divided into sections about one-half mile long, for which the engineers had made full plans and specifications, and then each section was let to the lowest bidder. The first year thirty-eight contracts were made, covering about twenty miles, and calling for \$117,000 in payment. Not to be outdone by the Fund Board, the Canal Board hired Jesse L. Williams to do its work.

Jesse L. Williams was a Quaker, born in North Carolina, in 1807. Five years later he was in Cincinnati. He learned the canal business under Forrer, who came from the Erie to construct the Miami for Ohio. His brother, Micajah, was a commissioner of the Miami canal, and Jesse was chief engineer. He later took charge of the Wabash and Erie in 1832. With Gooding he surveyed the Whitewater canal in 1834; next year all Indiana surveys were placed under his supervision. In 1836 he was made engineer of the State, with 1300 miles of works to oversee. In 1840 he became a member of the reorganized Board of Works. When the old Wabash and Erie was reorganized in 1847, he was made chief engineer. He served the Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad in the same capacity from 1854; was a director in the Union Pacific from 1864 to 1869; after which he built the Detroit and Grand Rapids railroad.

The opposition to the canal gradually melted away till

⁴⁵ *House Journal*, 1832, p. 73.

⁴⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 99.

1834, when there was no active trace of it left. It was then accepted as the settled policy of the State. The question with each locality was no longer, how can we oppose the Wabash and Erie, but how can we get one for our own county or neighborhood.⁴⁷ Every editor had his scheme. Citizens met in mass convention and instructed their representatives to vote and work for various lines. One of these conventions met in Clark's tavern, Vincennes, December 31, 1831. Sam Hill was chairman and General W. Johnson secretary. They resolved that a canal across Knox county from the White to the Wabash river, would be of incalculable value, and appointed a committee to draw up a petition to the Legislature.⁴⁸ Such petitions poured into the Legislature from every locality. A canal down Whitewater was a necessity. White river, Pigeon creek, Mississinewa, Muscokatuck, Eel river, Big Raccoon, from Fort Wayne to Lake Michigan, from Fort Wayne to Muncie, from Muncie to Indianapolis, from Indianapolis to Jeffersonville, from Leavenworth to Lake Michigan, were all urged as very suitable locations for canals. An appropriation was asked to open almost every stream in the State large enough to float a canoe.⁴⁹

Meanwhile the Wabash and Erie crept steadily westward from Fort Wayne to the mouth of the Tippecanoe, which was considered the head of navigation for the Wabash. The long line of huts resembled barracks to a fortified camp; and, if reports are true, the line resembled a camp in another very real way. The diggers were all Irish, and about equally divided between "Corkers" and "Way Downers" from Kerry. Members of the different bands never met without

⁴⁷ See Judge David Kilgore's Speech in Constitutional Convention of 1850. *Debates*, Index.

⁴⁸ *Western Sun*, January 7, 1832.

⁴⁹ *House Journal*, 1834, p. 128; 1835; 1836. See Index, "Petitions."

a fight.⁵⁰ On one occasion four hundred militia were required to stop an impending battle near Lagro, in which four hundred Corkers had armed themselves, and were moving up the line to clean out their enemies.⁵¹ These feuds between Catholics and Orangemen had occurred on all public works of the period, being fiercest at Williamsport and High Rocks on the Potomac, where several were killed and the regular army was called out to keep peace. The board reported that about one thousand men had worked on the canal during the summer of 1834.

After a careful examination of the Wabash river, the commissioners decided that Lafayette should be its southern terminus, and they had already assumed authority to make preliminary surveys. The canal had cost, thus far, \$729,000, and to go down to Lafayette, which, they said, was the great steamboat landing and commercial center of that region, would cost nearly \$100,000 more. The Legislature in 1834 ordered the extension; the canal to cross the Wabash at Ballard's bluff in the pool of a dam. At the Birmingham bluff the canal was to be built out in the river and protected by brush rip-rap.⁵² By the fourth of July, 1835, boats were running on the section west of Fort Wayne, but the tolls were not enough to keep it in repair. Already the wooden aqueducts were rotten. The State finally finished the line, and on July 4, 1843, it was opened from Lafayette to Toledo. The event was fitly celebrated in an oration at Fort Wayne by General Cass.

§2. "THE SYSTEM" OF 1836.

It has been stated above that the opposition to State internal improvement disappeared with the beginning of active work on the canal. The mania rapidly gathered headway

⁵⁰ Helm, *History of Wabash County*, p. 63.

⁵¹ *Documentary Journal*, 1835, p. 18.

⁵² *General Laws of Indiana*, 1834, ch. 16.

after 1830. The time of the Legislature was almost entirely taken with such schemes. In announcing his candidacy for Governor in a letter in the *Indianapolis Journal*, Noah Noble said the object of prime importance to Indiana was the opening of avenues of commerce with the outside world.⁵³ Reports from all canals built in the East were flattering.⁵⁴ The income from the Erie for October, 1832, was reported as \$211,619. It was further said to have added \$50,000,000 to the value of lands in its vicinity. Canal stocks were leading the market.⁵⁵ Schuylkill, par at 50, was selling at 145; Lehigh, at 92½; Hudson and Delaware, at 121. Tolls on the Miami canal in Ohio were already \$6,000 per month and \$30,000 on the Ohio canal.⁵⁶

Interest was not all concentrated on canals. The wider demand was for a means of reaching market with their produce.

The Indiana Legislature of 1832 incorporated no less than a dozen joint stock companies to build various lines of railroads. These included roads from Lawrenceburg to Indianapolis; from Madison via Indianapolis to Lafayette; from Jeffersonville via Salem, Bloomington, Greencastle to Lafayette; from Harrison to Indianapolis via Greensburg and Shelbyville; from Lafayette to Lake Michigan; from Jeffersonville via Columbus, Indianapolis, and due north to the Wabash. These were not the idle dreams of irresponsible adventurers, but on their charters are the names of the best men of the State.

The years during the presidency of Adams and Jackson were an era of great commercial prosperity in the United States. Every resource was being developed to its utmost. Transportation facilities fell far behind the capacity for

⁵³ *Western Sun*, June 4, 1831.

⁵⁴ *Niles Register*, December 1, 1835.

⁵⁵ *Ibid.*, March 28, 1835.

⁵⁶ *American Almanac*, 1835, p. 250.

production. Seaboard prices remained high and steady. Every section was studying the same problem—how to get to market. New York had finished her great canal, but was eager for a waterway from the Lakes to the Mississippi valley. As a result of this work, New York City was rapidly running away from Baltimore and Philadelphia in wealth and population. Pennsylvania was spending vast money to get a canal or railroad through from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh on the Ohio. Baltimore, in conjunction with Maryland and Virginia, was building a canal and a railroad from the Potomac to the Ohio along the old Braddock route. Ohio had taken the suggestion of New York, and had almost completed two magnificent canals from Lake Erie to the Ohio. The echo of all this activity was caught up in the papers of Indiana, and her farmers, already producing two and three times as much as could be consumed, read them eagerly. Borrow money was the argument, and build canals.⁵⁷ The canals would always be worth their cost price and the tolls would not only pay interest and cost, but ultimately they would relieve us of all taxation. The money spent in our midst would return to the State in increased taxes. The Erie had added three times as much to the value of the land as the canal cost. The same report came from Ohio. On the Chesapeake and Ohio, said a traveler, as far as the eye could reach from Georgetown west stretched an unbroken line of canal boats going to Baltimore.⁵⁸

Still, with the sentiment of the State overwhelming for the system, there was a serious political problem to be solved. All realized that there must be some limit to the number of works undertaken. The "Wabash band" were

⁵⁷ Governor Noah Noble's Message, *House Journal*, 1834, p. 12. See further *House Journal*, 1835, p. 12, where the same idea is advanced more boldly

⁵⁸ *Niles Register*, August 30, 1834.

interested in a first-class canal to Lafayette, and a navigable Wabash from there to the Ohio. The Whitewater group—the strongest of the interests—were sure of their position, but wished to hold the State to as few lines as possible so as to insure a rapid prosecution of the Whitewater canal. In the absence of well-organized and disciplined parties, the project was not so easily carried as planned. The session of 1834-'35 was spent in vainly trying to organize the Assembly on this basis. As finally organized, this party controlled every county in the State but seven—Harrison, Posey, Crawford, Switzerland, Hendricks, Perry, and Spencer; and six of these were on the Ohio.⁵⁹ The total voting strength of these counties was always less than ten out of a body of eighty members.

The Whitewater canal was the starting point in all these discussions.⁶⁰ The settlers in the valley—and this valley was the most populous district of the State—as early as 1832 had petitioned for a canal. The Assembly of 1833 ordered a preliminary survey, and this report by Surveyor Gooding was laid before the Legislature December 23, 1834.⁶¹ The valley was reported to be shallow, the fall excessive, requiring a great number of locks. There were many washed banks where the canal would have to be built over the river. The survey began at Nettle creek near Cambridge City in Wayne county, close to the crossing of the old National Road. Thence it passed down the west bank to Somerset at the Franklin county line, where it crossed, recrossing again at Brookville and following the west bank to the Ohio at Lawrenceburg. The length was seventy-six miles, seven dams were necessary, fifty-six locks, and 491 feet of lockage.

⁵⁹ *Documentary Journal*, 1836, No. 5.

⁶⁰ For an excellent description of how this law was carried, see speech by Judge Kilgore—*Debates in Constitutional Convention*, 1850. Index.

⁶¹ *House Journal*, 1834, p. 255.

The estimated cost was \$1,142,126. "The committee on internal improvements were strongly impressed with the utility of canals" and "felt a deep interest for the construction of this one." They argued⁶² that it would give an outlet for Franklin, Rush, Fayette, Henry, Randolph, and Hancock counties, as well as a large part of Wayne, Union, Decatur, and Delaware—a district aggregating 3150 square miles. Produce could be transported by this means at an average cost of \$3.56 per ton as against \$10, the present cost. This would save \$221,000 for the section each year. The water power would turn 318 pairs of millstones. This argument is given in some detail to show the nature of the discussions that occupied the Legislature and the newspapers during the decade from 1830 to 1840.

As above stated, the time of the session of 1834 was taken by the Assembly in framing a bill for a general system of improvements. It developed into a game of legislative seesaw with the Whitewater canal as its center. Every member was willing to vote for the latter provided his own county was not neglected. No system could be determined which it was thought the State could build. When the Assembly of 1835 met, it at once went to work on the unfinished bill. The only fight left over was on the route from Vincennes to New Albany. The influence of the lobby prevailed, however, and it was included.

As a study of the political activity of the times the agitation for this road is worth noting. The movement was started by a letter signed "Knox" in the *Western Sun* in the early summer of 1835. Acting on the suggestion, the citizens of Daviess county met in mass meeting at the courthouse in Washington October 5, and elected John Murphy, George Riddick, Hamlet Sanford, G. C. Hayes, Barton

⁶² *Ibid.*, p. 344. This is a good summary of the argument for and against canals as they viewed them at that time.

Peck, William C. Berry, Abner Davis, and Charles Morgan, delegates to meet similarly appointed delegates, from all other counties interested, at Paoli on October 26, to deliberate on the affair of a turnpike road.⁶³ Joseph McDonald was chairman of the meeting and Abner Davis secretary. They approved the plan of "Knox" and invited Lewis Jones, their representative, to attend the Paoli meeting. Citizens of Floyd county met in convention on October 9 and agreed to the "Knox" plan, and chose Messrs. Tuley, Dorsey, Stewart, Downey, and Porter as delegates to Paoli.⁶⁴ On the 12th of October, the citizens of Knox county assembled at the courthouse at Vincennes, with Dr. Hiram Decker chairman, and A. D. Scott secretary.⁶⁵ After an address by A. T. Ellis, they appointed John Law, H. D. Wheeler, A. T. Ellis, D. S. Bonner, Samuel Emison, John B. Martin, John C. Clark, Benjamin V. Beckes, John Purcell, Andrew Berry, and A. D. Scott, delegates to Paoli. H. M. Shaw, the Senator, and John Meyers and R. N. Carnan, the Representatives, were also invited to attend. Similar conventions met in Harrison, Orange, and Martin counties.

These delegates met in Paoli October 26, with P. N. Dorsey as president. After due discussion it was decided to send a lobby to the Legislature, consisting of one man from each county. For this purpose they chose P. F. Tuley, of Floyd; H. N. Alberson, of Harrison; J. T. Ferguson, of Orange; Thomas Coffin, of Martin; George Fraim, of Daviess; John Murphy, of Daviess; and John Law, of Knox. It was decided to work for a macadam road. Petitions were prepared to be circulated in each county, and a committee of twenty appointed to present this united petition.⁶⁶ The agitation that backed each route provided by the pend-

⁶³ *Western Sun*, October 10, 1835.

⁶⁴ *Ibid.*, October 17, 1835.

⁶⁵ *Western Sun*, October 17, 1835.

⁶⁶ *Ibid.*, October 31, 1835.

ing bill was similar to the above, though usually stronger and more insistent.

On January 27, 1836, Governor Noah Noble signed the Mammoth Internal Improvement Bill.⁶⁷ Taken in all its aspects, its consequences immediate and remote, it was the most important measure ever signed by an Indiana Governor. It carried appropriations aggregating \$13,000,000, or one-sixth of the wealth of the State at that time, fixing the policy and mortgaging the resources of the State for half a century. The act provided that the Governor, by and with the consent of the Senate, should appoint six men to act with the Canal Board already appointed. These men were to serve three years, except that one-third of the first appointees were to serve one year, one-third two years. The Governor in making appointments was to have regard to local situations so that one member should be near each work. This board was to locate and superintend the works provided for, meet semi-annually, and make a detailed report to the Legislature every session. Aside from necessary expenses, each member was to receive \$2 for every day actually and necessarily employed. This board was to take such measures as were necessary to commence, construct, and complete the following works:

1. The Whitewater Canal over the route formerly designated. Also a canal to connect the Whitewater with the Central, from some point near the National Road to some point in Madison or Delaware county if possible; if a canal could not be built, then connect them by a railroad. For these the sum of \$1,400,000 was appropriated.

2. The Central Canal, commencing at the most suitable point on the Wabash between Fort Wayne and Logansport, via Muncietown, to Indianapolis, down White river to the forks; thence by the best route to Evansville. Provided:

⁶⁷ *General Laws of Indiana*, 1835, ch. 2.

the board may select the Pipe creek route and build a feeder to Muncie if thought best. For this there was appropriated \$3,500,000.

3. An extension of the Wabash and Erie Canal from Tippecanoe river down to Terre Haute, thence by Eel river to the Central; or, if the board think best, strike the Central at the mouth of Black creek, in Knox county. For this, \$1,300,000.

4. A railroad from Madison, through Columbus, Indianapolis, to Lafayette. Appropriation, \$1,300,000.

5. A macadamized turnpike from New Albany, through Greenville, Fredericksburg, Paoli, Mt. Pleasant, Washington, to Vincennes; \$1,150,000 appropriated.

6. A resurvey of the route from Jeffersonville via New Albany, Salem, Bedford, Bloomington, Greencastle, to Crawfordsville, to be made before next October. If it be found practicable, construct a railroad, if not a macadamized road; for which \$1,300,000 was appropriated.

7. Fifty thousand dollars was set aside for removing the obstructions in the Wabash.

8. A survey of a canal if possible, if not, a railroad, from the Wabash and Erie near Fort Wayne, via Goshen, South Bend, Laporte, to the lake at Michigan City. This was to be commenced within ten years.

A general fund was provided, to consist of all moneys raised from sale of State bonds, from loans, grants, profits, appropriations, tolls, and rents. The Fund Commissioners were authorized to borrow \$10,000,000 on twenty-five years time, at six per cent. For the payment of this loan, principal and interest, there were pledged, the canals, railroads, turnpikes, all grounds, rents, tolls, and profits, to the sufficiency of which there was pledged the faith of the State. The right of eminent domain was given the board, and it was authorized to purchase for the State any lands made

especially valuable by these works; though no member could buy land within one mile of a canal. The Indianapolis and Lawrenceburg railroad was given the right to borrow \$500,000 on the credit of the State, giving by way of security to the State a mortgage on wild lands. Finally, the State pledged itself to build each and all lines with all haste possible.

The news of the passage of the bill was received with every demonstration of joy. Illuminations, addresses, and bonfires were the order in every city and town from Evansville to Fort Wayne. A general illumination was ordered in Vincennes, and bonfires were built on almost every street corner. A grand procession formed, and, preceded by a band, marched through the principal streets. This was followed by a ratification speech by Sam Hill.⁶⁸ Not only in Indiana, but from Boston to New Orleans, the enterprise and spirit of the young State were applauded. The *Boston Atlas* and *Niles Register*, in long articles extolled the magnificent spirit of progress shown by Indiana, and compared her grand system with the backwardness of Massachusetts.⁶⁹ The editor of the *Western Sun*, Elihu Stout, quoted these and swelled up with pardonable patriotic pride as he "looked down the avenues of future glory for Indiana."

The immediate effect of the measure was to boom every town on the line and cause many new ones to spring up—on paper. R. M. Evans,⁷⁰ Samuel Miller, and John Shanklin soon had an addition to Evansville surveyed and the lots on the market. John Law, William Law, Joseph McCall, and Lucius Scott arranged a second addition to this "terminus of the grand canal system," and by June had five hundred lots advertised. A great sale of town lots was advertised

⁶⁸ *Western Sun*, January 30, 1836.

⁶⁹ *Ibid.*, January 21, 1837, quoting the Eastern papers.

⁷⁰ Evans' brother, who styled himself the promoter of the System, said R. M. Evans made \$40,000 in this deal.—*Sun*, December 31, 1839.

for New London, Daviess county, where the Central canal was to cross White river. Thousands of town lots were thrown on the market at the ridiculously low prices of \$50 to \$200 each; although the land, in many cases, had been bought within the year for \$3 per acre.

§3. CONSTRUCTION.

Pursuant to the act, Governor Noble appointed Samuel Hall, of Gibson; Thomas H. Blake, of Vigo; David H. Maxwell, of Monroe; John G. Clendennin, of Orange; John Woodburn, of Jefferson; and Elisha Long, of Wayne county, as the six new members of the Board of Internal Improvements. The board met at Indianapolis March 7, 1836, with all present but Judge Hall. Maxwell was chosen chairman, unanimously. The board appointed Jesse L. Williams engineer, and requested the Fund Commissioners to place a loan of \$2,000,000. After deciding what sections should be put under contract, the work was distributed so that each member had the work nearest his home under his supervision.⁷¹

The Jeffersonville, New Albany, and Crawfordsville line was assigned to David H. Maxwell, a citizen of Bloomington and one of the best known men of the time. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1816, served in the State Senate from 1826 to 1830, after an apprenticeship of three terms in the House—having been its speaker in 1823. He was intimately associated with the early history of Indiana University, having served as a trustee many years. The Madison railroad was given to John Woodburn, a resident of Madison. To John G. Clendennin, of Paoli, who had served long in both branches of the Assembly, was assigned the New Albany and Vincennes turnpike. Elisha Long, of Brookville, who had represented Henry,

⁷¹ Annual Report, *Documentary Journal*, 1836.

Madison, and Hamilton counties in the Legislature for the preceding decade, and who was to return and denounce the whole business a few years later, took the Whitewater canal. Judge Hall having resigned, Amos Clark, of Evansville, took his place, and received the Evansville section of the Central canal. Thomas H. Blake, an old member of the Assembly, and a resident of Terre Haute, had special charge of the Cross Cut canal. J. B. Johnson, of Lafayette, who had succeeded John Scott on the board in 1834, had the western section of the Wabash and Erie. Samuel Lewis, of Fort Wayne, an ex-member, supervised the eastern section of the Wabash and Erie. To Daniel Burr, who, although a heavy defaulter at his first accounting, was one of the most honorable men connected with the whole affair, was entrusted the Indianapolis section of the Central canal.

The meeting was anything but harmonious. The scramble for the lion's share of the money began as soon as the first meeting was called to order. Each commissioner seemed to be interested alone in getting his work completed as soon as possible. An engineer in chief for canals and an engineer in chief for railroads were hired in addition to a resident engineer, and full corps of surveyors for each line.⁷² The total number of these latter, many of whose positions were sinecures, was about seventy-five, at an average annual expense to the State of \$54,000. This body of workmen was popularly known as the "Eating Brigade."⁷³

After deciding on the general policy of putting only those

⁷² They appointed as resident engineers: Chief, Jesse L. Williams; for roads, Henry M. Pettit; eastern end of Wabash and Erie, Stearns Flsher; central part of Wabash and Erie, L. B. Wilson; western part, Anderson Davis; Whitewater, Simpson Torbert; Indianapolis line, T. A. Morris; Evansville line, C. G. Voorhies; Cross Cut, W. I. Ball; Fall Creek and Erie and Michigan, Solomon Holman; Jeffersonville and Crawfordsville, R. H. Fauntleroy; Madison railroad, E. M. Beckwith; New Albany, Vincennes line, John Fraser.

⁷³ John Dumont, in *Recollections of Early Settlements of Carroll County*, p. 152.

lines under contract that would soonest yield a revenue, the board ordered work to be commenced as follows: White-water, from Lawrenceburg to Brookville, the home of Mr. Long; twenty-two miles of Madison railroad, out of Madison; the Wabash and Erie, west to Lafayette; the Cross-Cut canal, from Terre Haute to Eel river; the Central, along Pigeon creek to Evansville; bridges and grading on Vincennes-New Albany turnpike; Central canal from the feeder above Indianapolis to Port Royal bluffs; and twenty miles of the Jeffersonville and Crawfordsville road. This policy had nothing to back it but the selfish greed of the members of the board.

Work had scarcely begun before a hampering criticism of everything connected with improvements was commenced by the people and the Legislature.⁷⁴ Williams and Burr were accused of being influenced by private parties in laying down the Central.⁷⁵ A powerful party in the Legislature insisted on "classification"—building a single line at a time—but no two sections could unite on what line to build first. The first annual report of the board prophesies plainly the final failure of the system. After reciting that "The system sprung from the reciprocal confidence, harmonious understanding and co-operation of the different sections," the board reported that scarcity of labor had prevented them placing many contracts. The contractors in different sections were bidding against each other for labor and attempting to lure away by extra inducements the better hands.⁷⁶ The people, once the digging was begun, and they saw the many weary years necessary to complete the work, soon awoke from the trance of the canal orator. The land policy of the State and nation, by allowing any one to buy land for a trifle on seventeen years' credit, drew the

⁷⁴ *Western Sun*, January 2, 1836.

⁷⁵ *Western Sun*, June 10, 1837, quoting *Greencastle Plough Boy*.

⁷⁶ *Documentary Journal*, 1837.

more enterprising men away from labor on the works. Above all, the character of the improvements to be made on several lines was still unsettled. Should they build a pike or a railroad on the Madison line? If a railroad, a single or a double track? Should the New Albany-Greencastle line be a pike, railroad or macadam? A special surveyor was ordered, who spent one year on the latter line, and still there was uncertainty. The same question hung over the Vincennes-New Albany line. A large party was at work in the woods and swamps of the northern part of the State trying to settle the question of canal or railroad from Ft. Wayne to Lake Michigan. The same question was yet to be solved on the connecting line from Richmond to Muncie.⁷⁷

Illinois and Michigan were engaged in similar systems and drawing heavily on the labor supply, as well as flooding Eastern markets with bonds. The "System" orators had not only promised there would be no higher taxation, but that soon there would be no need of a State levy at all, as tolls would pay all. Consequently the Legislature made no provision for interest. During the first year expenses mounted up to millions (\$3,827,000), and the interest had to be paid from loans.⁷⁸ On December 28, 1837, and again on the following January 3, the Legislature asked for a statement of interest needed. The long and detailed report by Mr. Williams is sufficient evidence of the airiness of the board. He estimates the final cost at \$23,000,000.⁷⁹ The interest would be, at the standard rate of five per cent which all bonds drew, \$1,150,000. Of this, \$610,000 could be raised by a levy of 23 cents on property of less than \$100,000,000, and \$475,000 from tolls, although the population was much less than one million. From the surplus fund

⁷⁷ Engineer's Report, *Documentary Journal*, 1837 (not paged).

⁷⁸ Report of Board, *Ibid.*

⁷⁹ *Documentary Journal*, 1837, No. 12.

of \$1,500,000 they expected to realize an annual revenue of \$135,000, or nine per cent. clear.⁸⁰ But Governor Wallace assured everybody that the outlook was glorious, plenty of money among the people, although Eastern banks were failing. During the year 1837 over \$1,500,000 was expended, not including \$34,000 for surveyors, or \$70,000 for officers' expenses. Ten separate routes had been surveyed and ninety-eight surveyors were continually in the woods. During the year 1838, \$1,693,000 was spent for digging, with usual incidentals, not including \$170,000 for interest, which put the total near \$2,000,000.⁸¹ On January 24, 1839, Caleb Smith, the fund commissioner, reported that he had expended \$5,000,000.

Governor Wallace, in his message of December 4, 1838, draws a more distressing picture.⁸² The interest, then due, was \$193,350, the revenue of the State was \$45,000 from taxation, from total taxable property of \$146,850,000. "If this condition," says the Governor, "does not startle us, it should at least awaken us." The Governor assured the Legislature, though, that if it would borrow money and invest in bank stock, the State would realize enough to pay out.

The opponents of the improvement system gradually got the attention of the State. Led by Samuel Judah, of Knox county, the question of reorganization and classification was raised in 1838, but without result. The next Legislature abolished the whole organization and placed the financial affairs in hands of two men, each under \$100,000 bond.⁸³ The Internal Improvement Board was reduced to three members, with orders to classify works and build one at a

⁸⁰ *Senate Journal*, 1837, p. 26. Governor Wallace's Inaugural Message.

⁸¹ *Documentary Journal*, 1838, No. 22.

⁸² *Documentary Journal*, 1838, No. 1.

⁸³ *Laws of Indiana*, 1838, ch. 16.

time. But the act came too late. The State was a bankrupt beyond the power of any remedial law.

The system finally broke down in August, 1839, when the board ordered all work to cease. The State at this time seemed to recover consciousness, and began to take stock of its condition. Following the course of the Legislature, it is best to stop here and see what had been done during the three years.

The work on the Whitewater canal commenced first. A big celebration at Brookville September 13, 1836, at which David Wallace, Governor Noble, and Ex-Governor Ray were the orators, ushered in the undertaking.⁸⁴ The work was always pushed more than any other, on account of the great bulk of the population of the State being in that valley. December 15, 1837, the manager reported that the section from Brookville to Lawrenceburg was under construction and half completed.⁸⁵ Nine hundred and seventy-five men were employed, and he was sure the same force would finish the work in two more seasons. December 20, 1838, Superintendent Long reported the canal well-nigh complete to Brookville.⁸⁶ Two large dams had been built—one to form slack water around a bluff; the other at Harrison to form a pool for the crossing. This line was practically finished when the failure of the State required a cessation of work, notice of which was given by Noah Noble, president of the board, August 18, 1839.⁸⁷ In June of this same year, boats had been run as far up as Brookville. From this date, August, 1839, to January, 1840, \$33,420 was spent keeping it in repair.

It will be noticed that the original appropriation for the 116 miles was \$1,400,000, the original estimate \$1,700,000.

⁸⁴ *History of Dearborn and Ohio Counties*, Index.

⁸⁵ *Senate Journal*, 1837, p. 208.

⁸⁶ *Senate Journal*, 1838, p. 256.

⁸⁷ *Senate Journal*, 1839, p. 144.

and the final estimates over \$2,000,000. During its first six months of operation \$670 in tolls was collected. During this same period the gross receipts on the Wabash and Erie were \$4284—enough to pay interest on about \$70,000, and not nearly enough for repair expenses.

The agitation for a canal down White river began almost as early as that for the Wabash and Erie. As early as 1831 a petition was sent to Congress, asking means with which to construct a canal joining Wabash and White rivers.⁸⁸ During the legislative session of 1834, several resolutions on the question of building a canal from Muncie via Indianapolis to the Wabash or the Ohio were presented and discussed. Nothing definite or final was done until the Bill of 1836 was taken up.

Pursuant to the law of 1834, J. L. Williams surveyed the route for the Central canal in the summer of 1835. The plans called for a cut forty feet wide at the surface of the water, twenty-six feet at the bottom, and four feet deep. Six different locations were made. The first tapped the Wabash and Erie at Wabash. It was 103 miles long and would cost \$1,992,224. The second was from Peru via Anderson, was 114 miles long, and would cost \$1,897,797. The third was the same as the first with a side line to Muncie, 124 miles; cost would be \$2,103,153. The fourth started from Peru, with a side line to Muncie; length, 135 miles; cost, \$2,008,726. The fifth from Wabash via Muncie, 130 miles; cost, \$2,153,356. The sixth from Peru via Muncie, 141 miles; cost, \$2,058,929.⁸⁹ These surveys show the hesitancy and lack of knowledge that hindered all the works. During all the summer of 1836 surveying continued along the line. The Indianapolis division was laid off from the dam at Broad Ripple to Port Royal bluff, twenty-four miles.

⁸⁸ *Laws of Indiana*, 1831, ch. 193.

⁸⁹ *Senate Journal*, 1835, p. 250. See also *Senate Journal*, 1836, p. 152.

Also the southern division along Pigeon creek in Vanderburg county, and the Cross Cut at Eel river from Terre Haute to Point Commerce, were laid down.

During 1836-'37, forty-five miles were put under contract at \$611,336. Seven hundred fifty men were at work on the Indianapolis division. When work was suspended by the State, eight miles of the section from Indianapolis to Muncie were finished, sixteen miles immediately south of the capital, and nineteen miles on Pigeon creek. These, together with the Cross Cut, no part of which was ready to have water turned in, had cost the State \$1,820,026. A humorous predicament of the Pigeon Creek section was that, when it was finished, Pigeon creek, which was supposed to feed it, was dry.⁹⁰

During the summer of 1829 Lieutenant Colonel John J. Albert, United States engineer, made a survey of a route for a canal from Fort Wayne to Lake Michigan. These notes, consisting principally of a line of levels, were lost till 1835. On December 14, 1835, Colonel Stansbury, whom the United States government had sent to aid Indiana in laying out internal improvements, made a report to the Legislature, and as a consequence two routes were ordered surveyed.⁹¹ The first route surveyed followed the St. Joseph of the Lakes to where South Bend now stands, crossed over to Kankakee, skirting the edge of the swamp till it struck Yellow river. Leaving Yellow near the east boundary of Stark county, it crossed to Tippecanoe, down its right bank to Monon creek, where it crossed the Tippecanoe, thence down that stream to the Wabash. There was at that time no commerce, no people, and only a few straggling Indians in that country. The distance was 157 miles and the estimated cost was \$1,895,904. The other route

⁹⁰ *Senate Journal*, 1841, p. 13. See *Documentary Journal*, 1835, No. 8, Report of Engineer.

⁹¹ *Senate Journal*, 1835, p. 107.

went far to the north, crossing from the headwaters of the St. Joseph of the Lakes over to Fort Wayne, by way of Pigeon river and St. Joseph of the Maumee. Most of the time of the surveyors was spent in exploring and hunting. During the summer of 1836 the party of surveyers was in charge of S. Holman.⁹² During 1837 a much larger corps was busy, in charge of William B. Mitchell. These continued during 1838. They placed the total cost at \$2,404,291. During the summer of 1839 a party under William J. Ball was employed taking rain guages, measuring water supply in streams, and locating fountain heads and reservoirs. By the close of 1841 the State had expended \$156,323 on this line and had nothing to show for it but a wagon load of surveyors' field notes.

One among the earliest routes of travel in the State was that from New Albany to Vincennes. The line was first surveyed by John McDonald and John G. Clendennin in 1822. In the *Western Sun*, May 1, 1824, appeared a notice that the United States mail coach would leave Louisville at 12 M., Saturday, April 10, to reach Vincennes at 9 A. M. Tuesday. Fare, \$8. This was a section of a through mail stage line from Washington, D. C., to Franklin, Missouri. The schedule distance from New Albany to Vincennes was 107 miles. By act of January 29, 1830, a company was incorporated to construct a turnpike from New Albany, via Greenville, Paoli, Mt. Pleasant, and Washington, to Vincennes.⁹³ Books were to be opened for popular subscription, those at Vincennes being in Clark's tavern in charge of Samuel Tomlinson, John C. Clark, and James Smith. Nothing was done more than arousing interest along

⁹² For all these surveys see annual reports in *Documentary Journal* for proper year. The *Journals* are all numbered in this paper according to the year in which the Legislature met. There is considerable confusion in the numbers printed on the *Journals*.

⁹³ *Laws of Indiana*, 1829, ch. 43.

the line. During the session of 1834 Mr. Beard proposed to order a survey for a railroad or turnpike from New Albany to Vincennes; but, like all similar measures of that term, it was left over till 1835. How this line came to be in the Mammoth Bill has already been told.

The route was surveyed during the summer by Collins & Watt.⁹⁴ The distance was 105 miles and the grading was estimated at \$4300 per mile; ballasting, \$10,878; total cost of line, \$1,590,747. Work commenced promptly and \$654,411 was expended. The road was built as far west as Paoli, forty-one miles, and twenty-seven miles more were graded. This work proved of considerable local benefit, and under such superintendents as John Frazier, 1844-'47, Michael Riley, 1848, and Joel Vandever, 1850, enough tolls were collected to keep it in tolerable condition.⁹⁵ It never paid a dollar of revenue to the State.

During the sessions of 1830-'31-'32-'33, petitions and memorials were filed asking for some kind of road or canal from the Falls of the Ohio to Lake Michigan. Various routes were proposed. Seth Leavenworth was granted a charter for a railroad from Leavenworth to Indianapolis via Bedford and Bloomington.⁹⁶ The route was surveyed, and, curiously enough, was to stop a mile or so back of Leavenworth on a cliff, and freight was to be lowered to the river on an incline. In 1830 a company was chartered to build a road from the river to Lake Michigan, to be known as the Ohio and Michigan. In 1833 the Legislature memorialized Congress for aid in building this line.⁹⁷ The State gave no financial encouragement to any of these, and one after another they passed.

⁹⁴ *Documentary Journal*, 1835, or *Senate Journal*, 1835, p. 213. The surveyors had just graduated that year from Indiana College.

⁹⁵ Reports are found in *Indiana Pamphlets*, vol. 2, Nos. 4 to 14, inclusive.

⁹⁶ *Laws of Indiana*, 1833, ch. 129.

⁹⁷ *Senate Journal*, 1833, p. 187.

Among the routes ordered surveyed by the Assembly of 1834 was this, and thereafter the State confined its efforts in this section to this line—from New Albany, via Salem, Bedford, Bloomington, and Greencastle, to Crawfordsville. Howard Stansbury was in charge of the preliminary survey.⁹⁸ The actual work was done by Edward Watts, John P. Paul and Fitzhugh Coyle. The line was 158 miles long and the total cost of “graduation” estimated at \$628,581. This meant only an ordinary dirt road. During the summer of 1836, Surveyor Fontleroy was hired to survey the road with a view to building a railroad, which Commissioner Maxwell favored. The report was favorable, but the Improvement Board was not satisfied and ordered Jesse Williams, aided by expert railroad engineers, Forrer from Ohio and Welch from Kentucky, to resurvey.

These men reported that a macadam road would cost about \$2,000,000, and a railroad about \$7,000,000.⁹⁹ The controversy was finally ended by an act of the Legislature, January 25, 1838, which directed the board to build a macadam road.¹⁰⁰ Work was not pushed on this line as on the others. Superintendent Maxwell seems to have had no faith in it. When work was suspended he had expended only \$372,733 and had partly graded the sections from Salem south and from Greencastle north. Most of the money went to surveyors. Four different squads had spent as many seasons on it, and had agreed on nothing. The evidence seems to indicate that hunting and fishing were more congenial than surveying. Of all improvements of the State this line was conducted with least hopes of success.

As has been stated above, there was a great rush for railroad charters during the years 1831-'32-'33. The belief was general that the problem of travel and transporta-

⁹⁸ *Documentary Journal*, 1835, No. 11, or *Senate Journal*, 1835, 115.

⁹⁹ *Documentary Journal*, 1837, No. 19.

¹⁰⁰ *Revised Statutes*, 1838, p. 354.

tion had been solved. Long lines such as the Buffalo and Mississippi and the Charleston, Cincinnati and Chicago were projected. These plans were discussed in interstate railroad conventions. At this time a charter was obtained for the road from Madison to Lafayette. During the years 1834-'35-'36 there was a reversal in public opinion, and a railroad came to be regarded as practicable only when a canal or pike was impossible.

During the summer of 1835 Mr. Gooding surveyed for the State a line for a canal from Indianapolis to Jeffersonville.¹⁰¹ One object of this canal was to furnish a way around the Falls, since it was to have two outlets—one above and one below. There were many obstacles to the construction, but Mr. Gooding finally found a feasible route and estimated the cost at \$3,580,000. The cost staggered even that credulous Legislature and they gave up this line with the consolation, however, that it would soon be built.

In the meantime, Edwin Schenck had finished a survey for the Madison railroad. On this road he estimated that a four and one-half ton locomotive could draw thirty-six tons six miles per hour; or one horse, three and one-half tons, five miles. It was not decided what motor power would be used. Covered wooden bridges were called for in the plans. Flat rails from Liverpool were estimated at \$49 per ton, edge rails at \$59. The bluff at Madison was to be climbed on an incline by means of a windlass. The length of the road was 144 miles, and the first estimates of cost were \$1,666,797.

Mr. Williams, chief engineer for the State, was not satisfied, and during the seasons of 1836-'37 kept a squad of surveyors on the line, and on January 30, 1838, after the State had spent \$445,000, advised the Legislature to aban-

¹⁰¹ *Senate Journal*, 1835, p. 189. Also *Documentary Journal*, 1835, No. 12.

don the railroad and build a pike.¹⁰² When work was ordered to stop on the road, twenty-eight and one-half miles were completed at a cost of \$1,493,013. The northern end had been converted into a pike, and the section from Crawfordsville to Lafayette was graded.

The Lawrenceburg and Indianapolis railroad, though not strictly a part of the system, was a factor in the deal by which the Mammoth Bill was passed. This railroad had been chartered as early as 1832, but little headway had been made in building. By the terms of the Mammoth Bill, the State was to take \$500,000 worth of stock.¹⁰³ When a halt was called in State work, the promoters of this road had secured \$232,274 from the State. No work was done, and the reports of its officers and their brazen demands on State Treasurer Palmer leave no other interpretation than that it was a well-planned robbery of the State.

§4. FINANCIAL MANAGEMENT.

Under the law of 1831 a board of three Fund Commissioners was appointed, whose duty was to borrow money to build the Wabash and Erie Canal.¹⁰⁴ This board continued under the law of 1836. The board was composed of Samuel Hanna, of Fort Wayne, one of the leading citizens of the State. Another was Jeremiah Sullivan, an Irish Catholic, born in Virginia in 1797, a graduate of William and Mary, who had served in the war of 1812, and later had settled down to the practice of law in Madison, then one of the largest towns of the State. He was a member of the Legislature in 1820, and suggested the name "Indianapolis" for the capital city; he was never an office hunter, but served the State honorably as judge of the Jefferson county

¹⁰² *Documentary Journal*, 1837, No. 21.

¹⁰³ *Laws of Indiana*, 1835, ch. 2, sec. 25.

¹⁰⁴ *Laws of Indiana*, 1831, ch. 1, sec. 3.

court, and later on the State supreme bench 1837-'46. He died in 1869.¹⁰⁵ The third member of the board was Nicholas McCarty, also a Virginian. Born in 1795, he reached Indianapolis by way of Pittsburgh in 1823. Until the panic of 1837 ruined his business, he was the leading merchant of Indianapolis. His acquaintance with the business men of the East made him a valuable man on the board. He served in the State Senate and afterward, in 1852, made the race against Joseph A. Wright for the governorship. He died in 1854.¹⁰⁵

The business of the board was very poorly managed from the start and finally bankrupted the State. During the summer of 1832, \$100,000 worth of State bonds were delivered to J. D. Beers & Company, Merchants' Bank of New York, on an unfair bid.¹⁰⁶ One-half of these were sold on credit, thus twice violating the law. This is only an example of how all the loans were placed. No books were kept, although the board kept an office in New York where Dr. Coe remained as secretary.¹⁰⁷ Nearly all the loans were placed by Coe and Stapp, who managed the business as if it were only their own private affair.

The annual reports of the Board of Fund Commissioners are not complete or consistent, and little reliance can be placed on them. The State government paid little attention to the board until money began to fail. It seems that bonds were signed and delivered to the several members of the board to sell as best each could. The *Western Sun* of August 20, 1839, says Dr. Coe has succeeded in placing a loan of \$1,029,000 at one per cent. premium. These were sold on credit. Again, the *Madison Banner* says Lucius H. Scott has made a loan in New York of \$600,000. Such notices appear frequently in the papers, but no systematic

¹⁰⁵ Woollen, *Biographical and Historical Sketches*, Index.

¹⁰⁶ *Documentary Journal*, 1835, No. 10.

¹⁰⁷ Dr. Coe in *Indianapolis Journal*, January 28, 1842.

accounts seem to have been kept and no detailed reports made.

The Legislature in the session of 1838 reorganized this department, placing it in charge of Milton Stapp and Lucius H. Scott. Mr. Stapp was born in Scott county, Kentucky, 1793; served in the Battle of the Thames under Colonel R. M. Johnson; came to Madison in 1816 and read law; served in the State Legislature in 1822-'23, and as Lieutenant Governor in 1828; was president of the Madison Savings Bank; mayor in 1850; editor of the *Madison Daily Banner*, 1853. He died in Galveston, Texas, 1869, whither he had gone in 1860.¹⁰⁸

A committee of the Legislature of 1841 thus characterizes his work, and it suits some other members of the board equally well: "Not what has he done wrong, but what is there in his whole business correctly done? His complicated negotiations with Sherwood, Danforth, Dodge, Robinson (wildcat bankers of New York and Ohio), and others, his loans of State property to sustain tottering swindling shops, his antedated letters and receipts, his negligence and confusion in business, his improper connection with brokers, shavers, and swindlers, are facts too glaring to be denied, too grossly wrong to admit of palliation, and too palpably indefensible to invite attack."¹⁰⁹

When work was stopped on the State's improvements in August, 1839, the people at first refused to believe that the State had failed. The business of the State had come to depend so heavily on the money furnished by the Fund Commissioners that it was paralyzed.¹¹⁰ Hundreds of contractors had put all their money into the work and now found themselves unable to pay the laborers whose living

¹⁰⁸ Woollen, *Biographical and Historical Sketches*, Index.

¹⁰⁹ *Documentary Journal*, 1841, pt. I, No. 6, or *Western Sun*, January 28, 1843.

¹¹⁰ *Indianapolis Journal*, March 12, 1840.

depended on their daily wages. The Fund Commissioners reported that money would soon be plentiful, but once the work was stopped the people soon came to recognize their condition.¹¹¹ It was useless to propose any plan for completing the system. When it was learned that State bonds to exceed \$3,000,000 had been delivered, for which the State received nothing, and that the Fund Commissioners were charged with making immense sums of money by dealing in State securities, the people began to demand an investigation.

The election of 1839 was over before the panic struck the State, and the Legislature stood as undecided under the conditions as did the people. But, taking up the murmur of the people, the Legislature, one of very limited ability, and well suited to the clique then robbing the State, attempted an inquest on the defunct system.¹¹² The House called for no less than seventeen formal reports and was completely bewildered by them. Eighteen reports were made to the Senate by the internal improvement officials. The members, through a long session of eighty-five days, discussed petty politics while the stealing continued under their eyes. The patience of the outraged people was exhausted. A petition to the Legislature from Cass county, stating that the Assembly had no capacity for anything other than consuming money, begged that it adjourn at once. The editor of an Indianapolis paper announced its adjournment thus: "This body, after a stormy, protracted, and useless session of eighty-five days, has at last adjourned, and may heaven for all time save us from such another."¹¹³

Before this deadlock Assembly had adjourned both par-

¹¹¹ *Western Sun*, August 31, 1839.

¹¹² *Western Sun*, January 28, and April 1, 1843. A letter from Dr. Coe in *Indianapolis Journal*, January 28, 1842. Letters from foreign creditors in the *Indianapolis Sentinel*, June 17, 1842.

¹¹³ *Indianapolis Journal*, February 20, 1840; *Western Sun*, March 6, 1841.

ties were fencing for position for the contest of 1840. This, perhaps, was the most desperately contested political campaign ever waged in Indiana. Judge Samuel Bigger, of Rush county, who was a graduate of Athens University, had served in the Assembly and on the bench, and was a very eloquent stump speaker, was the Whig candidate for Governor. His opponent was General Tilghman Howard—a native of South Carolina, and a citizen and lawyer of Parke county. Both were good men, and both parties at that time were well supplied with speakers. Among the Whigs were Joseph G. Marshall, O. H. Smith, George Dunn, Albert White, William Herod, Caleb Smith, R. W. Thompson, Henry S. Lane, Othniel Clark, Newton Claypool, Samuel C. Sample, John Liston, Thomas J. Evans, Hugh O'Neill, Schuyler Colfax, John Vawter, Milton Stapp, John Dumont, Stephen C. Stephens, Jeremiah Sullivan, Joseph C. Eggleston, William G. Ewing, James H. Cravens, Johnathan McCarty, John Ewing, George H. Dunn, Samuel Judah, Randall Crawford, Thomas H. Blake, Elisha Huntington, Judge De Bruler, Charles Dewey, and Conrad Baker. The Democrats were represented by such speakers as General Howard, Senator Edward Hannegan, James Whitcomb, Marinus Willet, Findley Bigger, Amos Lane, Thomas Smith, Robert Dale Owen, John Law, Joseph A. Wright, John G. Davis, Paris C. Dunning, Delaney Eckels, Alvin P. Hovey, Andrew Kennedy, John Spencer, Elisha Long, Nathaniel West, N. B. Palmer, General Drake, John Carr, William W. Wick, James Brown Ray, Joseph Holman, and Ross Smiley.¹¹⁴ For near six weeks these men went up and down the State. Joint debates were the order of the day. Barbecues, torch-light parades, and rallies varied the program. It is estimated that forty thousand people gathered at one time on the Tippecanoe battle-

¹¹⁴ Smith, *Sketches*, 350.

ground. The campaign closed with a monster parade in Indianapolis the night before the election. Mr. Whitcomb, later Governor, was to speak on the north side, and Senator O. H. Smith on the south side. After waiting till midnight for the noise to subside, the two speakers left the stand. Bigger was elected by a majority of nine thousand only, though the State gave Harrison a majority of more than thirteen thousand.¹¹⁵

Meanwhile the financial outlook of the State grew darker.¹¹⁶ Rothschilds were demanding interest on their bonds, and contractors with claims, for work done, of over \$1,000,000 were petitioning for relief.¹¹⁷ There was a strong party demanding that State scrip be issued to complete the system.¹¹⁸ The Legislature finally passed an act, January 13, 1840, for their relief, which provided for an issue of \$1,200,000 in treasury notes to pay contractors.¹¹⁹ Ex-Governor Noble had been placed on the reorganized Board of Improvements and was vainly trying to disentangle its business. The State debt was reported by the State Treasurer, Mr. Palmer, as over \$13,000,000.¹²⁰

During the summer of 1839 a plausible plan was hit upon by the Whigs for relieving the State.¹²¹ This consisted in having the national government assume the State debts, at least to the extent of the sales of land made in the State. This plan was proposed in Congress and supported by Senator Smith, but it was killed by an adverse report of Felix Grundy.¹²² The same plan was advocated by Governor

¹¹⁵ *Indianapolis Journal*, August 13, 1840.

¹¹⁶ *Western Sun*, November 23, 1839.

¹¹⁷ *Ibid.*, October 12, 1839.

¹¹⁸ *Indianapolis Journal*, December 11, 1839.

¹¹⁹ *Laws of Indiana*, 1839, ch. 6.

¹²⁰ *Documentary Journal*, 1839, pt. I, Nos. 1 and 8.

¹²¹ *Indianapolis Journal*, August 11, 1840.

¹²² See speech of Grundy, *Congressional Globe*, 1839-'40, Appendix, pp. 223 and 110.

Bigger in his inaugural address in 1840, in which he still clings to the hope that the State may, some way, complete its system.¹²³

The legislative session of 1840-'41 was spent considering plans of classification. From the outset there had been a strong party insisting on building one line at a time. Necessity had now brought the majority to that opinion. The majority of the people were still in hopes that the State could finish the works; and in this faith the classification bill of February 12, 1841, was framed.¹²⁴ It divided all the lines into two classes, of which the Whitewater canal and the Madison and Indianapolis railroad formed the first, and were to be completed at once. Nothing was done under this act, and a year later, the State, in a long, disjointed act of its Legislature, finally brought to an end this nightmare of State canals.¹²⁵ This act provided a superintendent for each line, who might make a contract, if possible, with private companies to complete the work. To any such company, the Governor, Treasurer, and Auditor of State, were empowered to transfer the property of the State.

The Whitewater canal was turned over in 1842 to a company organized to complete it.¹²⁶ It was finished to Brookville in 1843, to Connersville in 1845, and to Cambridge City in 1846. The valley was too steep, and it was found impossible to hold the canal. A flood in 1847 did \$100,000 damage, and the repairs for a single flood in the next year cost \$80,000. The Whitewater valley railroad paralleled it in 1865 and forever put it out of business.

The Madison railroad was leased in 1840 to Branham &

¹²³ *Indianapolis Journal*, February 19, 1841.

¹²⁴ *Laws of Indiana*, 1840, ch. 126.

¹²⁵ *Laws of Indiana*, 1841, ch. 1.

¹²⁶ *History Dearborn and Ohio Counties*.

Company for one year, the State to get sixty per cent. of the gross earnings.¹²⁷ An independent company took control in 1843. There followed an era of great prosperity for it. Its total receipts in 1850 were \$687,619, but poor management and manipulation for control, together with the construction of the Indianapolis and Jeffersonville railroad, ruined it.¹²⁸ Although the State had expended near \$2,000,000, it agreed to accept \$200,000, to be paid in four years. As no part of this had been paid in 1855, a committee of the Legislature was appointed to investigate. They reported in favor of compromising for not less than \$75,000, to be paid in State five per cent. stocks then worth about thirty cents on the dollar.

The State sold the Central canal in 1859 to Shoup, Raridan & Newman for \$2425.¹²⁹ This company claimed valuable lands lying near the canal in Indianapolis, and there followed long and expensive litigation.¹³⁰ The company later sold out to the Indianapolis Water Company.

In addition to this the act provided for a State agent to take charge of the State property in litigation in the East. The first of these agents was Michael G. Bright, of Madison. The claims due the State on "hypothecated" bonds aggregated \$3,000,000.¹³¹ Although the State agent worked on these claims many years he realized little more than enough to pay his expenses. His report shows that bonds had been issued to the amount of \$15,000,000.¹³² From these the State had realized \$8,593,000 in cash, while \$4,000,000 was represented by worthless securities. There remained a balance of over \$2,000,000 embezzled by various

¹²⁷ *Ohio Falls Cities*, vol. II, p. 460.

¹²⁸ *Documentary Journal*, 1856, pt. I, No. 5, 1853.

¹²⁹ *Laws of Indiana*, 1859, ch. 110.

¹³⁰ *Fifty-third Indiana Reports*, p. 575.

¹³¹ Governor's Message, *Documentary Journal*, 1841, No. 7.

¹³² *Documentary Journal*, 1842, pt. I, No. 2.

State officers and agents.¹³³ His first report¹³⁴ to the Governor, December, 1842, is sufficient commentary on the dealings of the Fund Commissioners: The Cohen Brothers failing, owed the State \$312,000. In payment of this, they gave the Fund Commissioners their personal notes for \$65,000; cash, \$14,715; bonds of Winchester and Pontiac Railroad for \$46,640; 751 shares of stock in the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for \$26,000; 1000 shares in American Life and Trust Company; 500 shares in the General Insurance Company, and 230 shares in the Canton Company, all for \$50,000; a second mortgage on 52 lots in the city of Brooklyn, with a sperm and candle factory, at \$65,000; second mortgage on 565 lots in the second ward of New York City and 14 acres of land in Poughkeepsie for \$60,000; an interest in some mining stock for \$1000. It is unnecessary to say this was all worthless property.

The Morris Canal and Banking Company owed the State \$2,536,611. Dr. Coe, one of the Fund Commissioners, was a stockholder in the concern. It had a charter to build a canal from Easton to Newark. It was the worst type of the pirate corporation. On one plea or another it had borrowed an immense amount of money, little of which had been used honestly. Of it, Mr. Bright said: "It is so desperately insolvent that I have no idea we shall ever receive one cent of our debt."

¹³³ Committee report by J. C. Eggleston, *Senate Journal*, 1841, p. 29, or *Documentary Journal*, 1841, pt. I, No. 6. See also *House Journal*, 1841, p. 33, and *Documentary Journal*, 1841, p. 15, for report of House Committee, composed of Edward A. Hannegan, John D. Defrees, William J. Brown, Joseph Ritchey, John S. Davis, Ethan A. Brown, Joseph G. Marshall, and John S. Simonson. They recommended that suit be filed against Stapp and Coe at once for malversation.

¹³⁴ *Documentary Journal*, 1842, p. 1. For further accounts see Stapp's Report, *Documentary Journal*, 1841; Noble's Report in the same; also Report of Internal Improvement Board, *Documentary Journal*, 1837, No. 12, for an instance of the board's methods of doing business.

The Bank of Western New York, at Rochester, was one of the brood hatched by the free banking law of that State in 1838. Its promoters obtained on credit from Dr. Coe the \$300,000 worth of bonds necessary to organize the bank. They paid, later, \$60,000 on the account and gave Dr. Coe a mortgage on some land in Georgia worth \$1,000,000 for the balance. Bright hoped, if the mortgage proved valid, to realize \$50,000 on it.

Another of the same banking brood was the Erie County Bank, organized by the Sherwoods, in August, 1838, on bonds furnished by the State of Indiana. M. B. Sherwood was one of the most consummate criminals in the whole history of wildcat banking. He obtained from the Fund Commissioners, all told, \$1,300,000 worth of Indiana bonds. The second sale to Sherwood was for \$200,000 at 96, and was credited to the Morris Canal Company at 88. The eight per cent. was lost to the State and shared between Dr. Coe and the Morris Canal Company. The third sale, of \$200,000, was made by General Stapp, who accepted in payment Gallipolis (Ohio) wildcat banknotes. To fill up the measure of duplicity, \$530,000 worth of bonds were loaned outright to Sherwood. When his creditors pushed for a settlement he fled the country. On this account the State lost over \$500,000. It is not necessary to go into details concerning the transaction with the Binghamton Bank, by which the State lost over \$50,000; nor into the dealings with Hiram Pratt, who started a bank, and who borrowed \$50,000 in Indiana bonds from the Fund Commissioners, but who shortly afterward died, owing the State \$35,600; nor the operations with the Bank of Commerce to the extent of \$48,125; nor with the Bank of America on which the State lost \$50,000; nor those with the Bank of Newburyport; nor those with the Bank of Circleville; nor those with the Merchants' Exchange Bank of Buffalo; nor those

with Ruben Dodge, a wildcat banker from Maine. There can be but one construction placed on these cases. Most if not all these bonds passed through the hands of the Morris Canal Company. They are reported as sold to them at 88. In fact they were sold to the parties named at 96, before they were credited to the Morris Canal Company. The Morris Canal Company divided the 8 per cent. profit with Dr. Coe. Whether or not the latter paid anything to General Stapp does not appear. It is probable that he was deceived by the New York broker and Dr. Coe. It looks very much as if he was the lamb and Dr. Coe the shears in the hands of those early Wall street shepherds. The North American Trust and Banking Company was an allied company to the Morris Canal Company; and the Staten Island Whaling Company became involved through the same firm of brokers, the Morris Canal and Banking Company. On the trust company the State lost \$175,000, and on the whaling company \$60,000.¹³⁵

As instances of the ways by which the State was defrauded at home by the men working on the canals, the reader is referred to the case of Edward M. Beckwith, resident engineer on the Madison line. He systematically

¹³⁵ Suits were filed against seventeen firms in the East during 1841. These cost the State in attorneys' fees \$10,000. *Documentary Journal*, 1841, pt. II, No. 17. Repudiation was seriously considered.

See *Indianapolis Journal*, June 15 and 25, 1841.

See *Documentary Journal*, 1841, pt. I, No. 6. This is a report by a special committee of the Senate on all the agents of the State by J. C. Eggleston, S. W. Parker, T. D. Baird, N. West, E. M. Chamberlain. It covers six hundred pages, and is the best criticism of the period.

Dr. Coe testified that he was a stockholder in the Morris Canal and Banking Company, to which he sold State bonds and on which the State lost heavily. He traded in State stocks and used the same for his own benefit as collateral security, thus making money. He told James Farrington that he made about \$10,000 in one deal, acting at the same time as buyer and seller of State bonds. He made a profit of \$1500 in cashing State bonds for Toucey to the amount of \$100,000, using funds of the State. He was a stockholder in the

overestimated his surveys and divided the profits with the successful bidder on the contract for construction.¹³⁶ On a resurvey, it was found he had thus caused the State to be overcharged to the extent of \$15,000. The case of Joseph H. Hendricks, a contractor, illustrates another class of losses. Hendricks filed a bill for damages, claiming that he had been compelled by the engineer to do extra work for excavation to the amount of \$920; on embankment, \$15,000; arbitrary charges, \$3000; protecting State road, \$4000; slippery banks, \$4400; all told, \$30,320. After a trial that cost the State \$1825—the surveyor getting a fee of \$850 for extra surveying—Hendricks got a judgment for \$887.¹³⁷ I have already mentioned the army of sinecures, popularly known as the “eating brigade,” which numbered from sixty to one hundred of the highest salaried officers. These cost the State about \$60,000 annually.¹³⁸

Morris Canal and Banking Company. Its books showed to his credit:	
Commission of 5 per cent. on a sale of \$400,000 bonds.....	\$ 20,000
His half of profits on sale of \$280,000 bonds.....	11,200
His 398 shares at par—when worth only 15 cents.....	33,680
Canceled his own note.....	39,000

Total	\$103,880
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Thus he received \$103,880 from these people, on whom the State lost several millions. He was also a stockholder and director in the Staten Island Whaling Company, on which the State lost heavily.

¹³⁶ *Documentary Journal*, 1839, pt. I, No. 2. See also the case of General Long, *ibid.*, No. 6.

¹³⁷ *Documentary Journal*, 1839, pt. I, No. 2.

¹³⁸ *Recollections of Carroll County*, Index, Internal Improvements.

NOTE.

INDIANA'S BONDED DEBT IN 1841.

Date of Loan	Amount	To Whom Sold	Inter- est	Sale Price	Cash	Still Due
1832	\$100,000	J. D. Beers Company..	.06	113	\$113,260	
1834	500,000	Prime, Ward & King...	.05	101	505,250	
1835	300,000	Prime, Ward & King...	.05	102	306,150	
1835	65,257	Secretary of War.....	.05	107	69,825	
1835	200,000	J. J. Cohen & Bro.....	.05	105	210,000	
1835	400,000	J. J. Cohen & Bro.....	.05	104	418,000	
1835	90,000	Prime, Ward & King...	.05	104	94,250	
1836	100,000	J. J. Cohen & Bro.....	.05	100	100,000	
1836	2,742	Secretary of War.....	.05	101	2,934	
1836	440,000	Biddle and Morris C.Co.	.05	101	444,400	
1836	400,000	J. J. Cohen & Bro.....	.05	100	400,000	
1836	589,000	Biddle and Morris Can.	.05	101	594,890	
1836	100,000	Law. & Indpls. R.R. Co.	.05	100	100,000	
1837	30,000	Christmas, Livingstone.	.05	100	30,000	
1837	2,000,000	Morris Canal & Bnk.Co.	.05	102	2,034,000	
1837	121,000	Law. & Indpls. R. R. Co.	.05	100	121,000	
1838	40,000	Staten Isl. Whaling Co.	.05	100	40,000	
1838	300,000	Western Bank of N. Y.	.05	100	60,000	240,000
1838	100,000	Erie County Bank05	100	100,000	
1838	100,000	Detroit & Pontiac R. R.	.05	100	10,000	90,000
1838	60,000	Staten Island Whaling.	.05	100		60,000
1838-9	4,702,000	Morris Canal Co.05	90	2,136,376	2,385,383
1839	20,000	Binghampton Bank....	.05	88	17,600	
1839	294,000	Indiana State Bank....	.06	100	294,000	
1839	200,000	Merchants Exch. Bank.	.05	96		192,000
1839	35,000	Bank of Commerce05	96		33,600
1839	47,000	Bank of North America	.05	88	1,360	40,000
1839	221,000	Madison Company.....	.05	88	194,480	
1839	95,000	Madison Company.....	.05	88	83,600	
1841	30,000	Various persons.....	.07	100	30,000	
1841	404,000	Various persons.....	.05	100	131,175	*
1841	665,000	Various persons.....			144,697	*
\$12,751,000					\$8,732,205	\$3,040,972

*Loaned as collateral.

There was nearly \$2,000,000 in bonds out and unaccounted for. The Fund Commissioners had taken collateral securities for money still due on bonds "hypothecated." This list of the State's property furnished much amusement for facetious members. It included among others:

Winchester & Potomac railroad bonds for \$44,000; Baltimore & Ohio, and Baltimore & Susquehanna railroad bonds for \$78,880; second mortgage on 184 New York City lots, \$25,000; second mortgage on forty-eight Brooklyn lots, \$150,000; second mortgage on land in Poughkeepsie, \$30,000; debts on wildcat banks of western New York, \$240,000; Detroit & Potomac railroad bonds, \$90,000; Erie Company Bank, \$587,000; Binghampton Bank, \$58,200; Hiram Pratt, \$35,600; Circleville (Ohio) Bank.

(See table opp. p. 75, *Documentary Journal*, 1841-'02.)

IV.

FAILURE OF THE SYSTEM.

§1. THE SETTLEMENT WITH THE CREDITORS.

The Wabash and Erie Canal was a more difficult problem to dispose of than any of the other works of the State. In the first place, the State had accepted a large donation of land from the United States on condition that it build a canal uniting at navigable points the waters of the Wabash and Lake Erie. Although the State did not fear any punitive measures on the part of the federal government, still the violation of the obligation would remain a disgrace to the State. In the second place, the State had covenanted with Ohio to complete a part thereof as a joint undertaking. Ohio had completed her part of the canal, carrying it to Maumee Bay, Lake Erie, in 1843. At the instance and insistence of Indiana, Ohio had built seventy-one miles of canal whose value depended very largely on Indiana's fulfilling her obligations.

The Wabash and Erie was opened, as stated above, from Lafayette to Lake Erie, in 1843, and everything indicated that it would be a useful and money-making property. The people, as well as their creditors, had looked forward hopefully to the opening of the canal to the lake. They expected an income from it that would go far toward relieving the State of its financial troubles. The bondholders, who had received no interest on their bonds for three years, expected to receive their interest again regularly. Both parties were disappointed. Although the tolls did increase five hundred per cent., they still fell short of paying the running expenses of the canal. The year 1844 brought no brighter prospects. A flood closed the canal for two months. The receipts for the year fell far short of repair expenditures,

and the bondholders saw this hope depart, as all others, without bringing any money.

The Legislature of Indiana and many of the citizens were loud in their protestations of honesty, and there is no doubt public sentiment favored the ultimate payment of every dollar of the State debt. "Humiliating as was the task," ran a report of the Committee on Ways and Means of the House, January 17, 1846, "candor, and a sense of justice, required that we should acknowledge our liabilities and assert our willingness to discharge them, as soon as our resources could be rendered available. This we have done with the fond hope of avoiding the charge of intentional repudiation made by a few thoughtless and ignorant persons. For the last five years, the question has been one of ability only. Never have the people suffered it to become one of common honesty, and we are satisfied, that in no part of the State could they be induced to tolerate the thought of repudiation even for a moment."¹ General Joseph Lane exclaimed in the Senate that he would cut cordwood to pay his portion of the debt rather than see his State dishonored.² When Edward A. Hannegan, of Covington, then United States Senator, heard that our bonds were selling for 17 cents in New York, he exclaimed in a speech referring to repudiation, "I would sooner part with my last cent and divide my last crumb of bread than sully the honor and fame of Indiana or sanction a principle so abhorrent to all ideas of justice or so dishonorable when practiced by men or nations." Governor Whitcomb said in his message of 1844 and 1845, that the great mass of our fellow citizens were willing and anxious to meet all their just obligations. That with them it was not a matter of in-

¹ *House Journal*, 1845, p. 574.

² Nathaniel Bolton, *Early History of Indianapolis and Central Indiana*, p. 27.

clination, but one of ability.³ That some arrangement would be made with their creditors and the tarnished reputation of their State restored, he would not permit himself to doubt.

By a joint resolution January 13, 1845, the Legislature solemnly expressed its opinion on repudiation: "We regard the slightest breach of plighted faith, public or private, as an evidence of a want of that moral principle upon which all obligations depend: that when any State in this Union shall refuse to recognize her great seal as the sufficient evidence of her obligation she will have forfeited her station in the sisterhood of States and will no longer be worthy of their respect and confidence." The Governor was directed to transmit copies of this resolution to all the States.⁴ On the other hand, in this same message, page 18, the Governor says: "The opinion has hitherto been nearly, if not quite, universally held among our citizens, as well as others acquainted with our conditions and resources, that it is beyond the power of our State, at present to fully meet our obligations. Even the plan submitted at our last session of the Senate, virtually made that concession by proposing to convert our bonds, bearing five per cent. interest, into a stock bearing only three. No plan that has been mooted for a resumption of payment, even the most stringent, has contemplated a full and immediate payment." In speaking of all these fulsome protestations, State Auditor Harris said: "It would be fortunate for the reputation of the State as well as gratifying to her creditors should this evidence consist hereafter of some definite action, rather than general expressions of legislative opinions." Not one of these demagogues who harangued about State honor ever showed enough courage to vote a measure to retrieve the State's honor. They feared the sullen resentment of the

³ *House Journal*, 1845, p. 19.

⁴ *Laws of Indiana*, 1844, p. 92.

outraged citizen voters who felt that somehow the State had been swindled and that it did not justly owe the debt.

Relying on this sentiment, widely and loudly expressed, and still hopeful of getting their money, the bondholders banded together and hired Charles Butler, an attorney of New York, to look after their claims. After visiting Michigan on a like mission, he reached Indiana in the summer of 1854.⁵ His plan was to rally the anti-repudiation sentiment by means of a series of public addresses. He recognized it as useless to demand an immediate and unconditional payment of the bonds. The resources of the State and the condition of the currency, demoralized by floods of treasury notes, bank scrip, "white dog," "blue dog," and "blue pup," all depreciated from forty to sixty per cent., were such that it is doubtful if this could have been done. He began then by flattering the people on the Wabash with the hopes of finishing that canal to the Ohio river. Whether he believed the canal so improved would be a paying property, or whether he wished merely to revive the courage of the people, is not known. In the face of the facts as he knew them, the latter seems to have been his intention, hoping in the future to get the State to pay the bonds in full and take charge of the finished canal.

He began his campaign at Terre Haute, where in an address in May, 1845, he proposed to divide the interest on the State debt into two parts, one of which should be paid by the State, the other from the revenues of the canal. This seemed like a favorable proposition, at first, but the Legislature at its previous sessions had discussed propositions to pay three per cent. on its bonds but had disapproved of them because of the State's inability. In Butler's proposition the bondholders would at least have the advantage of a forlorn hope—if the canal ever did become dividend paying, they

⁵ *Indiana Democrat*, December 5, 1845.

would get something. Articles began to appear in different papers, discussing old and suggesting new plans of meeting the State's obligation. The suggestion of completing the canal to Evansville was especially attractive, and a convention of its friends met at the latter place, November 4, 1845.⁶ This convention seconded the plans of Butler and favored asking the bondholders to advance enough money to finish the work, taking, as security, the canal and the donated lands. These views were transmitted to the Legislature in a memorial. The question of the settlement of the debt had some influence on the fall elections, but not so much as was hoped. There was a general restlessness among the people, under the charges of repudiation then being made against the State, but no sweeping sentiment for full payment could be aroused.

Mr. Butler arrived in Indianapolis early in December, 1845, opened headquarters, and began his labor with the Legislature by an address to the Governor.⁷ Therein he set forth clearly the case of the bondholders. They had had no interest for five years; the State had not made any effort to pay anything; the bondholders were at least entitled to the rents and tolls of the canal, but they were not getting them. The bonds of the State in many cases were in the hands of people who depended upon them for a living, and many of them were sorely inconvenienced; the people of the State were prosperous; the bondholders could not sue the State, had no way to collect the debts, and must await their voluntary payment by the State. They did not doubt the people's disposition to pay, and were confidently expecting every dollar of principal and interest. They thought Indiana, like Pennsylvania, should pay its foreign debt first. These were oldest and should have priority. Illinois had made a special

⁶ *Tippecanoe Journal and Free Press*, Lafayette, November 20, 1845.

⁷ Letter of Charles Butler, December 11, 1845, Indianapolis, 1845; also *Indiana Democrat*, December 5, 1845.

levy to meet the interest; so, also, had Ohio. Indiana should do as much. The bonded debt was only \$11,090,000, and a levy of 30 cents on the \$120,000,000 of taxables and 75 cents on the 115,000 polls, would pay the \$556,000 of annual interest. Already there was arrears of interest to the amount of \$4,053,000. Was this not a good time to begin?

It was at once arranged to have Mr. Butler meet a joint committee of the Legislature, as it was understood he had a specific proposition to make. On December 19 Mr. Butler met the committee and he submitted his plan as follows:

1. For arrears of interest, the State should give certificates payable by 1851; or if not paid then, to be funded into five per cent. stocks.

2. The State should pay, by taxation, three per cent. interest on the debt up to 1851.

3. All arrears of interest up to 1851 to be funded at five per cent. After 1851, three per cent. interest to be paid promptly by tax and two per cent. from tolls of the canal. It was understood that the State was to finish the canal to the Ohio river.⁸

In a message, December 27, 1845, the Governor urged the Legislature to accept Butler's proposition. It would place the credit of the State on a certain basis; it would aid returning prosperity; it would turn the tide of settlement to our State again, thought the Governor.⁹

It did not take the joint committee long to come to an agreement. On Christmas day it notified Mr. Butler that it could not accede to his demands and inquired if he had anything better to propose. The attitude of the committee was not at all creditable. They seemed to be negotiating for a

⁸ *Indiana Democrat*, December 23, 1845. Also *Documentary Journal*, 1845, pt. II, No. 21.

⁹ *Documentary Journal*, 1845, No. 8, p. 18.

bargain with their own creditors rather than trying to uphold the honor of the State.

The next day Mr. Butler was again before the committee and made what is known as his second proposition. It differed very little from the first. He agreed to accept two per cent. interest up to 1853, arrears to be funded as before. After that time the State was to pay half the interest on the bonds, and the bondholders to look to the canal for the other half. The State was to pay all the principal as before. In fact, Mr. Butler's first proposition was that the State would have to pay every cent of its indebtedness, sooner or later, and he never proposed anything else. He was not authorized, he said, to make any terms that did not include ultimately the payment of the last cent. As in the first proposition, so in this, the State was expected to finish the canal to the Ohio river.¹⁰ Elaborate tables were submitted showing how the State could meet all its obligations. One could not fail to agree with Butler, that the State was able to meet all its obligations honorably, except for two reasons. These were, first, the demoralized condition of the currency, and second, the leadership of a clique of oily politicians. Neither of these reasons is creditable to the State. A State levy of 70 cents would have paid principal and interest. Ohio was meeting her debt in that way. Indiana would have done no less had her Legislature risen to the occasion.

A bill was finally drawn along the lines of Butler's propositions and introduced in the Senate by Joseph Lane,¹¹—the same man who had declared he would cut cordwood to pay his part of the debt. Evidently his part was transferred to the canal, as we do not hear of his cutting any wood. The measure engrossed the attention of the Assembly completely. The House was Democratic, the Senate Whig.

¹⁰ *Documentary Journal*, pt. II, No. 21.

¹¹ *Indiana Democrat*, January 6, 1846.

There was little straightforward policy manifested in either branch. Both parties finally agreed to postpone action on the bill till after the party conventions on the 9th of January. Even after both parties in convention had endorsed the Butler bill, the Democrats in caucus decided to refer the whole matter to the people in the August elections. The Governor and leaders of the party succeeded in breaking the Democratic caucus. The bill finally passed the House January 14, 1846, by a vote of 61 to 33. Three days later it passed the Senate by the decisive vote of 32 to 15. An analysis of the vote does not show that politics influenced the members to any appreciable extent. January 19, 1846, Governor James Whitcomb attached his signature to the bill, along with those of John S. Simonson, speaker of the House, and James G. Read, president of the Senate, and the bill became a law. General satisfaction was felt, no doubt, throughout the State at what was felt to be a final adjustment of the State debt. Butler left for New York, February 20, and the New York papers generally expressed approval of the settlement.¹² Butler, they said, got as much as possible out of a bad bargain, while the State paid all it could. On the 16th of July Butler started to England to report his success to the English bondholders.

In order to understand and appreciate the law of January 27, 1847, which entirely superseded this one, it is necessary to explain this bill in detail. The long law of thirty-five sections was very carelessly drawn, and was soon found to be impossible of execution. It provided that the bonded debt should be refunded entirely. The old five per cent. bonds were to be surrendered and in their stead new State registered stocks created. First, there should be issued State two and one-half per cent. twenty-year registered bonds equal in amount to the face of the old bonds. Second, the

¹² *Indiana Democrat*, April 14, 1846.

arrears of interest should be funded, at the rate of two and one-half per cent. from 1841 to 1847, inclusive, in like bonds as the principal. The State agreed to pay interest on the above bonds at the rate of two per cent. if a State tax levy of 25 cents on the \$100 and a poll tax of 75 cents should furnish sufficient funds after the ordinary State expenses were paid. The remaining one-half per cent. and any arrears by reason of the failure of the above tax levy to bring in sufficient revenue were to be funded or paid as the State should choose January 1, 1853. For the payment of the remaining two and one-half per cent. of annual interest the bondholders were to look entirely to the Wabash and Erie canal. In order that the canal might be more productive, the bondholders were given permission to raise a sum of not less than \$2,225,000 to complete the canal to the Ohio river. The canal was to be placed in trust by the State, and its earnings and land grants set aside and pledged to the payment of the bondholders. These last loans were not to become a debt chargeable against the State, though in this law the State remained pledged to pay the principal of the entire State debt. The only avenues left open by this law whereby the State could avoid payment of the whole debt was that by which one-half the interest was transferred to the Wabash and Erie Canal, and the one couched in the thirty-second section whereby the State reserved the option of calling in, at the State's pleasure, all stocks issued under this law and again funding them, one-half to remain a charge on the State, the other half to be a charge on the canal, and for which the State assumed no liability.¹³ As

¹³ *Laws of Indiana*, 1845, ch. 1. Benton (*The Wabash and Erie Canal*, p. 72, n. 45), is mistaken in stating that the State had an option on the old bonds. The "joker" in Sec. 32, applied solely to the refunding bonds of 1846, none of which were ever issued. All bonds of which I have found any account were issued under the law of January 27, 1847, in which there is no "option." This latter act purports to be an amendment to the one of 1846; in reality it is an entirely new act.

indicated before, this law could not be executed. The bondholders had lost enough money without investing the \$2,225,000 called for under the law. No bonds were surrendered under it.

When the Legislature convened again in December, 1846, Mr. Butler was on the ground demanding some amendments. A bill purporting to be an amendment was drawn, and after a long struggle received the Governor's approval January 27, 1847.¹⁴ The new bill was founded on the option contained in the thirty-second section of the previous law. Its general effect was to divide the outstanding bonds of the State, except those known as the Bank bonds, into two equal parts. One of these parts, with its accumulated interest, was assumed by the State, and the other was made a debt on the canal for which the State assumed no further responsibility. The canal was deeded to the bondholders and they were forced to accept the compromise. The conditions of the compromise close with the following notice to the bondholders: "The State will make no provision hereafter to pay either principal or interest on any internal improvement bonds until the holder shall first have surrendered such bonds to the agent of the State and shall have received in lieu thereof certificates of stock as provided in the first section of this act. Anything in this act to the contrary notwithstanding."¹⁵ This proviso makes the law of 1847 very different from the harmless one of 1846. It must also be kept in mind that the provisions of this law are not the same as those laid down in Butler's first or second proposals.

The outstanding bonded debt of the State July 1, 1847,

¹⁴ *Laws of Indiana*, 1846, ch. 1. Benton (*Wabash Trade Route*, 73) calls this bill a "few minor modifications," and leaves the impression that there was no opposition worth considering. In fact, the fight on this was longer and more acrid than on the other.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, sec. 8, second proviso.

was \$11,048,000.¹⁶ These bonds were held in New York and London and the debt was always referred to as the foreign debt, in distinction from the State scrip and treasury notes, which were called the domestic or floating debt. The interest on the bonds had not been paid for six years, and the arrears added to the principal brought the total foreign debt up to \$13,120,692. In lieu of these, when surrendered, the State issued:¹⁷

State five per cent. twenty-year registered stock..	\$4,922,500
State two and one-half per cent. twenty-year de- ferred stock	1,810,380
Canal five per cent. stock.....	5,295,837
Canal five per cent. deferred stock.....	1,437,043

The State agreed to pay four per cent. interest on the State five per cent. bonds and to fund the other one per cent. in State two and one-half per cent. bonds drawing no interest until after 1853. It agreed to pay the four per cent. interest only if the twenty-five cent. tax levy produced sufficient revenues. The bondholders had to furnish at least \$2,225,000 more to finish the canal; but it was not made imperative that all should subscribe. Indeed, a great many of the bondholders were poor and had their last dollar in the bonds. The latter, who refused to subscribe to the fund to complete the canal, received deferred canal stocks, while those who subscribed received preferred stock. Interest and principal of the preferred stocks were paid first, and if anything remained of canal earnings, then interest and principal of the deferred stocks were paid. The State thus found itself relieved of all its debts except \$6,732,880.

¹⁶ *Documentary Journal*, 1847, p. 102. Report of Agent of State.

¹⁷ *Documentary Journal*, 1855, Auditor's Report. See also report of State Agent, *Documentary Journal*, 1847, p. 102. The discrepancy between the total debt as given and the amount of bonds issued is due, perhaps, to interest accumulated between the two dates.

In spite of the proviso in the law of 1847 that no provision would ever be made for the payment of bonds not surrendered, six years after the law was enacted nearly \$1,000,000 in bonds had not been surrendered, and \$191,000 never were.

If Indiana can be charged with repudiation, it must be done on account of this law of 1847. No one will for a moment contend that the bondholders would have preferred the arrangement of 1847 to the payment of the bonds according to their tenor. The bonds at this time were never quoted higher than thirty cents on the dollar. Yet they were not depreciated more than the debt which the United States paid in 1789. Even at thirty cents, men like John Jacob Astor and the elder Belmont bought Indiana bonds and exchanged them for the new five per cent. stocks, and made a good profit. Two facts stand out prominently. The State made a bargain with its creditors, and its creditors lost half their invested money. Two parties were deeply wronged: the poor people who had invested their earnings in State bonds expecting to enjoy in their old age the comforts of a certain income;¹⁸ and the good people of Indiana who had entrusted their credit and honor to their government, and had been robbed of both. For it cannot be denied that the reputation of Indiana suffered greatly in this transaction. Nearly all the Indiana bonds then outstanding had been taken out of the State's hands wrongfully by being sold on credit in the face of a law to the contrary. More than one-third of the bonds had been secured from the State in the first instance by criminal collusion, the agent of the State being at the same time a member of the

¹⁸ *Documentary Journal*, 1845, pt. II, p. 273. A memorial from the New York Savings Bank. This pictures some of the suffering caused by the State's failure to pay its interest promptly. See also letters from foreign creditors to Governor Whitcomb, *Indianapolis Sentinel*, June 17, 1842. See also *Documentary Journal*, 1844, pt. I, No. 5, *Indianapolis Sentinel*, June 17, 1842.

firm of brokers who took the bonds, sold them, and failed to pay the State the proceeds. The State of Michigan was similarly swindled, and promptly repudiated the bonds so obtained. This step was seriously considered in the Indiana Legislature during the session of 1845-'46, and might have been done but for the opinion of the State Agent, Michael G. Bright, who advised the Legislature against it. "The State," he said, "has approved the illegal sales by paying interest on them and trying to collect what was unpaid after the State was apprised of its agent's wrong. The bonds are a kind of property that pass fully by possession, and in the hands of innocent third parties the bonds are good."¹⁹ Failing to repudiate the unlawful acts of its agent, the only other course open by which the State could preserve its honor and credit was to assume the debt so made, and pay it to the last dollar. That this was not done is manifest from the letters, resolutions, and memorials of the debt holders. They refused the conditions of the first law, and accepted those of the second only under compulsion. James Holford and Silas Wood, on surrendering a large amount of bonds, made affidavit that they did it solely on account of the proviso mentioned above, "that the State will make no further provisions for paying the internal improvement bonds." "The State," they testified, "has forced on its bona fide creditors the certainty of a lesser loss to avoid a greater."²⁰ The correspondence of the Governors for years afterward contains evidences of the bitterness of the bondholders on this subject. On the other hand, Charles Butler, the agent of the bondholders, repeatedly expressed himself as pleased with the compromise. This was

¹⁹ *Documentary Journal*, 1845, pt. II, p. 164.

²⁰ *Senate Journal*, 1847, p. 444. See in this connection a conversation between Rothschild and Morton in Paris. Foulke, in *Life of Morton*, vol. I, p. 461. *Documentary Journal*, 1856, pt. II, No. 23, is a memorial by W. L. Dayton and J. F. D. Lanier for bondholders.

said, however, after it was plain he had got all he could, and it was clearly to his interest to put on the best face possible before his clients. It would have been foolish to report to them that he had failed. Also, it was best for him, and the bondholders likewise, to accept the situation gracefully, since the value of the canal depended largely on the good will of the people of Indiana.²¹

§2. FINISHING THE WABASH AND ÉRIE.

The act of January 28, 1842, as indicated above, left the Wabash and Erie east of Lafayette in the hands of a commissioner selected by the Legislature.²² An act of January 1, 1842,²³ had already provided for building the canal on down to Terre Haute. The route selected was the one laid down by William J. Ball the previous season. The commissioner was directed to let contracts for as much of it every session as could be paid for with available funds. To expedite matters as much as possible, canal scrip was to be issued. This scrip was made receivable at the canal land offices in payment for the lands donated under act of Congress March 2, 1827, and confirmed by act of February, 1841. By a later act this scrip was made receivable for all tolls, water rents, and other dues to the canal.²⁴ James Blair was elected commissioner, and advertised to let contracts for forty-eight miles of the canal below Lafayette.²⁵ As the canal crept slowly southward more lands were made available, under the grant of 1827. Work proceeded slowly. Tolls failed to do more than pay for repairs.²⁶

²¹ Benton (*The Wabash Trade Route*, 63 seq.), overestimates the testimony of Butler. The latter was an attorney and must be interpreted as such.

²² *Laws of Indiana*, 1841, ch. 1, sec. 66.

²³ *Ibid.*, ch. 5.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, 1842, ch. 26.

²⁵ *Indianapolis Journal*, March 22, 1842.

²⁶ Commissioner's Report, *Documentary Journal*, 1843.

Superintendent E. F. Lucas reported receipts for land during the year 1844, as \$85,855; tolls and rents, \$58,212; expenses, \$94,466. It is reported that a single flood caused most of this extraordinary expense. In spite of all obstacles the canal was pushed steadily downward to Terre Haute. For 1845, the tolls were \$95,473; income from land sales, \$108,943; while the expense for repairs was \$106,344.²⁷ During this season the canal was short of water a great part of the time. This was to be supplied partly by the feeder at Northport.²⁸ Business was reviving rapidly and there was every indication of prosperity in the transportation business. But the rotten condition of the wooden aqueducts and inadequate supply of water from the feeders did not promise so well for the canal. In 1844, the canal had been placed under a single superintendent for its whole length.²⁹ During the same session David T. Yeakel and Elizur Deming were authorized to build a marine hospital at Lafayette for the free treatment of the sailors on the canal. The funds for the hospital were obtained by levying a tariff of 50 cents per month on all boatmen on the canal.³⁰ A considerable export trade was growing up. Docks, warehouses, and elevators were springing up over night at Logansport, Attica, Peru, Lafayette, Huntington, Lagro, Pittsburg, Lockport, Wabash, Fort Wayne, and Montezuma, not to mention a score of lesser towns long since disappeared and forgotten. All kinds of craft swarmed on the canal. By act of January 13, 1845, it was made lawful to navigate the canal in pirogues, provided

²⁷ *Documentary Journal*, 1845, No. 17.

²⁸ An excellent description of the work at Northport was furnished the writer by Miss Anna Caseley, of the Kendallville High School. Her paper (*History of Sylvan Lake and Vicinity*) ought to be published. The Northport reservoir was at Rome City, Noble county.

²⁹ *Laws of Indiana*, 1843, ch. 4, sec. 15.

³⁰ *Ibid.*, ch. 15.

they did not run faster than three and one-half miles per hour.³¹

On the 2d of July, 1845, the surveyor, R. H. Fontle-roy, was ordered by Governor Whitcomb to finish surveying the canal down to Evansville. He accordingly hired William J. Ball and Samuel C. Bradford to aid him, and together they began the survey at the summit of the Eel River canal. To get water at this place was the most troublesome problem on the whole line from Lake Erie to the Ohio. A feeder was planned at Rawley's mill. Next, it was decided to dam Splunge creek. This would require an embankment one mile long and fifteen feet high. This dam was made twenty feet wide on top so that it could be used as a wagon road. The reservoir thus formed would cover 3900 acres and hold one billion cubic feet of water. A second reservoir was planned and surveyed high up Eel river, near Monrovia in Morgan county. The Monrovia reservoir was to cover 3500 acres. From Rawley's mill the survey was continued down the bank of Eel river. This was the third canal site that had been laid down along this river. At Point Commerce it connected with the Central survey down White river.³² Point Commerce was much advertised at this time. It had a beautiful location on the point between Eel and White rivers, near Worthington. The canal crossed White river at Newberry. Skirting the eastern edge of the White river valley, it crossed Daviess county, touching Maysville, a city that took on a boom much like Point Commerce. The canal crossed Patoka on an aqueduct one mile from its mouth. It left White river at Petersburg and went by way of Pigeon Summit and down Pigeon creek to Evansville.

This was the work undertaken by the bondholders under

³¹ *Laws of Indiana*, ch. 14.

³² *Documentary Journal*, 1845, No. 17, p. 2.

the Butler bill. The surveyor placed the total cost at \$2,502,813, of which \$966,544 had already been expended. The canal was in operation by this time, 1847, as far down as Coal creek near Cayuga, thirty-six miles above Terre Haute. The water was insufficient below Lafayette and feeders had to be constructed at St. Mary's and another eight miles west of Logansport at Crooked creek. The whole canal from Lake Erie to the Ohio was 458 miles long. Governor Whitcomb and Superintendent Stearns Fisher transferred the canal to the trustees July 31, 1847. The first board consisted of Charles Butler, president, N. B. Palmer, and Thomas H. Blake. Two offices were maintained, one in New York to raise money and one in Terre Haute to superintend transportation on the finished part of the canal and supervise construction on the unfinished part. Land offices were opened at Terre Haute and Washington. Jesse L. Williams was hired for chief engineer, and William J. Ball, of Terre Haute, for resident engineer. The board hoped to have the whole line to Evansville under construction by 1850.³³ During the year 1848 there were 189 miles of canal in use, extending from Coal creek to the Ohio State line. Ninety-six miles of construction were under contract. One thousand seven hundred eighty men were at work, scattered from Coal creek to Patoka Summit. Three hundred and forty-two thousand dollars were expended for construction, and \$35,000 for repairs. Tolls had arisen to \$146,148. A. M. Puett took the place of N. B. Palmer on the Canal Board this year.³⁴

The work was not successful during 1849, although the board began in the spring with more than ordinary vigor. A flood during the winter caused \$31,600 damage on the El river section. Contracts were let at Washington, Daviess

³³ *Documentary Journal*, 1847, pt. II, No. 6.

³⁴ *Documentary Journal*, 1848, pt. II, No. 5.

county, June 27, 1849, for the section from Newberry to Maysville—twenty-three miles—for \$160,000. The construction from Maysville to Petersburg—twenty miles—was placed under contract at Petersburg, November 14, for \$278,000. The canal was opened to commerce from the Ohio line to Lodi. But the prosperity of the early part of the season was not to last. Cholera broke out in several places along the canal, especially at Toledo and Lafayette. The plague affected the canal in every direction. It stopped the sales of land, it cut the tolls to \$135,000, \$11,000 below the previous year, although a long stretch of canal was opened for the first time. It demoralized the construction gangs, and, finally, it killed trustee Thomas H. Blake at Cincinnati as he was returning from Washington, D. C., on business for the canal.³⁵

For the season of 1850 the canal opened March 18, and closed December 8—261 days. During this time there was no interruption. The long delayed hopes of the promoters seemed at last about to be realized. Boats arrived at Lodi, October 25, 1849; they passed the Eel River division to Point Commerce and Washington, June 7, 1850. This latter point is seventy-nine miles from Coal creek, 268 miles from the State line, and 352 miles from Toledo. The last section, from Petersburg to Evansville, was placed under contract on the 6th of September, 1850, and was to be completed in 1852. This year the cholera broke out among the workmen and killed 150 men. A panic set in and the fleeing workmen carried the plague all over the country. The tolls this year ran up to \$157,158, a gain of \$22,500. Thomas Dowling, a well-known politician of Terre Haute, took the place on the board of trustees made vacant by the death of Blake.³⁶

³⁵ Governor Wright, Message of 1850, in *House Journal*. See also *Documentary Journal*, 1849, pt. II, No. 11.

³⁶ *Documentary Journal*, 1850, pt. II, No. 3.

The whole canal was closed for a full month during the season of 1851, on account of floods. Notwithstanding this, the tolls increased \$22,000. The work was received from the contractors down to the White river crossing at Newberry, 281 miles from the State line. One thousand two hundred men were at work during the season. The trustees ordered the part of the canal in Evansville to be made sixty feet wide. The annual report shows \$58,549 for repairs, and that \$65,000 had been expended for bridges, of which there were 150 over the canal.³⁷ Many of these that had been built earlier were rotten and many complaints on this account found their way into court. Seven of these suits were carried into the State Supreme Court. The canal trustees were slow in adjusting damages, and an act of February 13, 1851, directed that injured parties should file their complaints with the Canal Board, and if no relief was secured in ninety days they should file suit in the circuit court.³⁸ A law similar to the one mentioned above gave authority to road supervisors to institute suit to compel the Canal Board to rebuild rotten bridges.³⁹ The citizens of Williamsport tried by mandamus suit to force the board to build a lateral canal over to that town, and, failing in their suit, they dug one themselves and forcibly connected it with the main canal. This left the main canal almost dry for some time.⁴⁰

The water was let into the Maysville division in June, 1852. Laden boats then made the trip all the way from Toledo to Maysville, 392 miles. At a meeting held in May this year, it was agreed to lower all tolls and tariffs on the canal forty per cent. After this reduction the total receipts still rose to \$193,400, a gain of \$14,000. This was the high-

³⁷ *Ibid.*, 1851, pt. I, No. 7.

³⁸ *Laws of Indiana*, 1851.

³⁹ *Laws of Indiana*, 1852.

⁴⁰ *Documentary Journal*, 1854, No. 21.

water mark for toll on the Wabash and Erie. This is the more significant because it came before the whole canal was opened. The work was about done to Petersburg, and \$262,281 had been expended on the Evansville division, showing that it, too, was well-nigh completed. There was transported on the canal this year 2,300,000 bushels of corn, 1,606,000 bushels of wheat, and 88,000 barrels of salt. The expenses of operation this year were \$67,237.⁴¹ Deducting this from the gross tolls, there remains \$126,163 as the net returns of the canal at its best. This would pay five per cent. on two and one-half millions. While this does not look very favorable to us, yet in the steadily increasing tolls one can see some grounds for the hope that with a terminal on the Ohio river tolls would increase enough so that the whole canal would become dividend-paying.

While the outlook in this direction was encouraging to the canal builders, the outlook in other directions was extremely gloomy. Complaints, honest and dishonest, ending in lawsuits, multiplied all along the canal. Floods tied up navigation for days, weeks, or even months. Fleets of boats were grounded for weeks at a time in shallow water, or by breaks in the embankments, while their cargoes of farm products, sometimes live animals, depreciated or became utterly worthless. At best there was traffic during only eight months of the year. The Evansville and Terre Haute railroad was already under construction, and the Fort Wayne and Covington (Wabash Valley) and the Crawfordsville and Vincennes had been organized. These, it will be noticed, paralleled the canal throughout its length.⁴² The tolls for 1853 dropped to \$181,207, due to poor crops. A great deal of trouble was had with the banks along the deep cut south of Petersburg. A flood in White river destroyed all

⁴¹ *Documentary Journal*, 1852, pt. II, No. 7.

⁴² *Documentary Journal*, 1852, pt. II, No. 7.

the aqueducts from Maysville to Newberry and piled the drift high against the big aqueduct at that place. The citizens, thinking the extreme high water due to the big aqueduct, indicted the trustees for maintaining a nuisance; but the Legislature stopped the prosecution.⁴³ All the locks, gates, dams, towpaths, and bridges were reported rotten and giving way.

The Birch Creek reservoir was built during this year. It covered about six square miles, and the inhabitants of the district regarded it as a fruitful source of malaria. The State Legislature had it investigated in 1854 and it was reported quite healthful.⁴⁴ A mob of armed men blackened their faces and cut the dam at midday, May 10, 1855. This left the whole of the Eel River section dry. The loss on the dam was over \$10,000. Governor Wright sent the militia from Evansville under General Dodds and Captain Denby to protect the work. They found everything quiet and spent the season hunting, fishing, and playing cards with the settlers. The next day after the soldiers left, the dam was again leveled. Many men were arrested, but were promptly released by the local magistrates.⁴⁵ This trouble never was settled, and this division of the canal was rendered useless by the lawlessness of the people of that neighborhood. The reservoirs were swamps full of the natural growth of the forest, and in summer became stagnant frog ponds.

By the year 1856 it was manifest to all that the canal was doomed. The tolls dropped to \$113,000 and expenses for repairs rose to \$106,000. The whole section from Terre Haute to Evansville was rendered useless on account of the destruction of the Birch Creek reservoir. Again the board of trustees reduced the toll rates on the canal. This failed

⁴³ *Laws of Indiana*, 1853, March 4.

⁴⁴ *History of Clay County*, Index.

⁴⁵ *Documentary Journal*, 1855, pt. II, No. 3.

to hold the trade. All the lighter articles of commerce were shipped by rail.⁴⁶ Fortunately for the State, the scrip issued to finance the canal was about all redeemed. Over \$1,200,000 had been issued and all was now in except \$15,000. The State was thus free of all obligations to it.⁴⁷

The canal bondholders were not disposed to give up the struggle for their money without one more effort. After holding meetings in London, Washington, and New York, and discussing their case, they decided there was nothing that could be done further than petitioning the Legislature of the State. Accordingly they all joined in a final memorial pleading that the conditions of the law of 1847 had not been fulfilled by the State; that the bondholders had relieved the State of a distressing debt which was driving away settlers and trade; that the property of the State had meanwhile increased from \$28,000,000 in 1847 to over \$400,000,000 in 1856; that not only Governor Whitcomb, Jesse Williams, and William Ball, but all the people of the Wabash valley had over-estimated the value of the canal and thus misled the bondholders; that the canal itself for several years had given promise of becoming a great thoroughfare of trade, but by the neglect of the State in defending it, and allowing railroads chartered by the State to parallel every mile of it, its value had been destroyed; and finally, that the moral faith of the State had been pledged to aid it in all possible ways. This petition, signed by Palmer, McKillap, Dent & Company, Rothschilds & Sons, Baring Brothers, Huth & Company, Morrison Sons & Company, of London; George Peabody, of Washington; J. F. D. Lanier, Isaac Seymour, John Ferguson, Luther Clark, D. B. Ryall, J. N. Perkins, and William M. Bliss, of New York, was presented by W. L. Dayton and J. F. D. Lanier.⁴⁸ The

⁴⁶ *Documentary Journal*, 1856, pt. II, No. 6; Trustees' Report.

⁴⁷ *Ibid.*, pt. I, No. 3, State Auditor's Report.

⁴⁸ *Documentary Journal*, 1856, pt. II, No. 23.

Legislature made brief work of the petition. By a joint resolution it answered the memorialists that "the General Assembly has no power under the Constitution to purchase the Wabash and Erie Canal, and be it further resolved, that if the General Assembly had the power it would be impolitic, unwise, and injurious to the best interests of the people of the State, to purchase said canal."⁴⁹

The report of 1857 left no question of the future of the canal. Tolls were \$60,000 for the whole line. There was no regular navigation, no through traffic, as had been hoped. South of Terre Haute the tolls were \$8000 and repair expenses \$40,000. The repairs for the whole line amounted to \$115,000. The St. Joseph river broke around the feeder dam and it required \$7500 to repair the breach.⁵⁰ A series of local floods in the Wabash valley during the summer of 1858 did heavy damage. Wild Cat, Wea, Coal creek, Spring creek, and Otter creek overflowed and carried away their aqueducts. The Wabash broke over its banks in Terre Haute and destroyed forty-six rods of canal. The entire damage was \$55,000. Navigation was suspended from June 10 to August 26. The annual expenses of the canal, \$181,000, exceeded tolls and land sales combined by \$60,000. The stockholders ordered the trustees to close any part of the canal not paying expenses. The part from Terre Haute to Evansville was at once closed.⁵¹ After the Canal Board, in January, 1859, ordered all officers to quit, only a few local engineers, at reduced salaries, remained in service. In this year, a bondholder, named John Ferguson, secured an injunction from Justice McLean preventing the use of any money, except tolls, for making repairs. The canal was then divided into three sections which were let to

⁴⁹ *Laws of Indiana*, 1857, p. 130.

⁵⁰ *Documentary Journal*, 1857, pt. II, No. 4.

⁵¹ *Documentary Journal*, 1858, pt. I, No. 3.

persons who would keep the canal in repair for its use.⁵² The south section from Terre Haute to Evansville was not kept repaired at all. The Birch Creek reservoir was cut for the last time. The first breach in the long fill across Daviess county was left unfixed. Navigation was finally abandoned south of Terre Haute in 1860, although a few miles in Vanderburgh county remained open a year longer. Two men, Miller and Hedges, undertook to keep the line open from the Eel river dam to Terre Haute and with the aid of a gift of \$1000 from the city succeeded for a short time. The part from Terre Haute to Toledo remained open during the year. The Wabash railroad began a rate war at this time and soon attracted all trade from the canal. The railroad did this by a free use of rebates. By 1870 little more than a succession of stagnant pools marked the site of the former canal. A law of February 14, 1873, permitted the county commissioners to keep local sections of the canal in repair, but only a few temporary repairs were made. The trustees formally surrendered their trust in 1874. They had paid \$436,345 for repairs and had received \$274,019 in tolls.⁵³

On the 19th of November, 1874, Jonathan K. Gapin, of New York, on the part of the bondholders, filed a bill in chancery in the United States circuit court against the Board of Trustees, asking for an accounting to show just what was due each bondholder; and further asking that the canal lands be sold and the proceeds be applied on the debt. The bill alleged that \$16,000,000 was due the bondholders and that he, individually, held \$576,606 worth of stock.⁵⁴ A decree was obtained in 1874 under which the canal was sold February 12, 1876. There was realized from this sale \$96,260. All told, the bondholders received about forty

⁵² *Ibid.*, 1859, pt. I, No. 3.

⁵³ Twenty-Eighth Annual Report, 1874, *Documentary Journal*, No. 14.

⁵⁴ *Documentary Journal*, 1874, pt. II, No. 15.

per cent. of the \$800,000 which they had advanced for the completion of the canal.

The bondholders were not entirely silenced by the joint resolution of the State Legislature of 1857. Fearing that a future Legislature might be induced to pay the debt, or some part of it, the Legislature of 1871 submitted a constitutional amendment to the voters providing that "No law or resolution shall ever be passed by the General Assembly of the State of Indiana that shall recognize any liability of this State to pay or redeem any certificate of stock issued in pursuance" of the settlement of 1847. This was agreed to by the next Legislature and submitted to the voters.⁵⁵ By proclamation of the Governor this was voted on on February 18, 1873, after being advertised in the *State Journal* and the *State Sentinel*. The *Journal*, especially, urged every one to support the amendment and prevent a debt of nearly \$20,000,000 being saddled off on the State.⁵⁶ The voters took little interest in the election. Indianapolis cast 2679 votes for and 14 against the amendment. Evansville's vote favored it by 1365 to 12; Terre Haute 1502 for, and 1520 against; Fort Wayne 950 for, 12 against. The amendment was carried and the question settled.

There were still outstanding, however, 191 of the old bonds of 1836, which had not been surrendered in 1847. John W. Garrett, of Baltimore, brought suit on seventy-seven of these for foreclosure, as they were a lien on the Wabash and Erie canal. He obtained judgment, but inasmuch as the State had in the settlement of 1847 agreed to protect the canal for the bondholders, it paid the Garrett claim and has since redeemed or agreed to redeem all of these old bonds.

Thus closed the story of the old Wabash and Erie. The

⁵⁵ *Laws of Indiana*, 1873, p. 83.

⁵⁶ *Indianapolis Journal*, February 15, 1873.

State and bondholders had expended all told, \$8,259,244. They had received from land and tolls, \$5,477,238. A magnificent land grant by the federal government had been squandered. The total amount of land donated was 1,457,366 acres, or 2277 sections; an area equal to the five largest counties or the ten smallest.⁵⁷ This was twice as much as the whole donation for the common schools.⁵⁸

⁵⁷ Donaldson, *Public Domain*, p. 755.

⁵⁸ *American Almanac*, 1857, p. 323, gives a brief summary of State and canal debts.

V.

CONCLUSION.

The following remarks made by members of the Constitutional Convention leave no doubt as to what was the sober second thought of the people. The section under discussion was the one forbidding the State forming a debt.

Mr. Stevenson, of Putnam, said: "It may be true the Mammoth Bill was passed by log-rolling, but the people were brought to sustain it in a very different way. The principal error by which they were deceived was the supposition that the system could be built without taxation."

Mr. Thomas Smith, of Ripley, who was a member at the time, said: "I was here at the inception of this bill. That was a year before its passage. In the session of 1834-'35 this battle was fought here in the old courthouse. They undertook to tack their Internal Improvement System upon a bill to provide funds to carry on the work of the Wabash and Erie. They spread their net far and wide and laid it very artfully, extending their system of lines, drawn over all portions of the State, especially over such portions as would be likely to gather up and enlist in its support all the speaking and influential members of the House at that time."

Mr. Hovey, of Posey, in speaking on a proposition to require a referendum on all debt-creating laws, said: "The people would not have incurred the immense internal improvement debt had they had a right to vote on it. It is a well-known fact that that odious law was fixed upon the State by a most infamous system of bargain and intrigue, of log-rolling and corruption."

John Zenor, of Harrison, who was present when the bill was passed and fought it to the last, said: "That bill was got through both houses not upon its merits, not because a majority of the people wanted it, but by a system of log-

rolling that bore down all opposition. One member voted for it on condition that his constituents should have a portion of its benefit; another did the same, and so on, till enough votes were secured to pass the bill through both branches."

Judge David Kilgore, of Muncie, said: "The objection to the first bill was that it did not contain enough, and these very men who are loudest now in denouncing were foremost then in adding amendment after amendment till we had literally checkered the whole State with roads and canals. The bill became too large and the true friends of the measure laid it to sleep on the table. But while we were devising some system that could be perfected, the Senate passed a bill carrying money for the Wabash and Erie. All knew that if that bill passed we would lose valuable aid on the general bill. I never worked harder in my life than on that memorable night, getting votes to defeat that bill. I called on Representative Wallace to see what strength he could bring in return for the Madison railroad. From him, I passed on to others, my tally sheet in my hand, until I had organized a band that could control the House. All those who opposed would have supported had their favorite line been included. The bill was passed by a combination of interests we were forced to include."

Robert Dale Owen, of New Harmony, was sure that after all the speeches and newspaper articles on internal improvements the people would have voted for it on a direct vote. But I have quoted enough to show clearly how the bill was passed and how it was viewed by the generation that had to pay the debt it laid on the State.

Looking back over the period, one can now see pretty clearly why the whole scheme failed. In the first place only one line should have been built at a time. This was the first intention of the promoters. The State entered the labor

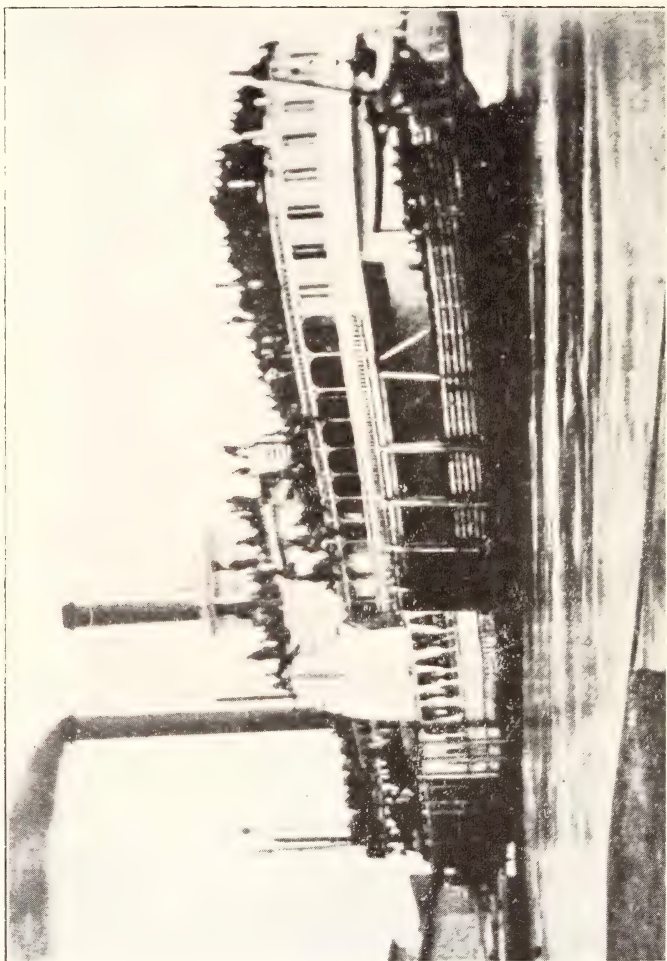
market and bid against itself for the labor of at least eight thousand men. These were to be used in eight different groups. The State could not spare more than one of these groups from its other occupations. Under the circumstances the price of labor could not fail to become exorbitant. At the same time that the State was competing with itself for laborers, it was offering the greatest possible inducement to divert its laborers into other fields. This was by offering cheap lands for sale on seventeen years credit.

From the standpoint of capital, the absurdity of the plan does not need to be pointed out when one remembers that it called for the annual outlay of the interest on \$15,000,000 when the State could scarcely pay its yearly assessment of taxes of \$50,000. This interest charge alone, whether paid as a tax, or as tolls on business, would require \$900,000 annually. It should be kept in mind that the State had at the same time embarked \$2,000,000 of its capital in the banking business.

From a political standpoint it is not to be expected that these pioneers would have clearly comprehended their own incapacity. There were at this time no trained officials in the State. Such large operations can be carried on successfully only in a State with a trained civil service and generations of political experience. Political science does not flourish among a pioneering people. At least twenty per cent. of the money handled by the fund commissioners was lost. The State paid high for its schooling, but the sister States were learning at the same cost. Its worst effect was that it discredited popular government for many years and perhaps permanently impaired the power and prestige of the State Legislature. Of nineteen men in responsible financial positions, whose official acts were investigated, nine were charged with crime.







THE SULTANA BEFORE THE EXPLOSION
PHOTOGRAPHED AT HELENA, ARKANSAS, APRIL 25, 1865

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THE
SULTANA DISASTER

BY

JOSEPH TAYLOR ELLIOTT

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THE SULTANA DISASTER

There was never a happier lot of men than those who marched out of Andersonville Prison on March 20, 1865, on the way to freedom; not that any of them were in a physical condition to cause happiness, but because of the horrors they were leaving and the comforts they hoped soon to find. The rosiest dreams of children on Christmas Eve are no fairer than the visions that floated through their minds.

I was one of them. I had been captured at Spring Hill, near Franklin, Tennessee, on November 30, 1864; and had been transported with other unfortunates to Andersonville, by way of Meridian, Selma, and Montgomery; so that I had over two months in the "hell on earth," and that was long enough to gain a residence that could never be forgotten, though I think that the "officers' pen," in which I was confined, was not quite so bad as the main pen where the private soldiers were kept.

There was no ceremony about our release. We were simply told that the hour of deliverance had come, and without giving us time to arrange our toilets—which, indeed, was not necessary, as there was nothing to make them with—we were marched up to the railroad to await the train for Montgomery. We had been there a short time when the prisoners from the large pen began to come up.

It was one of the most pitiful sights I ever beheld, and I doubt very much if Ezekiel's vision in the valley of dry bones excelled it. Coming like cattle across an open field were scores of men who were nothing but skin and

bones; some hobbling along as best they could, and others being helped by stronger comrades. Every gaunt face with its staring eyes told the story of the suffering and privation they had gone through, and protruding bones showed through their scanty tattered garments. One might have thought that the grave and the sea had given up their dead.

They waited patiently for the train, but when it finally arrived there was a wild scramble to get on board, every man for himself, as if in terror lest he be left behind. But there were some like the one at the Pool of Siloam who were unable to help themselves, and had to be lifted on as little children. But, in wretched plight as we were, it was a great pleasure to meet the boys of my company after our weeks of separation—at least those that were left, for some had died in prison.

And there were others who barely escaped it, for there was hardly a station on the road where we did not leave the remains of some poor fellow to be buried by strangers. How hard to die in the morning of their deliverance with all the bright hopes of meeting father, mother, wife or children! It is not strange that those whose memories go back to such scenes should find it hard to restrain a feeling of bitterness toward those who caused the war with all its sacrifice and suffering.

A tiresome ride of several hours on the cars brought us to Montgomery, where we were transferred to a steamboat that was waiting for us. While at the wharf I met my first outside acquaintance, in the person of a colored man who had been a slave of the proprietor "Montgomery Hall," in whose employ I had been when I resided in Montgomery for a time before the war. The boat soon backed out into the river, and we were quickly out of sight of that beautiful city. Within a few hours

we were landed at Selma, where we took cars again for Meridian, Mississippi.

The "Pullmans" on which we were loaded were of the kind commonly used for four-footed passengers, and the more active of us took upper berths on top of the cars. This proved rather dangerous, for our car had an accident and some of the boys were thrown off and badly bruised. I escaped injury by jumping to the car ahead. We had another transfer to a steamboat on the Tombigbee river, and then cars again to Meridian, where we were informed that we would have to make the rest of our journey on foot. They simply turned us loose, and directed us to the road to Vicksburg, near which the parole camp was located.

After a wearisome march we came to the Big Black, which was the Jordan for us, but with no Joshua to command the waters to roll back. We had to wait till the ferryman had orders to take us over, and we were probably more patient in doing so because we could see the Stars and Stripes floating over the parole camp. It was too far away to see even the stripes, but we knew it was "the old flag," and as it floated out I felt that I loved it as I never had before. Perhaps every American would appreciate it more if he were obliged to live for a while out from under its protection. "Long may it wave, o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

In a few hours we were in camp, and soon had some coffee, and surprised our stomachs with other good things. The camp was under the command of rebel officers, but was guarded by colored Union troops. This was due to the fact that we were to be paroled, not exchanged, as has sometimes been stated. The authorities had stopped the exchange of prisoners, on the ground that we were releasing sound men who could at once take

their places in the ranks, and receiving men who were hopelessly incapacitated by starvation and disease. The parole system had been instituted in its place. The rebel officers continued in command until the news of the assassination of President Lincoln came, and then they were wisely advised to get across the Big Black, which they did before the news was communicated to the men.

The day after our arrival I got a pass and went into the city, and found, to my surprise, that Captain Owens' company of the Ninth Indiana cavalry was stationed there. The boys in that company were nearly all from about Indianapolis, and a better-hearted set of men than they never lived. I shall never forget their kindness, and I had need for it. The truth is that at Andersonville we had no modern conveniences, such as bathtubs, soap, towels, or change of apparel, and it was not long until we became inhabited worlds. No microscope was needed to discern what sort of beings those inhabitants were, and they are not included among those catalogued as being in the ark. I long since came to the conclusion that they were descendants of those spoken of in the third plague of Egypt, and that after inhabiting the land of Moab they came over and settled with the first families of Virginia. By the laws of evolution they are of larger size and more intellectual than their progenitors, being "near man."

But they certainly had the instincts of a Moabite, and were of the first blood, for the boys who formed their acquaintance used to say that some of them were of ripe age, running back before the Christian era. They classed them by different names, "bluebacks, greybacks, and half-breeds, but all of them inflationists." I am sure Oliver Rice will never forget the time he marched me down to the little creek in Vicksburg, and, seeing that I had for-

gotten how to use toilet articles, bounced in after me and scrubbed me from the top of my head to the soles of my feet, and dressed me in a new suit of linen such as the soldiers were then wearing. I walked back to the company's quarters reduced in weight several pounds, and feeling as though I had just got over a spell of sickness. Sim Gaston declared that he saw my cast-off garments on the outskirts of Vicksburg, walking off toward the Big Black.

There was not a day while we remained in parole camp that I was not in some part of the ground that was contested in the advance on Vicksburg. With the choice of positions the rebels had, and the natural advantages presented, it was almost a mystery how the troops under General Grant could have advanced as close as they did to the rebel line. But it would not do for me to start on General Grant, for, like the old-time Democrats with General Jackson, I would be willing to continue to vote for him during the balance of my days.

On April 24, 1865, our paroles having been arranged, we were taken from the camp to the city and embarked on the ill-fated steamboat "Sultana," bound for Cairo, Illinois. The men were marched onto the hurricane deck of the boat, around to the cabin, and then to the lower deck, until all the available space was occupied, including the fore part of the decks, the cabin being occupied by the officers. Most of the men were emaciated and weak, being prisoners released from Andersonville and Cahaba prisons, with a few from other points.

The "Sultana" was a boat that had been built for the cotton trade of the lower river, and therefore her lower deck was higher than that of ordinary boats. She was on an up trip from New Orleans to St. Louis, and had on board a number of passengers, many of whom were to

get off at Memphis. I remember in particular one, a gentleman from near Madison, Indiana, who had come down to see his son, a member of the Tenth Indiana Cavalry, who had been a prisoner. There were perhaps half a dozen women, one of whom was a bride returning with her husband from their bridal tour. My recollection is that the crew numbered about sixty-two, and that in all there were over 2,200 souls on board. My recollection is confirmed by a letter from F. A. Roziene, dated at the Seventy-second Regiment Illinois Infantry Volunteer Society, Rookery Building, Chicago, July 6, 1912, in which he says:

"I was an A. A. G. of Camp Fisk, at Four Mile Bridge, near Vicksburg, where we received paroles, exchanged prisoners, etc. This camp was under the immediate command of Gen. M. L. Smith, commanding post of Vicksburg. The camp was named after A. A. G. Captain C. A. Fisk. The superior command was in General J. N. T. Dana, and his A. A. G. Captain Frederick Speed, who controlled the shipment of the last squad of the camp, on April 25, 1865. I have reason to remember the deplorable occurrence from the reprimand I received from Captain Speed for advancing the impression to the men that they were to be apportioned to different boats.

"At the time I had a list of the officers and men shipped on the ill-fated steamer 'Sultana.' Their aggregate number from each State was, Ohio, 552; Michigan, 420; Indiana, 460; Kentucky, 180; West Virginia, 12; Tennessee, 522; total, 2,134. Added to this list was a squad of Confederate prisoners under guard, on their way to another military prison camp, other passengers and the crew. At Vicksburg the loss was estimated at 1,900 lives."

Some one was certainly at fault for crowding so great a number of human beings on one boat, when there was

no emergency calling for it, and especially so great a number of men who were so reduced in strength that they were not able to do much for themselves in case of an accident. Some one should have been held responsible, but I cannot say who it should have been from my own knowledge. I add the report of the official investigation as to that matter.

Captain Mason, the commander of the boat, and a citizen of St. Louis, was as congenial a gentleman as I ever met, and afterward proved as brave as he was clever. As I saw him at all times of day between Vicksburg and Memphis, I became quite well acquainted with him. He was a careful man. I remember his cautioning the men not to crowd on one side of the boat when making a landing, because the tilting of the boat and its return to a level position would endanger the boilers. The men managed this very well except at a few places, especially Helena, Arkansas, where they all tried to get a view of the place.

The first night, about 9 o'clock, they commenced putting up cots in the cabin. The passengers were provided for first, and some of us were left unprovided for. I got the assurance, however, that when we got to Memphis I would have one of the cots that would then be vacated. Until we reached Memphis my bed was on the cabin floor, immediately over the boiler which afterward caused the terrible catastrophe. We landed at Memphis just after dark on the 26th, and many of the passengers left us at this point.

It being reported among the men that the boat would be at Memphis for some time, and there being no control over us, a number of us took advantage of the occasion to go up into the city in search of amusement. I was soon satisfied and returned to the boat, which shortly

after moved out into the river and pulled up stream to take on coal, leaving about one hundred and fifty fortunate soldiers behind. We took coal from a boat that appeared to be out in the river, but the Mississippi at that time was over the whole country, on account of floods in the upper river and the Missouri. The water was much colder than would have been supposed, as the trees were all in leaf.

In the meantime the cots had been put up in the cabin as usual, and I went in and threw my hat in the first cot toward the bow of the boat, while I went forward to get what little worldly goods had come into my possession at Vicksburg. On coming back I found my cot occupied by Captain McCoy, I think of the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth Ohio Regiment, who refused to give it up. We were having some very unpleasant words about it, when Lew Keeler, of the Eleventh Indiana, came along and persuaded me to release my claim and take a cot at the back end of the cabin, under the one he occupied. The cots were double-deckers, one above and one below. It was some time after midnight when I retired. The last person I talked with was Captain Mason, and if I believed in presentiments I would believe that he had one that something dreadful was going to happen, for in our conversation he said that he would give all the interest he had in the boat if it were safely landed in Cairo. I was impressed at the time by what he said, but in a few moments it wore off.

It was not long after getting into my cot until I was in the land of dreams. How long I slept I cannot say, but it must have been about 3 o'clock in the morning when I was awakened. My first sensation was of a very oppressive heat, and the first thought that came into my mind was that I was in the regions of eternal torment.

The lights were dim, and they must have been obscured by the escaping steam from the exploded boiler. I was not long in getting out of bed and starting forward, but I did not go far. The cabin floor had dropped down at the front, without breaking off, and now made an inclined plane to the lower deck. The cots, including the one I had first selected, had disappeared. Looking down on the lower deck to the front, I was reminded of a fire in one of the old-time fireplaces. The lights in the chandeliers of the cabin had been turned down, but were still burning, and by their glimmer I could see a man some feet down on the inclined floor, whom I have always believed to be Captain McCoy.

Curiously enough, although the cots and staterooms were full of men, the explosion did not seem to have awakened them. Up to that time I had not heard a scream, and everything was as quiet as it was when I went to bed. I certainly was dazed or confused, and did not realize what had happened. Imaginations flew through my mind thick and fast. The thought came to me that I had the nightmare, and in that condition of mind I turned around and made for the stern of the boat, hardly knowing what I was doing. The ladies' cabin was shut off from the men's cabin only by curtains, and I pushed back a curtain and started through, when I was confronted by a lady, who I supposed was in charge of the cabin, with, "What do you want in here, sir?" I paid no attention to her but went ahead, saying that there was something wrong with the boat.

I went on through the cabin to the stern of the boat and climbed up to the hurricane deck. Throwing myself across the bulwark around the deck, I looked forward toward the jackstaff. The boat's bow was turned toward the Tennessee shore, and, if I am not mistaken, one of

the boat's chimneys was down, and all the men were in commotion. As I started back, realizing that it was not a dream, I heard the men calling, "Don't jump; we are going ashore." I answered, saying that I was going back to where I came from. On getting back and looking out and down into the river, I saw that the men were jumping from all parts of the boat into the river. Such screams I never heard—twenty or thirty men jumping off at a time—many lighting on those already in the water—until the river became black with men, their heads bobbing up like corks, and then many disappearing never to appear again. We threw over everything that would float that we could get hold of, for their assistance; and then I, with several others, began tearing the sheeting off the sides of the cabin, and throwing it over. While doing this I became more calm and self-possessed.

About this time one of the Tenth Indiana Cavalry boys came to me, asking, "Have you seen my father?" I said, "I have not; but I know the stateroom he occupied;" and started with him to go into the ladies' cabin. As we entered the door we met his father, who was coming out. They threw their arms around each other, and as they embraced I looked up to the ceiling and saw the fire jumping along from one cross-piece to another in a way that made me think of a lizard running along a fence.

I now made up my mind to leave the boat, and walked around the right side of the cabin to the wheelhouse. I feared that it was too far to jump, and on looking over to see what the distance was, I saw one of the fenders hanging just behind the wheelhouse. I lost no time climbing over the side of the boat and "cooning it" down to the lower deck. This feat was accomplished so easily that I could never tell just how it was done. Casting

my eyes around I could see nobody, and stepping to the edge of the boat, and looking to see that the river was free from any poor struggling soldier, I dived off. I knew that I could do no more than save myself, and as I had the utmost confidence in my swimming ability, I had some hopes of gaining the shore.

I had no sooner struck the water than I saw that I could not depend altogether on my own exertions, for as I went into the river it was colder than "Greenland's icy mountains," and I went down so far that I thought I would never come up. Then my drawers began to slip down around my feet, and it became necessary to get rid of them as soon as possible. I finally got them off and struck out for the shore. Having gone about fifty feet from the burning vessel, I came to a man who was supporting himself on the steps that had led up over the wheelhouse from the cabin deck to the hurricane deck. I asked him if they would support two, and he said to come ahead.

We were soon joined by two other soliders, and, resting our hands on the steps, with our bodies in the water, we tried to work our way to the Tennessee shore. After some time we found that we could not make it on account of the strong current, which threw us out into the river after it struck a bluff, or where the river made a bend. We got about a hundred feet away from the "Sultana," which kept abreast of us, drifting with the current as we did. We could see all that was going on on board, and it was a sight that filled one with horror, though there was a sort of fascination about it.

The fire had come under full headway, and it looked like a huge bonfire in the middle of the river. As the flames ascended, mingled with smoke, and shed their peculiar light on the water, we could see both sides dis-

tinctly; bluffs on one side, and timber on the other, and with no sensation as to the moving current. It was more like one of those beautiful lakes that I have seen in Minnesota, and if it had been only a painting it would have been grand; but, alas! it was all real, and as I floated along with the current this sad picture was before me as a panorama. The men who were afraid to take to the water could be seen clinging to the sides of the boat until they were singed off like flies. Shrieks and cries for mercy were all that could be heard; and as I look back on that awful morning the only thing my imagination can compare it to is the last great day, when all the world is to be judged, and when men shall pray for the rocks to fall on them and cover them. As the terror of that day will be to those whose sins are not forgiven, so it was to us when that dreadful scene went on and finally closed by the deck going down with all the men who were on it into the flames.

On looking up the river I could see a boat coming down. It was more like a picture of one, for it hardly seemed to move. It never reached us, and we floated on down the river until we were out of sight of both boats. At what rate we were going I have no idea, but certainly as fast as the current. This was the first time in my recollection that I ever called on the Lord for his assistance. Now and then we came in sight of other survivors. One man who passed us was bobbing up and down in a way that reminded me of the frog in the game of leap-frog. As he came within a few feet of us, I asked him what he was on, and he answered me, "Don't touch me; I am on a barrel." He actually was astraddle a barrel holding on to the rim, and at any other time his queer motion would have been laughable.

At one time we came within ten feet of a timbered

point, and I heard the familiar voice of a Kentuckian that I had often heard at the front, say that he was on land. A few moments later we got past the point and struck a cross-current that came in on the other side, and which, on striking the main current, made a whirlpool. Into this we went, and such a twisting and turning round, upside down and every other way, was never seen; but I held on to the steps with an iron grip. In my boyhood days I had read "Faust," and the description of the devil dragging him down into hell came pretty near fitting me. But Satan, who then claimed me as his own, finally let loose his icy hold, and we shot out into the current and on down the river, less one man who was left in the whirlpool and drowned. As he had been doing a good deal of praying, I have no doubt he is in the better world.

We finally came up with a man who was on the end of a large log, and with his consent we joined forces, one of our men throwing himself partly on the log and partly on the steps. The other man then crawled over onto the log, and I crawled up on the steps, where I was when I was picked up. We made no further exertions to get on shore, but floated on down the river with the current. I must have become unconscious or only semi-conscious, as I have no recollection of how the steps got separated from the log. I remember passing Memphis, and seeing the gas lights burning in the streets. Then it is all blank until I heard the splash of an oar, and tried to call for help, but my voice seemed to have left me. It was some such feeling as when one tries to call out in a nightmare.

The young gunboatman who rescued me, and whose name, as I recollect it, was Neal, told me that for some time before I came down the men had been floating by and calling for help. The gunboat had fired up, and he had set out in one of the boats, with a half-gallon meas-

ure of whisky. He said that when he lifted me into the boat I went down in the bottom in a lump like a wet rag. He raised the measure to my lips, and the whisky went down my throat with no more effect than water down a rat hole. When we got to the gunboat and he lifted me aboard, both of us came very near going into the river.

I think the gunboat was what we used to call a "tin-clad;" i. e., a light-armored boat, covered with sheet-iron about an eighth of an inch thick, to protect it from rifle and musket balls. I got the impression that it was a ferryboat remodeled, but it had two decks, and it probably had been what is called a transport. I do not know what its name was. I was not in a condition to pay attention to details. When they got me on board they cut off my tow shirt, and got rid of my remaining sock, and then rolled me up in a blanket, and laid me up close to the boilers to thaw out.

I soon got over the chill, and as the boat went on down the river picking up others they ran out of blankets, and about 8 o'clock I gave mine up for another sufferer, and went forward and sat down with the fireman. I had no clothing on me, but was very comfortable in the warmth of the furnace. Neal came forward with a large cup of coffee, and as I looked up into his bright face, all covered with smiles, he said, "Old boy, you came very near taking me overboard with you." I don't know how he felt toward me, but I felt as though I belonged to him.

By this time the boat had gone several miles down the river, and was on the way back to Memphis, where we arrived about 9 o'clock. I was conscious of very little that was going on around me, and to give any description of my feelings would be beyond my powers, for I had certainly gone as far beyond this life as a man could

expect to go and get back. But I imagine that if I had gone on over to the other country, and had been permitted to sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the land of Beulah, I could not have felt any happier than I did sitting naked by that furnace.

When the boat struck the wharf I started up, and on looking around I saw a crowd of people coming on board, among whom were some Sisters of Charity. I then had some of the feeling that Adam had when he first realized that he was a sinner, and, not being prepared to receive company, I made a hasty retreat to the rear and took refuge behind the buckboard. But here I was protected on only one side, and one of the sisters came in on my flank. When she saw me she said, "You need clothing," and tossed me a pair of drawers and undershirt of red flannel. If I had denied it she would not have believed me, so I acknowledged the corn, accepted the conditions, surrendered, and soon came out in red apparel. Just then some of the boys of my company, who had come on board looking for their comrades, spied me, and from them I learned something more of the terrible loss of life. Over fourteen hundred souls had left their bodies to float down that dark and gloomy river. They told me of the boys of my own company: Bart Beardon, Joseph M. Espy, James A. Hickerson, Daniel Brown, William H. H. Ryman, Levi Donahue, Patrick Harrington, James A. Morton, and James Tahan, who were among those that were lost; James H. Kimberlin, John W. Thompson, and Charles F. Bryant were among those who were saved. James Payne and Thomas Wright were fortunate to be among those who were left at Memphis the night before.

One of the officers of the boat, hearing the men call me "Lieutenant," took me to the upper deck and fur-

nished me with an open-front sailor's suit, and as I walked up the levee bareheaded and barefooted I might have been taken for an old tar. I was sent to the hospital and furnished with slippers and other necessary articles. The steward there wanted to know of me if my hair had turned gray in a single night, but I had to acknowledge that it had got started before.

It would be impossible for any one to give all the incidents connected with that terrible disaster. Every man has an experience of his own photographed on his memory according to his situation and surroundings. In the two days that we remained in Memphis before transportation was given us, I heard many things of interest, for the "Sultana" disaster was the chief subject of conversation. A man who claimed to be an eyewitness told me that Captain Mason remained with the boat to the last, walking up and down the hurricane desk and encouraging the men to keep cool, until he went down with it into the fire. The pilot on duty at the time, one mate, and probably three others of the crew, were all that were saved. The bride whom I mentioned was lost. The bridegroom wandered up and down the river, hoping to find some trace of her whom so few hours before he had claimed as his own, but it was not to be so.

There were some other horrors besides those of the fire and the water. I was told that the ropes holding the stage planks in front of the boat were cut during the excitement and that they came down on a number of men below, crushing them to death. There were also some things that would have been ludicrous at any other time. One was the experience of several men who were floating down the river on a log, when a horse that had been on the boat swam up and stuck his nose over the log. The boys nearest him took it to be an alligator,

and rather than keep his company they let loose and gave him full possession.

We were taken from Memphis to Cairo by boat, and then by rail to Indianapolis, on our way to Columbus, Ohio, to go into parole camp until we were exchanged. But, through the influence of Governor Morton, we were permitted to remain in Indianapolis, and there, on May 15, 1865, I was mustered out of the service without ever being exchanged. In a few weeks the war was over, peace was declared, and the soldiers were mustered out and were returning to the pursuits of peace.

It would be impossible to present all the different views of the "Sultana" disaster, but among the letters and statements that I have received from time to time concerning it is one from William B. Floyd, who was serving on one of the gunboats that took part in the rescue work. As I have never seen any other statement from this point of view, I add it to my own, together with the official papers from the War Department, in order to give as complete an idea as possible of this distressing calamity.

STATEMENT OF WILLIAM B. FLOYD

LATE ACTING MASTER'S MATE U. S. GROSBEEK, U. S. N.

On April 26th, 1865, I was an acting master's mate on the U. S. S. "Grosbeak," a small sidewheel steamer, fitted up as a "tin-clad" gunboat. We had a crew of perhaps seventy-five men and the usual complement of line officers; namely, captain, two master's mates, besides a licensed pilot. We had come up to Memphis, which was our division headquarters, for some reason unknown to me, and, on the 26th of April, it was my turn to go on watch at midnight. During the day I had heard some of the officers talking about the "Sultana" and the crowded condition of the troops on board her. There was considerable talk and discussion among the officers as to whether they had as many men on board or whether they were any more crowded than on a steamer that passed up a few days before.

Their remarks and conversation came forcibly to my mind when I went on watch at twelve o'clock, midnight, and was informed by the officer I had relieved, that the large steamer lying just above at the mouth of Wolf creek was the "Sultana" taking on coal. She was all lit up and presented the usual fine sight of a large passenger steamer with all her lights aglow, and as she backed out and started up the river I watched her until she disappeared behind the island known as Paddy's Hen and Chickens, about nine miles above Memphis. Shortly after she had passed out of sight behind one of the islands I noticed a red glow in the sky, which very soon plainly showed it was a fire. I cannot describe the horror I felt at the thought that perhaps it was the "Sultana" on fire.

I looked through my field glass and could plainly see the smokestacks of the steamer and that she must be on fire; but there were trees between me and the burning boat and I took this to mean that she was lying in shore, and if so the passengers on board could get safely off. To make sure, I asked the quartermaster (a petty officer who always stands watch with the officers of the deck and who carries a telescope, which is more powerful than the field glass): "Quartermaster, what do you make out that light to be?"

He answered: "A large steamer on fire and lying in shore."

I watched her closely, and to steady my glass held it against a stanchion. I then discovered she would drift past the glass, which showed that she was floating and not lying in shore. I then called the senior master's mate and informed him what had happened. He did not seem much excited about it, and after he had watched her through the glass for awhile I asked him if he did not intend doing something. He said, "No." The captain was ashore and he did not intend taking the responsibility of ordering the boat out, and went back to his stateroom. By this time my feelings were very much worked up as to the necessity of some action being taken. I thought of the terrible calamity that was happening but could not see my way clear to take any action after my superior officer had declined to act. But there was a way, as you shall shortly hear, and I wish I had only thought of it sooner, as some time had now elapsed and away up the river I could hear faint cries for help. This cry of distress was too much to hear. I determined to make some sort of move to help, and it suddenly came to my mind to call the pilot. I had hardly thought of it before I was hurrying to his stateroom. I opened the

door and called out very excitedly, "Mr. Karnes, the 'Sultana' is on fire."

I did not need to say any more. He sprang out of his berth, saying, "Great Lord, is that so?"

"Shall I call all hands, Mr. Karnes? The captain is ashore."

"Yes."

I needed no more authority. I was soon below, calling, "All hands on deck and cutters away!" The first call brought all the crew out of their hammocks, and the last the crew to the cutter, in which in a very few minutes I was seated with six good oarsmen and a boy in the bow, and was on our way out in the river in the direction of the cries for help. The river was at flood height and the current strong and well over to the other side, so we had quite a pull to come near enough to make them out.

I found the nearest were on a raft or a lot of wreckage. There were twelve or perhaps more and were raising a terrible cry for help. It was yet dark, and I could not tell if twenty or a hundred were there, but away farther toward the shore was a lone voice, calling in the most piteous tone for help, that appealed to me, so it was hard for me to steer my boat for the raft, instead of hastening to his aid.

I had to leave the poor fellow to his fate and rowed in toward the raft. As I came near they became frantic with excitement and joy at the prospect of rescue, and one of the old sailors said, "For God's sake, Mr. Floyd, don't put us alongside that raft or they will swamp us." That was plain enough, so I rowed around and came up toward the raft bow on, and as they dropped off, picked them up and pulled them aboard. One had been missed and was floating by; at the risk of being pulled overboard, I leaned out as far as I could and grabbed him by

the hair of the head and pulled him in. Six inches further away and he would have been beyond my reach and would have been drowned. I got twelve, and as that was all the boat could hold and there were no more on the wreck, I rowed to the nearest shore and landed them below the steamboat landing. As they had not been in the water except in getting them from the raft to the boat, they were able to take care of themselves. I then pulled out again into the stream. By this time it was getting daylight and my vessel was out in midstream, as were also many small boats, and they had picked up all those afloat and taken them aboard the vessel or on shore. I then rowed alongside and went on board.

Instead of going ashore, our vessel went on down the river, going past President island and coming up on the other side to see if any survivors had floated by and had not been picked up. We found but one. He had a piece of wreckage under each arm and was floating unconscious from the chill of the cold water. We picked him up and laid him alongside of about ninety more that the crew had picked up and received from the other small boats. They were all soldiers. The sailors got all their blankets and wrapped them up and made them as comfortable as possible before the furnace fires. Most of them were unconscious from cold and it seemed impossible that they could recover, but by the time we arrived back at Memphis, about 11 a. m., most of them were able to go ashore.

The next morning a tugboat took several small boats and towed us up the river to where the hull of the "Sultana" lay in shore. All her upper works were burned away. We then cast loose and as we floated down looked to see if any were lodged in the trees along shore, but there were no signs of life. We must have laid at Mem-

phis more than eight or nine days, for the bodies had begun to float and the government would send up every morning a boat and barge to pick them up, and would bring down the deck of the barge covered with bodies. These men were buried in the cemetery at Memphis. I read years afterward that in moving the bodies from the cemetery many of them were found to be petrified.

When we started out from Memphis we went down the river and soon came to two of the floating bodies. We picked them up and had to keep them on the stern end of the boat on account of being so badly decomposed. Nothing was found on them to identify them. We had to carry them nearly to Helena, Arkansas, before we could find dry land to bury them. Where we landed we had dug but a shallow grave before the water began to flow in and we had to bury them, barely covering them. After that no attention was paid to floating bodies except to avoid running over them. I saw some of these bodies floating nearly down to Vicksburg.

How different it might have been if there had been stricter discipline and my senior officer had been a more courageous and humane officer. Our vessel had her fires banked and could have got under way on short notice. Had there been stricter discipline the information would have been passed to me that the captain of another vessel was on board as a guest. Had I known this I would have reported to him at once, and he no doubt would have gone immediately to her assistance and could have got there in time to have saved all the vessel could hold.

A short time afterward I bought a photograph of the "Sultana" as she lay at Helena, Arkansas, on her way up, showing exactly how crowded she was. In changing and moving about I lost it, but you will find it published in the Photographic History of the Civil War, with a

short and very inaccurate account of the disaster. Some officers claimed at the time that a bomb had been placed in the coal, but this belief died out when it became known she had tubular boilers instead of the usual flue boilers, as all other river boats had. This type of boiler was not adapted to the muddy waters of the Mississippi river, and there is no doubt it caused the explosion, as the steamer "Missouri," the sister boat of the "Sultana," blew up not long afterward with some loss of life. The "Grosbeak," the vessel I was on, had the same kind of boilers, and as my stateroom was over one of them I often wondered if my fate was to be blown up.

Of the twelve men I picked off the raft I know but very little. No questions were asked. I only recollect some conversation among them. Very queerly, one was sleeping above the boiler and said that the first thing he knew he was flying up in the air and when he came down it was in the water. The other under the boiler was not injured, as the force of the explosion was upward. One was an Irishman who kept up snatches of songs as we rowed to shore. Another was a fine-looking officer with a long, heavy, reddish beard, but who was so unnerved by the experience he had gone through that he could not realize he was saved, but kept continually calling for help. I have kept all the newspaper clippings about the disaster and now have quite a number.

I suppose you know there is an association of "Survivors of the 'Sultana' Disaster." I received a letter from a member of the association a number of years ago but do not know their headquarters. I have a shipmate living in Hastings, Minnesota, who was on the gunboat "Tyler," but I never heard him tell much of his experiences. I think he went out in one of their boats and helped pick up some of the survivors.

I think the government has tried to minimize the loss of life, as it was negligence of government officials in allowing the boat to be overloaded, and for her to proceed on her journey when her boiler needed repairing. It was generally understood at the time that over two thousand lost their lives. A distressing feature was that these men were ex-prisoners of war who had undergone awful experiences in Southern prisons, after all to lose their lives when free and on their journey home. It was related that one case in particular was of a regular soldier at the opening of the war whose time had expired just on the eve of a battle, but who felt he could not leave under the circumstances and remained and took part in the fight. He was captured, and, after being a long time in prison, was one of the unfortunates on board the "Sultana" and lost his life.

This incident of the great Civil War is almost completely lost sight of, as note in speaking of the "Titanic" disaster it is called the greatest marine disaster of record. But those lost on the "Sultana" were merely soldiers, and it occurred at a time when loss of life was taken for granted.

St. Paul, Minnesota, 937 Ottawa Avenue.

OFFICIAL PAPERS FROM WAR DEPARTMENT

DESTRUCTION OF THE STEAMER "SULTANA" IN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, NEAR MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE,
APRIL 27, 1865.

From the record of this Department it would appear that the steamer "Sultana" left Vicksburg, Mississippi, on April 24, 1865, and was destroyed on the Mississippi river, near Memphis, Tennessee, on April 27, 1865.

A court of inquiry was thereupon ordered by Major-General C. C. Washburne, commanding the district of West Tennessee, to investigate the facts and circumstances of the burning of the "Sultana."

On April 30, 1865, the Secretary of War instructed Brevet Brigadier-General Hoffman, commissary-general of prisoners, to inquire into the circumstances of the destruction of the steamer referred to, which officer, on May 19, 1865, made the following report:

"OFFICE OF THE COMMISSARY-GENERAL OF PRISONERS,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 19, 1865.

"HON. E. M. STANTON, *Secretary of War*,

"Washington, D. C.:

"Sir:—Pursuant to your instructions of the 30th ult., I proceeded direct to Memphis, Tennessee, and Vicksburg, Mississippi, to inquire into the circumstances of the destruction of the steamer 'Sultana' in the Mississippi river, near Memphis, on the 24th ult., by which calamity a large number of paroled prisoners, who had embarked on her at Vicksburg, lost their lives, and I have the honor to submit the following report of the result of my investigations:

"At Memphis I learned that a court of inquiry had been ordered by Major-General Washburne, commanding district

of West Tennessee, to investigate the facts and circumstances of the burning of the 'Sultana,' and at Vicksburg I learned that a commission had been ordered by Major General Dana, commanding department of the Mississippi, to make a similar investigation. The court and the commission were about closing their proceedings when I arrived at Vicksburg, and finding, upon a perusal of their records, that all the testimony taken would be useful to me in forming an opinion as to the merits of the case, I determined to avail myself of a copy of them, which I was permitted to do through the courtesy of the generals by whom the investigations were made.

"In addition to the above I obtained such further testimony that was within my reach, as I thought necessary to a full understanding of the matter. Upon a careful consideration of all the facts as presented in the testimony herewith submitted, I am of the opinion that the shipment of so large a number of troops (1,866), on one boat, was, under the circumstances, unnecessary, unjustifiable, and a great outrage on the troops.

"A proper order was issued by the general commanding the department for the embarkation of the paroled prisoners, and there were four officers of his staff who were responsible that this order was properly carried out, viz.: Colonel R. B. Hatch, captain in the quartermaster's department, chief quartermaster; Captain Frederic Speed, A. A. G., U. S. Volunteers, adjutant general department of Mississippi; Captain George A. Williams, First U. S. Infantry, commissary of musters and in charge of paroled prisoners and Captain W. F. Kernes, A. Q. M., U. S. Volunteers, and master of transportation. If there was anything deficient or unsuitable in the character of the transportation furnished, one or more of these officers should be held accountable for the neglect.

"The testimony shows that it was well understood by the four officers named that the troops in question were to embark on the 'Sultana.' She was provided by the master of transportation, with the approval of the chief quartermaster, upon the order of General Dana, though not upon a formal requisition, and Captain Speed and Captain Williams were to superintend the embarkation. Nothing was known positively as to the number of men that were to go on board, but it was the impression that there would be from 1,200 to 1,500; nor was any inspection of the boat made by either of the officers above named to determine her capacity or her condition. Neither one of them knew whether she had proper apparatus for cooking for so many men, or other necessary conveniences required for troops on transports. The troops were sent to the steamer from the camp in three parties, as is shown by the testimony of Mr. Butler, superintendent of military railroads at Vicksburg, though Captain Speed and Captain Williams knew only of the first and third parties; the second party consisted of between three hundred and four hundred men. As the men were being embarked, Captain Kernes seems to have been satisfied that too many were going on one boat and he so reported to Colonel Hatch, who agreed with him in his belief but failed to interfere himself, as it was his duty to do, or to make any report of the matter to General Dana, because, as he states, he had had a day or two before some difficulty with Captain Speed about the shipment of troops. There were two other steamers at the landing during the day, both of which would have taken a part of the men, and there was, therefore, no necessity for crowding them all on one boat; it only required an order from Colonel Hatch, or a representation of the facts to the commanding general.

"Both Captain Speed and Captain Williams acted under the impression that there were only about 1,400 men to be

forwarded, and having also a conviction that bribery had been attempted to induce the shipment of part of the men on the 'Pauline Carroll' they, during the day, resisted the proposition to divide the command between the two boats, in the belief that in doing so they resisted an attempt at fraud. It was not until the troops were all on board that they became aware of the fearful load that was on the boat, and then they seemed to think it too late to make any change, but neither of them made any inspection of the boat to see whether there was room enough for every man to lie down. The testimony shows, and by a calculation of the area of the three decks I am satisfied, that there was scant sleeping room for all the men when every part of the boat from the roof of the texas to the main deck was fully occupied. At night it was impossible to move about, and it was only with much difficulty that it could be done during the daytime. The cooking was done either by hot water taken from the boilers or at a small stove on the after-part of the main deck, and owing to the limited nature of this arrangement, the difficulty of getting about the boat, and the want of camp kettles or mess-pans, the cooking could not be very general. Before the troops embarked there were on the boat about sixty horses and mules and some hogs—one hundred or more. The great weight on the upper deck made it necessary to set up stanchions in many places, in spite of which the deck perceptibly sagged.

"The impression seems to have been entertained that the paroled troops, having been so long suffering together in rebel prisons, were particularly anxious to go home together in the same boat, but there is no foundation for this belief. The men were exceedingly anxious to return to their homes and were willing to put up with many inconveniences, but they felt that they were treated with unkindness and harshness when they were so crowded to

gether in great discomfort on one boat, when another equally good was lying alongside willing to take them.

"From the foregoing, I am of the opinion that the four officers above named are responsible for the embarkation of so large a number of troops on an unsuitable vessel, Colonel Hatch and Captain Speed being the most censurable. It was their duty especially to see that the service was properly performed. Captain Williams was assisting Captain Speed, and seems to have felt that there was no special responsibility resting on him; but there was a manifest propriety in his knowing the number embarked, and if there was a deficiency of transportation he should have reported it. Captain Kernes made no inspection of the steamer to see that she was properly fitted up, but he did report her to Colonel Hatch, and also to General Smith, as being insufficient for so many troops, and his report should have been noticed. He made no report of the repairing of the boiler, which he seems to have been aware was going forward, and which it has not yet been decided positively was not the cause of the disaster. Lieutenant W. H. Tillinghast, Sixty-sixth United States Colored Infantry, was the only other officer connected with this service, but he had no directing control. It is shown by his own testimony that a bribe was proffered to him to induce him to use his influence in having some of the troops shipped on the 'Pauline Carroll,' which he showed a willingness to accept—at least he did not reject it—and which he failed to report until after the loss of the 'Sultana.' The testimony of the four officers above referred to is very contradictory, and I have formed my opinion from the general tenor of the testimony and the circumstances of the embarkation.

"Brigadier-General M. L. Smith, United States Volunteers, had command of the district of Vicksburg at the time, but he had nothing officially to do with the shipment of

the troops; yet as it was officially reported to him by Captain Kernes that too many men were being put in the 'Sultana,' it was proper that he should have satisfied himself, from good authority, whether there was sufficient grounds for the report, and if he found it so he should have interfered to have the evil remedied. Had he done so the lives of many men would have been saved.

"In reference to the immediate cause of the calamity, the testimony which I have been able to collect does not enable me to form a positive opinion. The testimony of the two engineers of the 'Sultana,' and of the inspector at St. Louis, establishes that her boilers were in good condition on her leaving that port for New Orleans, and apparently continued so until her arrival within ten hours' run of Vicksburg, when a leak occurred in one of her boilers. On the arrival of the boat at Vicksburg this leak was repaired by a competent boilermaker, and was pronounced by him a good job, though he qualifies the character of the work by saying that, to have been thorough and permanent, the two sheets adjoining the leak should have been taken out, and that, in its then condition, it was not perfect. The first engineer, Mr. Wintringer, testifies that after leaving Vicksburg he watched the repaired part of the boiler, which was near the front end, just over the fire-bars, carefully, and it did not at any time show the least sign of giving way. When he was relieved from charge of the engine by the second engineer the boilers were full of water and in good condition, and on their return to Memphis, the second engineer, Mr. Clemmans, who being on watch at the time of the explosion was fatally scalded, told him before he died that the boilers were all right and full of water. I was told by another engineer at Cincinnati that he had said the same thing to another person on landing at Memphis, but this other person was not within my reach.

"There is nothing to show that there was any careening of the boat at the time of the disaster, or that she was running fast; on the contrary, it is shown that she was running evenly and not fast.

"A piece of boiler was obtained from the wreck, by order of General Washburne, which I examined. It seemed to have been broken from the bottom of the boiler the breadth of a sheet and torn tapering to near the top of the boiler, tearing the iron like paper, at times through the rivet holes and then through the middle of the sheet. The lower or wider end seems to have been exposed to the fire without the protection of water, and if so, doubtless was the cause of the explosion; but this piece of iron may have been exposed to the fire of the burning vessel after the explosion, in which case some other cause must be found to account for it. The testimony of some of the most experienced engineers on the western rivers is given, to throw some light on the matter, but until the boilers can all be examined, no reliable conjecture can be made to account for the explosion. Thus far, nothing has been discovered to show that the disaster was attributable to the imperfect patching. It is the common opinion among the engineers that an explosion of steam boilers is impossible when they have the proper quantity of water in them, but the boilers may burst from an overpressure of steam when they are full of water, owing to some defective part of the iron, in which case there is generally no other harm done than giving way of the defective part and the consequent escape of steam. One engineer, who is said to be the most reliable on the river, said that even in such a case the great power of the steam having once found a yielding place tears everything before it, producing the effect of an explosion, and his view seems to be reasonable.

"What is usually understood as the explosion of a boiler

is caused by the sudden development of intense steam by the water coming in contact with red-hot iron, which produces an effect like the firing of gunpowder in a mine, and the destruction of the boilers and the boat that carries them is the consequence.

"The report and testimony show that there were 1,866 troops on board the boat, including 33 paroled officers; one officer who had resigned, and the captain in charge of the guard. Of these, 765, including 16 officers, were saved, and 1,101, including 19 officers, were lost. There were 70 cabin passengers and 85 crew on board, of whom 12 to 18 were saved, giving the loss of 137; making the total loss, 1,238.

"I have the honor to submit herewith the following papers in support of the foregoing opinions, viz.: Testimony taken before the Court of Inquiry ordered by Major-General Washburne, marked A; testimony taken before the commission ordered by Major-General Dana, marked B; testimony taken by myself, including testimony of Captain James McGown, Sixth Kentucky Cavalry, taken before Colonel Badeau of General Grant's staff, marked C, and the report of Major-General Dana, commanding department of Mississippi, marked D.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"W. HOFFMAN,

"*Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Army,*

"*Commissary-General of Prisoners.*"

VICKSBURG, MISS., May 7, 1865.

Will General Dana please state what officer, or officers, he considers responsible for the shipment of the paroled

troops within referred to and for the proper character of the transportation.

Very respectfully,

W. HOFFMAN,
Commissary-General Prisoners.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF MISSISSIPPI,
VICKSBURG, May 8, 1865.

Respectfully returned to Brigadier-General Hoffman, Captain Speed was entrusted with the transfer and shipment of the prisoners and assumed full and active management and control of it, and I therefore consider him fully responsible therefor. The quartermaster's department was ordered to provide the transportation, and I consider Captain Kernes, quartermaster in charge of transportation, responsible for the character of it.

N. J. T. DANA,
Major-General.

The report of Major-General Dana is as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF MISSISSIPPI,
"VICKSBURG, May 8, 1865.

"BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. HOFFMAN, *United States Army,*
Commissary-General of Prisoners:

"In compliance with your verbal request this morning, I have the honor to report as follows regarding the shipment of paroled federal prisoners from here:

"The commissary of musters of this department, Captain George A. Williams, First U. S. Infantry, was, by my order in the latter part of March, placed in charge of the duties pertaining to an assistant commissioner of exchange, with a view to transaction of business with the rebel agents then in charge of federal prisoners of war who were arriving under flag of truce.

"The rebel prisoners having positively declined to turn

over any prisoners till they received an equivalent, Captain Williams was sent, first to Mobile and then to Cairo, to communicate with Major-General Canby, Lieutenant-General Grant and Brigadier-General Hoffman.

"During his absence, Captain Frederick Speed, assistant adjutant-general of this department, at his own suggestion, was assigned by me to the performance of Captain Williams' duties, and took entire charge of the receiving of prisoners from the rebel agents and of sending them to the parole camps at the North.

"During Captain Williams' absence at the North, orders were received, through me, by the rebel officials from Colonel Ould, rebel commissioner, by which they were induced to parole the prisoners; and I then ordered Captain Speed to prepare their rolls as rapidly as possible and send them North as rapidly as the rolls could be prepared, calculating, as near as circumstances would permit, about 1,000 at a load for the regular packets as they passed.

"The first load which was sent North was expected to be about 800, as that was about the number for which rolls were completed when the 'Henry Ames' was expected. She was delayed, however, and by the time she was ready to leave the rolls were ready for upwards of 1,300, and she carried them off. I had taken great interest in expediting the departure of these brave fellows to their homes and I went down to see this load start.

"The next load was by the steamboat 'Olive Branch,' which arrived so soon after the departure of the 'Ames' that rolls for only about 700 were ready for her.

"After she left Captain Speed came to me in considerable indignation and asked for authority to place Captain Kernes, the quartermaster of transportation at his post, in arrest. He stated that he had ordered all boats to be reported to him immediately on arrival and to await orders; that this

boat had arrived in the middle of the night and had not been reported to him till 8 o'clock next morning; and that she had been unnecessarily detained after being loaded; and that he had been informed that this delay was made because she did not belong to the line which had the government contract; and that the contract line had offered a pecuniary consideration, per capita, for the men to be kept for their boats; and the intention was to detain the 'Olive Branch' till one of the contract line came along to take the load from her. I directed him not to arrest Captain Kernes till he was satisfied, upon proper investigation, that the reports he had heard were well-founded.

"The next boat was the 'Sultana,' and she arrived so soon after the departure of the 'Olive Branch' that Captain Speed reported to me that rolls for only about 300 men could be prepared, and that, therefore, none would go by her, but they would wait for the next boat.

"Captain Williams had arrived from the North in the night. Soon after making his first report Captain Speed came to my office and reported that he had consulted with Captain Williams and had decided to ship all the balance of prisoners on the 'Sultana,' as Captain Williams had advised that they be counted and checked as they went on board and he would prepare the rolls afterward. I expressed satisfaction at this and asked how many there would be, and he replied about 1,300—not to exceed 1,400—that the exact number could not be stated owing to discrepancies in the rebel rolls.

"About the middle of the day Captain Williams came and reported that the captain of the 'Sultana' said he would leave in an hour or two and a large proportion of the men were still out at the parole camp, and he did not believe that proper exertions were being made to get them off, and that he had been informed that a pecuniary consid-

eration had been offered, per capita, for the detention of the men and shipment of them on the other line, and that he thought Captain Speed was practicing delay purposely for the detention of the men till the 'Sultana' should leave and a boat of the other line arrive. I then informed Captain Williams of what Captain Speed had previously reported regarding Captain Kernes and his clerks, and stated that I thought he had the rumor wrong. He promised to investigate it, and afterwards reported to me that he was entirely mistaken as regarded Captain Speed. I also ordered a telegram to be sent to Captain Speed informing him that the boat would leave in an hour or two, and inquiring if any more men would go by her.

"After dark Captain Speed reported that all the men were in from camp.

"Up to this moment I considered that he had performed his difficult task with great satisfaction and efficiency.

"The next morning on visiting my office I inquired of Captain Speed whether the boat had left and was informed she had. I then inquired as to the exact number of men she had taken, and was astonished to hear that there were 1,900. Having never seen the boat, I inquired as to her capacity and as to the comfort of the men and was assured by both Captain Speed and Captain Williams that the load was not too large for the boat, that the men were comfortable and not over-crowded and that there were very few boats which had so much room for troops as the 'Sultana.'

"I had, at first, intrusted the whole business to Captain Williams, but he having left Captain Speed was placed in charge of it, in addition to his other duties, by my orders. He assumed and managed it as I thought with ability and I never had any report or complaint, further than is stated above, prior to the deplorable calamity to the boat, and was

not informed of any other circumstances in the details of the whole matter.

"I am, very respectfully, etc.,

"N. J. T. DANA,

"Major-General."

The testimony referred to in General Hoffman's report is on file in this department. It is quite voluminous, however, and as his report was based upon that testimony and the report of General Dana, it is believed that the foregoing will furnish the necessary data bearing upon the destruction of the steamer "Sultana."

Respectfully submitted,

F. C. AINSWORTH,

Captain and Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A.

RECORD AND PENSION DIVISION.

TO THE HONORABLE, THE SECRETARY OF WAR.



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AN INDIANA VILLAGE

NEW HARMONY

BY

JOHN H. HOLLIDAY

INDIANAPOLIS
EDWARD J. HECKER, PRINTER
1914

NOTE

This article was written originally for the *Indianapolis Sentinel* after a visit I paid to New Harmony in July, 1869. Later it was revised, some additional facts being added and the whole brought down to 1881, when it was read as now presented to the Indianapolis Literary Club on April 4 of that year. The reader should bear this fact in mind.

J. H. H.

AN INDIANA VILLAGE

NEW HARMONY

A few months since there passed away a prominent citizen of Indiana, who as one of a surveyor's party traveled all over the region known as the New Purchase when there were probably not a score of white families living within a radius of fifty miles of Indianapolis. Where there is now a flourishing city and a prosperous country, his eye had gazed upon an unbroken, trackless forest. It is hard to picture the marvelous change that had been wrought within the limits of his manhood. In no age has there been, and in no age can there ever again be such a wonderful development. The pioneer now has scarcely put a roof over his head before a railroad is at his heels, bringing with it the comforts of civilization, and following in its wake comes a stream of population that in a short time has subdued the forest or covered the prairie with continuous farms. Rapid moving and aggregations of population there may be, but they come armed with all the facilities of modern life, and are within easy communication not only of older settlements but of the whole world. Fifty years and more ago the pioneer coming to Indiana to carve out a home in the wilderness, turned his back upon the world and his life was one of hardship and privation. One of the early preachers, yet surviving, who came from central New York, has said that when he brought his wife away her friends bade her farewell forever, and now he can write to a daughter in Japan and receive an answer in less time than he then could to a point barely twenty-four hours distance from Indianapolis.

by rail. When we consider what stupendous changes have taken place and remember that this wilderness of sixty years ago is now almost the center of population of the nation, it seems impossible that one man's life should have covered it all. Yet when Judge Test was carrying the surveyor's chain and establishing the metes and bounds of townships and sections that he probably never expected to see occupied, there was in Indiana a well settled town which looked as if it might have been lifted up from the banks of the Rhine or the Neckar, like Aladdin's palace, and set down upon the lower Wabash. Quaint it would have seemed even to the eye of a traveled beholder, with its high houses of red brick and stone, with peaked roofs, odd architecture but massive construction; its frame dwellings with no front doors; its streets set out with large rows of shade trees; its uniformity of design and cleanliness; and its surroundings of well-cultivated fields and vineyards, encompassed with forest. But to the Indian who yet lingered in the vicinity, or the roving white man, it must have presented a strange appearance as he stood upon a neighboring hill and watched the smoke pouring from the factories and saw the busy laborers moving about. Very different it must have seemed from the straggling village in the woods made by the Americans, where nothing rose higher than the mud chimney of the log cabin, and where the stumps thick in the corn patches and the fresh rail fences marked the newness of the settlement and the resources of the settlers. Probably it was then as it certainly had been a few years before, the largest town in the State, but that distinction it soon lost. The flow of immigration passed it by and to-day it is not so large as it then was, simply a village in size like many others, but in appearance and characteristics quite different. Its existence then was an another

aly, but it was due to the same causes that brought the Puritans to New England and the Huguenots to the Carolinas.

In 1757 there was born to a small farmer of Iptingen in Württemberg a son, who was called George Rapp. He received a common school education, worked with his father on the farm and in the winter was a weaver. At twenty-six he married. His life was like that of his class, but the man was no ordinary peasant. He was fond of reading and of thought. Religious feeling was much excited in the country during his early manhood, and Rapp, a devout believer, studied his Bible with the zeal characteristic of his race. He found in it a very different scheme of life from that in which he was placed. He was a literalist, and reached and surpassed the conclusions that literalists hold to-day. The lethargy of the established church was in sharp contrast with the activity of the Apostles. Christ might come at any moment, yet men were living as if there were no Christ. He longed for a return to the former things, for the close union of Christian fellowship intent only upon the eternal verities. He talked to others and found believers. At thirty he began to preach in his own house. His congregation, when it attracted notice, was denounced as separatists and persecuted by the clergy with the usual result. Yet there was nothing dangerous in their creed. Submission to the authorities was a principal tenet; all they asked was the right of private judgment and freedom to worship as they chose. Within six years three hundred families had become adherents of Rapp, and, after ten years of waiting, seeing no prospect of peace or toleration, they determined to go to America. In 1803 George Rapp, his son John and two others, having left the church in charge of Frederick Rapp, an adopted son, landed at Baltimore,

and, after prospecting in Maryland, Pennsylvania and Ohio, bought five thousand acres of wild land in Butler county, Pennsylvania, twenty-five miles north of Pittsburgh. On July 4th, 1804, three hundred of the colonists landed at Baltimore, and six weeks later the same number at Philadelphia. There was still a remnant which, however, deserted the main body and settled in Lycoming county, Pennsylvania. The six hundred, made up of mechanics and peasants, but all thrifty, some having considerable property, were settled temporarily in Maryland and Pennsylvania, while a number went with Rapp to prepare their property for occupation, and in February, 1805, organized themselves into the Harmony Society, based upon the apostolic church and having all things in common. The rest, when they came, agreed to the plan, and with one hundred and twenty-five families began the community variously known as the Rappites, Harmonists and Economists, probably the most successful materially of all recorded schemes of voluntary association. This community was welded together by a profound faith, for which each member was ready to suffer persecution. They were headed by a man of strong, practical sense, indomitable perseverance, intense conviction and force. His assistant, Frederick Rapp, is described as "a man of uncommon ability and administrative talent." The members had the phlegmatic temperament and slow movement of the German peasant, with his constancy of purpose, animated by a supreme desire and controlled by a strong mind. There were no scoffers, no drones; cheerful obedience was given; each labored for the good of all. Harmony was built, factories were established to produce all that was needed, agriculture was carefully pursued, and stock breeding cultivated. The community was frugal and industrious, and flourished. The wilderness blos-

somed, comforts accumulated, children were born, and the members, happy in their present state, looked hopefully forward to the coming of the kingdom and a rest at the right hand of the Master. But a wave of religious feeling passed over the colonists, and George Rapp announced that to attain a purer life, to reach a higher sphere of which they had no conception, the carnal man must be crucified; in other words, celibacy must be practiced. In view of the second advent and the approaching resurrection, in which there was to be neither marrying nor giving in marriage, and in order that they might be numbered among the one hundred and forty-four thousand "who should stand with the Lamb on Mount Zion, and who were to be such as were not defiled with women, but were virgins," he urged his people to this further preparation and purification, and, always leading, put away his own wife and bade his son do likewise. He was obeyed by almost all his flock, and, under the enthusiasm of mistaken faith, God's arrangement of mankind into families was set aside, the husband and wife separating and living henceforth as strangers. The adoption of celibacy, in the belief that those who practiced it would receive the most perfect happiness in the next world, completed Rapp's system of theology, which embraced the tenets of orthodoxy, except that punishment was not eternal and that the second coming was at hand.

The Rappites, however, intent upon the things of the kingdom, were not averse to a comfortable life here and had a remarkably keen eye for the main chance. They found it difficult to get markets, and, getting into some disputes with their neighbors, decided to sell out, which they did at a sacrifice for \$100,000, and bought thirty thousand acres of land in what was then Gibson but is now Posey county, Indiana. As before, a party of pio-

neers went in advance, building houses and clearing ground. In 1814 the whole community came in broad-horns down the Ohio and up the Wabash to their second home, which they called New Harmony.

The village, situated on the higher land or second bottom, was laid out in squares forming four streets running north and south and six east and west. To these others have been added, but for many years the town preserved the same limits. How many Harmonists there were cannot be told. Accounts differ widely. At New Harmony it is said that more than one thousand went away, and there is no doubt that several hundred died there. When they left the town contained thirty-five brick, forty-five frame and about one hundred log houses, which must have required a population of about one thousand. Of the brick and frame buildings many are still standing, a few only having been burned or torn down, but they have been altered and improved in so many ways that the Harmonists, who had a queer notion that one door, and that a back one, was enough for any house, would not recognize them now. The most imposing edifice was the town hall, a huge cruciform structure measuring one hundred and twenty-five feet within the walls. For many years after the community days it was used as a pork-house, but some time ago was torn down, with the exception of a wing which the workingman's library occupies.

The "grainhouse," another large building, is still standing. It is built of stone to a height of twenty feet, and finished to an equal height with brick and surmounted with a high, rounding peaked roof. Its walls are very massive and the windows are barred with iron. It was built for a granary, the Harmonists said, and the walls were made thick to keep out the weevils, but the general

appearance, added to the fact that loopholes were pierced in it, lead one to believe that it was meant for a place of security should the community be attacked. When built there was no reason to dread the Indians, but the Germans had a wholesome fear of their backwoods neighbors who might have been induced to molest them. The granary was occupied for many years by Dr. David Dale Owen as a laboratory and museum, and afterward was used for a woolen factory and mill. Near by, on the corner, where Dr. David Owen's residence stands, was the home of George Rapp, afterward burned, and from this an underground passage to the grainhouse was found after the Harmonists had gone. Another of the buildings is fitted up as a theater and ballroom, and for many years has been a commodious public hall, in which not a few plays have been produced by home talent. Another very large building with a mansard roof, built for a boarding house, is used as a store, Odd Fellows' lodgeroom and printing office. Another one was the Viets house, long the hotel of the village, and a queer, quaint hostelry it was, with a jolly fat landlord such as we read about, but fire injured it many years ago and the jolly landlord is sleeping the last sleep in the neighboring graveyard. All of these buildings were put up with great care. The Harmonists did their work well.

Just west from the old town limits and not far from the river is an enclosure of several acres covered with a locust grove. This is the cemetery of the Harmonists. No stones or marks of any kind point out the graves, now undistinguishable. The ground is covered with grass, and, but for occasional ridges, one would think it never had been broken. Here awaiting the second coming of Christ, in anticipation of which they joyfully left home and country to cross the sea and settle in a strange land,

sleep several hundred of Rapp's followers. The mortality in the community was very great at first, and it is said the reason the graves were not marked was because Rapp thought it would have a bad effect both upon the people and strangers, to see how many had died. Here they lie, preserving in death the custom they observed in life, buried uniformly in rows. There are no family ties, no exalted places, nothing but equality; here at last is the true communism. They are not forgotten, however, by their friends at Economy, for the cemetery is well cared for at the expense of the community.

When the Rappites came to the Wabash the clearing of the country developed malarious diseases which made frightful havoc among them; it is believed that four or five hundred died during the ten years. When the worst was over the people became discouraged; possibly their faith was weakened, for the Messiah had not appeared; possibly Mr. Rapp thought they needed the stimulus of a removal and new settlement. After trying for several years to get a purchaser, the town and about two-thirds of the land was sold in 1824 to Robert Owen, of Scotland, for \$150,000. They returned to Pennsylvania, eighteen miles below Pittsburgh, building a town called Economy. Here they have prospered greatly, accumulating by enterprise and industry, as well as by fortunate investments, a large property, rumor says millions. George Rapp died here in 1847, ninety years old, but confident to the last that his mortal eyes would see the Master coming in power and glory. Few additions have been made and the community is small in numbers, less than two hundred. Their affairs have always been well managed, and there is a good deal of interest felt as to what will become of their property. It is believed that it will go to the State, but, curiously enough, there are a number of people in

Württemberg who, holding various degrees of relationship to members, hope to get a part and have brought suits to that end. Materially the Rappites' experiment has been a great success. They have lived well and accumulated a large average of wealth. But did it pay? Was the sacrifice of the individual profitable? The answer will be almost as varied as there are individuals. In his autobiography Robert Dale Owen says:

"When my father first reached the place, he found among the Germans—its sole inhabitants—indications of plenty and material comfort, but with scarcely a touch of fancy or ornament; the only exceptions being a few flowers in the gardens and what was called the Labyrinth, a pleasure ground laid out near the village with some taste, and intended—so my father was told—as an emblematic representation of the life these colonists had chosen. It contained small groves and gardens, with numerous circuitous walks enclosed by high beech hedges and bordered with flowering shrubbery, but arranged with such intricacy that without some Dædalus to furnish a clew, one might wander for hours and fail to reach a building erected in the center. This was a temple of rude material, but covered with vines of the grape and convolvulus, and its interior neatly fitted up and prettily furnished. Thus George Rapp had sought to shadow forth to his followers the difficulties of attaining a state of peace and social harmony. The perplexing approach, the rough exterior of the shrine and the elegance displayed within, were to serve as types of toil and suffering, succeeded by happy repose.

"The toil and suffering had left their mark, however, upon the grave, stolid and often sad German faces. They looked well fed, warmly clothed (my father told me) and seemed free from anxiety. The animal had been suffi-

ciently cared for; and that is a good deal in a world where millions can hardly keep the wolf from the door, drudge as they will, and where hundreds of millions, manage as they may, live in daily uncertainty whether in the next week or month absolute penury may not fall to their lot. A shelter from life-wearing cares is something, but a temple typifies higher things, more than what we shall eat and what we shall drink and wherewithal we shall be clothed. Rapp's disciples had bought these too dearly—at an expense of heart and soul. They purchased them by unquestioning submission to an autocrat who had been commissioned—perhaps as he really believed, certainly as he alleged—by God himself. He bade them do this and that and they did it; required them to say, as the disciples in Jerusalem said, that none of the things they possessed were their own, and they said it; commanded them to forego wedded life and its incidents, and to this also they assented. Their experiment afforded conclusive proof that if a community of persons are willing to pay as high a price for abundant food, clothing, shelter and absolute freedom from pecuniary cares, they can readily obtain all this, working leisurely under a system of common labor, provided the dictator to whom they submit is a good business manager."

Whether the Harmonists assumed any duties of citizenship I have not been able to discover, but it seems probable that they did, or at least in this State, as Frederick Rapp was a member of the convention that framed the first constitution, serving on several important committees. Subsequently he was a member of the Legislature and was one of the commissioners appointed to select a site for the State Capitol, a duty which he performed in 1820.

Robert Owen, by whom the second experiment in so-

cialism at New Harmony was made, was born in Newtown, Montgomeryshire, Wales, May 14, 1771. His parents were poor and he received little education, but being naturally a thoughtful, studious though not precocious boy, he read whatever he could lay hands upon and early formed opinions of his own, especially upon religious subjects. He himself says his doubts of the truth of religion began when he was ten. About that time he went to London to earn a living and thence to Manchester, where he drifted into cotton spinning at first, and before he was twenty as a superintendent, when he made great improvements in the business, and subsequently as an owner. He brought to his business intelligence, industry and good habits, and he succeeded. He seems to have been a model youth and man, pure minded, intent upon improvement, diligent in study and reflection. In Manchester in 1794 he lodged for some time in the same house with Robert Fulton and aided him with considerable money to prosecute various mechanical projects, but not that of the steamboat, then unthought of by the inventor. Here too he made acquaintance with and became a munificent supporter of Lancaster and Bell in their earlier efforts in education, and their views, according with theories already formed, took strong hold upon his mind. In all this he showed the trait of character which was to dominate his whole life, love to his fellow men, and which, after exhausting large accumulations, did not wane in advanced age and comparative obscurity. To the last he was hopeful and helpful and utterly unselfish. His theory of life briefly stated was that man is the creature of circumstances, or as we put it now, the victim of his environment. He is made by his surroundings, character being formed partly by nature at his birth and then by the external influences to which he is subjected. Such a thing

as moral responsibility did not exist, according to Mr. Owen. It is impossible within the limits of this sketch to give a comprehensive notice of this remarkable man or even a just estimate of his character and work. Suffice it to say that at New Lanark, a few miles from Glasgow, where he had become part owner of a large cotton mill in 1800, he put his theories of education and training into practice, and with marvellous success. The population was made much superior to that of other factory villages, order and virtue prevailed, all were schooled, especially the children, and happy homes of contentment built up. The fame of this village spread and it had visitors from all civilized countries, including royalty itself. Mr. Owen believed, and so did many others, that he had solved a great social problem and that from New Lanark was to radiate an influence that would transform modern society. Mr. Owen was convinced that his system could be applied as successfully to the world as to a factory village. He proposed to form communities, living in one immense building or village of union, built in a parallelogram, with common purses, food, enjoyment, resources and pursuits. The family arrangement was not interfered with, the adults he thought would be held together by a bond of self-interest, while the young were to be trained from infancy and built up in faith, so that coming to maturity the individuals having had the best surroundings would be free from human passions. Mr. Owen worked incessantly to promulgate his plans, at the same time championing education as the panacea for evil, and becoming the pioneer reformer of factory abuses. He was the advocate of everything that could help men, except religion. His views on this great subject he did not announce until 1817, when, after much preparation, he boldly declared them in an address in London. He evi-

dently expected momentous consequences, possibly martyrdom, but his conscience bade him speak and he spoke. The declaration seemed to create barely a ripple of surprise, but was none the less effective in injuring him. Such views in a country like England would at this day drive many away from one holding them, but it was far worse then. Owen was looked upon by most of the English people as the Delaware judge looked upon Bob Ingersoll—a blasphemer and an enemy of the country who should be crushed. He became obnoxious to a large class, his name was coupled with Paine's and Voltaire's, the good he had done was forgotten or belittled, and the good he would do was ignored and decried because he was an unbeliever. Nor has this impression passed away, and to many Englishmen the name of the factory reformer, the father of co-operative societies, the rugged, honest, unselfish man, the philanthropist in the best meaning of the word, only conveys the idea of an apostle of atheism and an enemy of all good. Not all his friends dropped away, however, and with some assistance a community experiment was tried in Scotland. This failed, because of bad management, for Mr. Owen, while a man of large general views, failed in the details of his experiments except at New Lanark. About this time he concluded that socialism could better be attempted in a new country where society was in more of a formative stage than in the old world, and, hearing of the desire of the Rappites to sell out, he came to this country, lectured in the principal cities, visited New Harmony, bought the property and announced that a community would be established there. There was no difficulty in finding adherents. Several hundred gathered there in the spring of 1825 when Mr. Owen made an opening address, suggesting the formation of a preliminary society as a sort of experimental

preparation for the community. In this the members were to live in families, receive credit for the work they did and draw all supplies from a common fund, which apparently was to be supplied by Mr. Owen. The government was to be done by a committee chosen by universal suffrage, and it was hoped that in two or three years, when the inharmonious characters had been weeded out, the asperities softened and the good qualities developed, the grand plan of brotherhood could be established. The constitution was saturated with philanthropy, and it is not a little amusing to find it excluded the blacks altogether, but afterward says: "Persons of color may be received as helpers to the society if found necessary, or if it be found useful, to enable them to become associates in communities in Africa or in some other country, or in part of this." Even in this elysium race-prejudice had full force. The society grew very rapidly, soon numbering over one thousand persons, and compelling notice that no more could be received until greater accommodations were provided. Schools taught by accomplished teachers were put into operation, labors of various kinds were pursued, and for a time there was a great deal of interest and enthusiasm, so much so that the next January it was thought the time had come for the organization of the real community. It may seem strange that so many people could have been gathered up in so short a time, but it must be remembered that great inducements were offered—comfortable homes, cultured society, good schools, small cost of living. There were a number of believers sincerely desirous of trying Mr. Owen's theory, there were some crackbrain enthusiasts ready for anything unusual and novel, but there were more who were actuated by purely selfish motives and who saw in his scheme a chance to better themselves

cheaply. To others it was doubtless a sort of picnic or grand frolic. And there were some sharpers keenly looking for spoils, who gave Mr. Owen a great deal of trouble before he was done with them. As the novelty wore off, disaffection broke out. At the end of the first year, however, Mr. Owen expressed great satisfaction, and after another year in which there had been a great deal of discord, he was equally sanguine of success, although in a few weeks the crisis came and his sons declared the community dead. Mr. Owen was not at New Harmony much of the time the community existed. He trusted others to carry out the details, but his presence would not have maintained it longer. There was no strong bond to hold the members together, no intense faith as with the Rappites, no confidence in any leader. The only tie was selfishness and that not of a high or enlightened type. Nearly fifty years after Robert Dale Owen, looking back after a long and busy life, said: "I do not believe that any industrial experiment can succeed which proposes equal remuneration to all men, the diligent and the dilatory, the skilled artisan and the common laborer, the genius and the drudge. I speak of the present age; what may happen in the distant future it is impossible to foresee and improvident to predict. What may be safely predicted is that a plan which remunerates all alike will, in the present conditions of society, eliminate from a co-operative association the skilled, efficient and industrious members, leaving an ineffective and sluggish residue, in whose hands the experiment will fail, both socially and pecuniarily."

Soon after the formation of the community Mr. Owen had sold half the land to William Maclure, the rest he had never conveyed to the society, and on its abandonment he offered land to those who wished to form small

agricultural communities. Several were established, leasing land at low rates, but the sharpers took advantage and secured a large amount of property from him. Subsequently he deeded all his interest in the property to his sons, who paid him an annuity of \$1,500 a year. The New Harmony experiment cost him about \$200,000, and the \$40,000 he had left was spent in the same way, a trading society or bazaar started in London taking a large part. Another socialistic experiment in England was as great a failure as that of New Harmony. He died in November, 1857, at his birthplace, to which an uncontrollable desire had taken him. Singularly enough, this man who all his days had refused to believe in the supernatural, became an ardent and most credulous spiritualist in his old age. But he was long forgotten outside of a small circle. William Lucas Sargeant, author of "Robert Owen and His Social Philosophy," says: "Owen lived so long that the remembrance of the good he accomplished was interred even before his bones. His proceedings during the last thirty or forty years had been so entirely apart from the ordinary current of affairs, that the man himself was forgotten. In 1857, at the great educational conference in London, when a feeble, white-haired man took an irregular place on the platform and tried to get a hearing for notions apparently quite beside or perhaps above the questions at issue, many persons hearing the name of the intruder, presumed that he must be the son of the notorious Robert Owen of their childhood."

"Men may come and men may go," but the influence of their actions goes on forever, and if Mr. Owen did not succeed, he left a rich legacy to the State and country. With the abandonment of the community, New Harmony simply assumed its place as an Indiana village. Many who had been attracted by the social movement went away,

but many remained, some of them the choicest spirits of the association. Among these were Mr. Owen's sons, Robert and William, who were soon joined by David and Richard. William came with his father on his first and Robert on his second visit to this country, and the latter was so charmed with America that before he had been on the soil twenty-four hours he had determined to live and die here and had taken the first step toward naturalization. He came by water from Pittsburgh in a keelboat which, from its valuable freight of talent and learning, was known to the community as "the boatload of knowledge." Among the passengers were William Maclure, Thomas Say, C. A. LeSeuer, a French naturalist, who partly made the voyage around the world with LaPe-rouse; Dr. Gerard Troost, afterward State geologist of Tennessee; Miss Lucy Sistaire, who became the wife of Thomas Say; Madam Fretageot, a French lady of great ability as a teacher, who took charge of the female schools, and whose descendants are now prominent citizens of New Harmony; Mr. William Phiquepol De Arusmont, a teacher who subsequently married Frances Wright; Stedman Whitwell, a noted London architect; Captain McDonald, a wealthy Scotchman who had been in the British army and who afterward inherited a title of nobility; Joseph Neef, the father of Mrs. Richard Owen, a coadjutor of Pestalozzi, who took charge of the boys' school and had conducted a school upon the Pestalozzian system at Schuylkill Falls, in which Admiral Farragut was a pupil; Oliver Evans, son of a noted machinist at Pittsburgh, and a number of others. These people and others of the more cultivated class were influenced to join the community by two reasons: a part, and the smaller, believed in socialistic theories and wished to try the experiment, but the larger part were fascinated

with the educational features proposed. The latter class was headed by William Maclure, and it was due to his personal influence that Say, LeSeuer, Neef, Madam Fritageot and probably others came. William Maclure was a native of Ayr, Scotland, who engaged in business in London and New York at an early age, rapidly acquiring a fortune. Geology and natural history became the objects of his special study and he traveled all over Europe and most of this country in their pursuit. In 1805 he published a geological map of the United States which gave him the title of the father of American geology. He was regarded as almost the first of American scientists and was the chief founder of the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia, where he made his home, and for twenty-three years was its president, aiding it financially with large sums, and at his death leaving it his books and specimens. He early became an enthusiast of education, and in 1819 went to Spain to establish a great agricultural manual labor school for the lower classes, but just as his buildings were completed the Bourbon government was reestablished and he was driven out of his property, including ten thousand acres of land, confiscated. Returning to this country, he endeavored to carry out his scheme and finally attempted it at New Harmony, though not a believer in socialism. He gathered together these prominent teachers and scientists and as has been said, purchased half the property from Mr. Owen. The failure of the community naturally injured his project of creating a great scientific center, but it might have come to something had not his health failed, compelling him to remove to Mexico. His property in New Harmony was retained for a number of years and Mr. Say made his home there, but when he died Maclure lost much of his interest in the place. The

Workingmen's Institute, if not his suggestion, was greatly aided by him with money and books, a large part of its library being his gift. Mr. Maclure died in Mexico in 1840, while on his way to this country. He was seventy-seven and had never married. A portion of his property was willed for the establishment of township libraries in this State and to some extent was used for that purpose. His friend, Mr. Say, a naturalist and the greatest entomologist of his day, was a native of Philadelphia, and one of the founders of the Academy of Natural Sciences. He was the chief zoologist in Long's expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1819, and accompanied other similar parties. He made New Harmony his home after going there, and there prepared his works on entomology and conchology, which are still regarded as standard. The illustrations of these in whole or part were executed in Paris but printed at New Harmony, as were two octavo volumes by Mr. Maclure, probably the finest work issued west of the Alleghanies up to that time. Mr. Say died in New Harmony in 1834, at the age of forty-seven. His grave was made in Mr. Maclure's garden, formerly Rapp's, and afterward owned by Dr. David Dale Owen and his sons. A monument erected by Mr. Maclure still marks the spot.

But time would fail to tell of many interesting residents of New Harmony, of the notorious but earnest and well-meaning Fanny Wright, of Neef and Whitwell and Evans and Price; of the eccentric Greenwood, father of Miles Greenwood, the Cincinnati manufacturer; of our own geologist Cox, whose parents were members of the community and upon whom the mantle of David Owen fell. But it is to the Owens that New Harmony owes most of its interest, and they have always been the most conspicuous residents of the place. Through them the

influence of Robert Owen, modified by culture and experience, has been made a force in the life of our State. So earnest an advocate of education as Robert Owen could not neglect to give his children the best opportunities and culture that money could buy, and his four sons, after receiving thorough home training, were sent to the celebrated school of Emanuel Von Fallenberg at Hofwyl, in Switzerland, of which Robert Dale Owen has given a charming sketch in his autobiography. Robert Dale and William, as has been said, came with their father to New Harmony and took part in the community, teaching and editing the weekly paper. The latter continued to live there until his death a few years later. David Dale, the third son, came to New Harmony with his brother Richard Dale in January, 1828. The former soon returned to Europe to study geology and natural science, but returned to this country to take up his residence in 1833. Two years later he was selected by the Legislature to make a geological survey of Indiana; subsequently he made an examination of the mineral lands of Iowa, and in 1848 was appointed United States Geologist, conducting the survey of Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and Kentucky. In 1857 he was appointed State Geologist of Arkansas and in his work there was assisted by his pupil Professor Cox. His death was hastened by the exposure in the miasmatic regions of that State, and he died in New Harmony in 1860, aged fifty-seven years, and enjoying the reputation of being in the front rank of his profession. His collection, which was a remarkably complete one, was purchased by the State some years ago at a cost of \$2000 and is now at Bloomington. For a time he occupied the old "granary" as a museum and laboratory, but just before his death had completed a handsome building for that special use, which has since been con-

verted into a dwelling house and is occupied by one of his sons.

Richard Owen, the youngest and only surviving son, was also a geologist, being at one time State Geologist of Indiana. He lived for some years in Tennessee. During the Civil War he was the colonel of an Indiana regiment, and then became professor at Bloomington, a place he relinquished two years ago, returning to New Harmony, where he is now enjoying a calm and pleasant old age, after a well spent life.

The most celebrated of the sons was Robert Dale Owen, the eldest. Like his father, the animating principle of his life was humanity. Bred to his father's peculiar views, he remained for a time in subjection to their influence, but age and experience emancipated him to a great extent, and after trying another communistic experiment near Memphis with Fanny Wright, he seems to have abandoned all belief in socialism. He launched into literature early, publishing at New Harmony in 1825 or '26 a work called "New Views of Society." Subsequently he wrote a play called "Pocahontas," which was acted by the Thespian Society about 1840. His association with Fanny Wright and his lectures and discussions had given him considerable prominence when he went into politics as a VanBuren elector in 1840, and his speeches in that canvass are still remembered as having been remarkable for their strength of argument and the absence of personalities and appeals to prejudices. In 1843 he was elected to Congress and again in 1845, but was beaten in 1847. During his service he was made a regent of the Smithsonian Institute, then just begun, and was particularly active in its foundation. The building it occupies is said to be due to his theories of architecture. In 1849 he was a candidate for United States Senator but

was beaten by Governor Whitcomb. In 1850 he became a member of the constitutional convention and was beyond all comparison the most laborious, fertile and efficient man of the one hundred and fifty. The law reforms and the provisions for women's rights and free schools were especially his work, and leave upon our statute book the ineffaceable marks of his father's inculcations, modified or strengthened by his own talent and observation. He was appointed by President Pierce charge d'affaires to Naples and lived there until 1858. It was during this period that he became like his father, a convert to spiritualism, and with his characteristic industry devoted his labors to the investigation of supernatural existences or apparitions. From the first avowal of spiritualistic notions or tendencies until his death, he led the numerous hosts of the new faith with undisputed authority. Into the work of propagating, defending and expurgating spiritism, he put the remainder of his life. He attended spiritual conventions all over the country, shaped the doctrines, explained the phenomena and defended the honesty of the new faith, and really converted it from a loose assemblage of notions into a system and a religion. His works, "Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World" and the "Debatable Land," were widely read and discussed, the appearance of the first causing a literary sensation. He wrote and lectured a great deal upon public topics all his later years, producing a novel, "Beyond the Breakers," which was printed in Lippincott's Magazine in 1869, and autobiographical sketches in the Atlantic in 1873. During the war he was a most ardent unionist, abandoning the democracy wholly, and rendered valuable service in various ways, from defending the Union cause with tongue and pen to purchasing arms in Europe. He was a very homely man, of medium height,

a little stooped; his face of the Scotch type, strongly marked and irregular in feature, but singularly genial and kind in expression. His manner was extremely courteous, unaffected and conciliating. An interview in 1869 gave me the impression that the community experiment was a distasteful subject with him, for he was extremely reticent and politely evaded or tried to evade all questions on that topic, though talking freely about everything else. But his autobiographical sketches show no reticence, their frankness of statement and fullness of detail about personal matters and feelings reminding one of Rousseau's "Confessions," though lacking the apparent vanity of the Frenchman. Before his death, which took place June 24, 1877, his mind was deranged by overwork, deranged but not obscured, for during several months' residence in the hospital for the insane his mental powers were incessantly active and brilliant, though twisted into grotesque shapes. Happily he recovered mental soundness but did not long survive, dying at the ripe age of seventy-three. What was said of him at the time in *The Indianapolis News* seems to me to hold good still:

"In scholarship, general attainments, varied achievements; as author, statesman, politician, and leader of a new religious faith, he was unquestionably the most prominent man Indiana ever owned. Others may fill now, or may have filled a larger space in public curiosity or interest for a time; but no other Hoosier was ever so widely known or so likely to do the State credit by being known, and no other has ever before held so prominent a place so long with a history so unspotted with selfishness, duplicity or injustice."

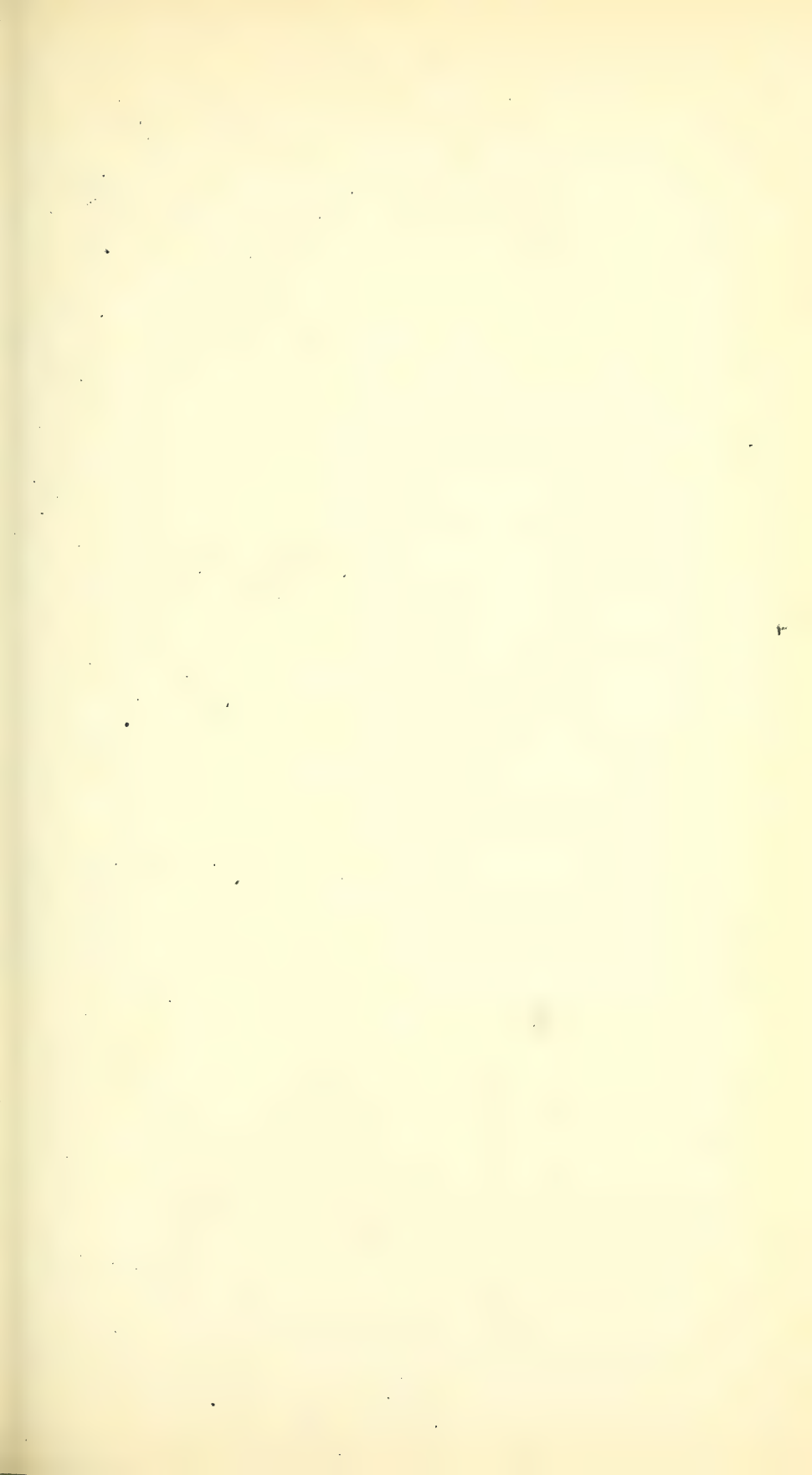
The Owens are well represented in New Harmony in the third and fourth generations, but the tastes of the

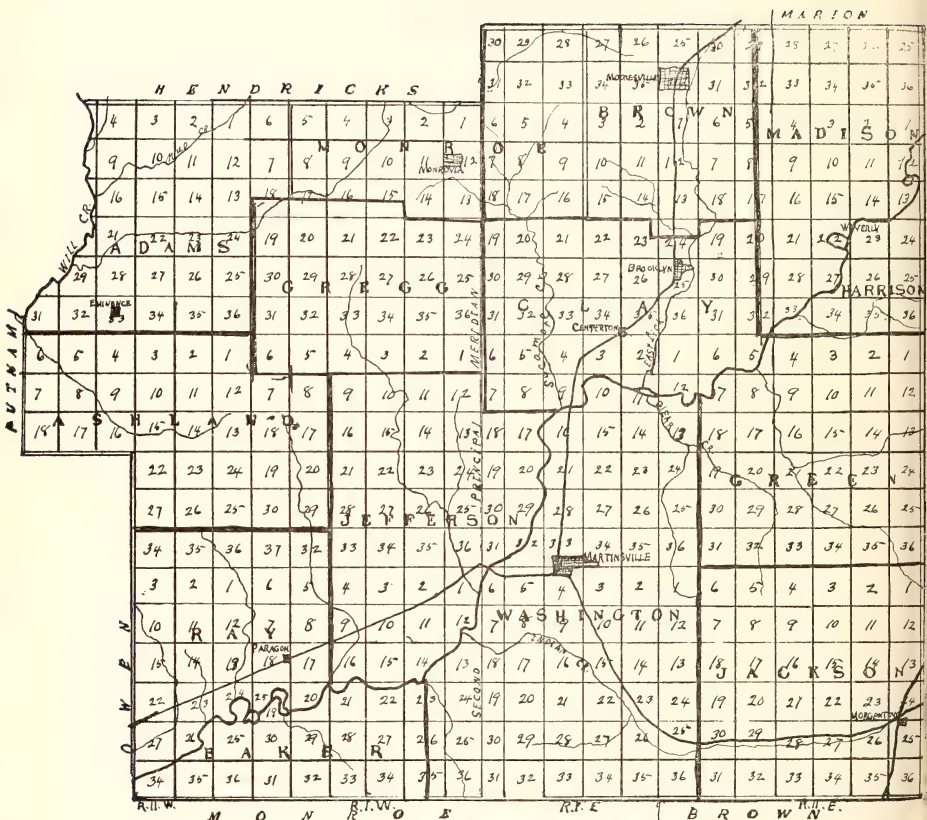
grandsons of Robert Owen seem to run to business rather than to natural or social science.

The character of a place is with rare exceptions stamped ineffaceably by its founders. New Harmony is not an exception. It is more than sixty years since the community died, but its democracy is still potent. There is no aristocracy, no higher and lower class. The people move on the same plane, the individual is judged more by his merits than in most places. There is much general intelligence, much love of books and amusements. The learned men who lived here often gave lectures and fostered a love for literature and science. Dr. Owen's collection was an educator. The Workingmen's Institute, founded over forty years ago, has a library of nearly four thousand volumes, which is well patronized. Certainly no other village in Indiana possesses such a collection of books. Adjoining the library is the room of the Society for Mutual Instruction, devoted to scientific and literary exercises. It was organized by Professor Richard Owen after his return from Bloomington, and he gave it as a nucleus a considerable cabinet of minerals, fossils, etc. Music has been cultivated ever since the days of the community, which paid particular attention to it, having as a teacher Josiah Warren, who afterward tried to alter the method of writing music. The New Harmony band is one of the institutions. There is less of the provincial about the people than one would expect. The free thinking tendency in religious matters is almost as strongly developed as old Robert Owen could have wished. Probably no community in the State of equal numbers has so few church members. There are but two church organizations, one Episcopalian and a Methodist. Services are kept up steadily in the latter, but it is very feeble, the support given it not being enough

to bring a man whose talent would arouse the interest of the people. The Episcopal Church has not had a rector for twenty years. Services are held occasionally, the Bishop goes there once a year, but the number upon the church rolls, fourteen, has not changed in several years. The majority of the members belong to the Owen family, which is a fact worth noting as showing how the pendulum has swung back. Professor Richard Owen is a Presbyterian, having been an elder in that church at Bloomington. The population is about one thousand. The village is slowgoing and conservative in comparison with most of our towns. Comparatively isolated as it has always been by not being on any direct line of travel, it has retained many old-fashioned notions and customs. and there is a freedom and restfulness about its existence that is fascinating when contrasted with the hurry and bustle of city life. For years it was miles away from the railroad and the telegraph, but at last these arms of modern life have grasped it, and, while their coming has wrought some change and in time may create greater ones, they cannot efface the marks of the past, for it is still in many things as anomalous as in the Community days and deserving par excellence the title of "*The Indiana Village.*"







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THE PIONEERS OF MORGAN COUNTY

MEMOIRS OF NOAH J. MAJOR

EDITED BY

LOGAN ESAREY, Ph. D.

SECRETARY OF THE INDIANA HISTORICAL SURVEY
INDIANA UNIVERSITY

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INTRODUCTION

These Memoirs were written during the decade preceding 1908. The writer was a man of wide acquaintance and keen discernment. The breadth of his sympathies and interests is abundantly shown throughout the sketches. He was, above all, a pioneer, but not one of that class that soured on the world when it realized the "good old times" were gone forever. For this reason his comments on pioneer conditions are all the more valuable. Few men have had better opportunities for observation than the writer. In 1823, the year of his birth, the New Purchase, of which Morgan county is a part, was on the very frontier. Whetzel's Trace was cut in 1818, but wild Indians roamed over the whole wilderness of what is now Morgan till after 1820. In 1832, at the age of nine, young Major came with his father to the neighborhood of Martinsville and there on a farm he continued to live till 1911, a period of eighty years. He saw the county grow, helped in its development, walking shoulder to shoulder with the four generations of men and women who transformed it from a wilderness to one of the most beautiful valleys of the State. The writer occasionally refreshed his memory by a reference to the records, but in the main he relied on his memory, which was marvelously clear. His wife did the writing, or, as she modestly puts it, the copying. She occasionally visited the State Library to verify certain facts or dates. It would be interesting to know how much of the fine literary style that runs evenly through the sketches is due to Mrs. Major's copying. The work furnished employment through many a long winter evening, and there is ample honor for two. So far as the editor knows, it is the finest tribute in existence to the Hoosier pioneers. No other county has so good an account of its settlers. When after the centuries every material vestige of their existence shall have disappeared, their descendants will be grateful for this, their most enduring monument.

L. E.

Indiana University, September 20, 1915.



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THE PIONEERS OF MORGAN COUNTY

I.

THE FIRST SETTLERS.

§1. EARLY TIMES AND EARLY SETTLERS.

When the geographical lines were run and the descriptions given, it was found that Morgan county contained about 450 square miles, or 288,000 acres, which, if parceled out equally, would have given 3,600 families an 80-acre farm each.

Statesmen ought to have known that homes rooted in the ground of a republican form of government gave the best assurance of its permanent existence. This they did not know, or knowing did not care, or caring could not help; for, instead of discouraging land speculation, they have greatly promoted it from the start to finish by Congressional enactments.

In 1788, Congress sold in the Northwest Territory six million acres of land to speculators, for a price not exceeding 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ cents per acre. In the case of John Cleves Symmes, the real cost was not more than 10 cents per acre; while at the same time, Congress would not sell to an actual settler less than 640 acres at \$2 per acre. The above transactions consisted of one and one-half million acres to the "Ohio Company," three and one-half million acres to the "Scioto Company," and one million acres to John Cleves Symmes. This sale was in the State of Ohio and included the ground on which Cincinnati now stands and was then nowhere surpassed in value as wild land.

We have called attention to the above business transaction of Congress to show that from the beginning that

august body has often been "sidetracked" by the lender and seemed to have forgotten the borrower of money. It is interesting to study the arguments of the average Congressman for the wholesale squandering of the public domain and playing it into the jaws of "land sharks." They said: "Small buyers are poor men, and poor men want credit. If we sell to them, in place of revenue, we will, by such a system, gain debtors. Men who can make cash payments must be rich, or, at least, 'well-to-do.' For the 'well-to-do' a section is none too large. For the rich a township (twenty-three thousand and forty acres) is none too much." Poor men, it was argued, "cannot expect to buy of the government; they must have credit and must go to the speculator. Poor men, if allowed, will pick the best tracts here and there and will deprive the speculator from locating his land all together."

We cannot pursue this line of argument without experiencing supreme contempt for the men who made it. It was as yet but five years since the close of the war for independence, in which war, as is always the case, there were fifty poor men to one rich man, and tens of thousands of them to one millionaire. Poor men who marched and countermarched, weary and footsore, half naked and half fed; men whose wives and children were left under the providence of God to eke out a bare, hard living; poor men who stood like a stone wall between the rich in property and British confiscation, and between their necks and a British halter. The poor man was most certainly entitled to an opportunity to secure a little home in the public domain he had helped to win from the British crown.

But Congress was slow to recognize his rights in the matter, and not until William Henry Harrison was sent as a delegate from the Northwest Territory to Congress was he placed on anything like an equal footing with the "land-

grabbers." Mr. Harrison showed the injustice to the real settler by such enactments and secured such amendments to the law as would enable the settler to purchase from the government one-half section. The law was finally so amended as to allow the purchase of forty acres.

The love of speculation seems inherent in the minds of men, and there has been no greater field for its operation than land sales in new districts and in and about towns and cities. As the lands of a new country were first offered to the highest bidder at the land office of a given district, commonly called the land sales, there was often lively bidding. Here again the man of small means was at a disadvantage. After all his trouble and privation in building his cabin, clearing his ground, and moving to his intended new home, he might lose it on the day of sale for lack of a few dollars, for the speculator was there in person or by proxy, and did not scruple to turn down and out any "camperdown" who stood in the way of his plans.

Father James Parks, the well-remembered centenarian, so often seen in Martinsville near the close of his life, related an instance that happened in Lawrence county, where a "shark" named Bullslit [Bulleit] attended the sales and, having plenty of money, over-reached a whole settlement, bought all the land and compelled the settlers to move on, which they did, Mr. Parks being among the number. Coming to Monroe county, they again began the arduous task of building other cabins and clearing other grounds, which they were more fortunate in retaining as permanent homes.

Fortunately, our county was never "exploited" by land speculators. It appears that from 80 to 160 acres was as much as most men were able to buy at the start, though many men added several more acres to their farms before they "went the way of all the earth."

It appears that the Cutler Brothers once owned a large

tract of land at Martinsville and north of it, running as far up the river as Cox's High Rock Mills.

The first suit in the Morgan Circuit Court, 1822, was Cutler vs. Cox, in chancery. This probably grew out of a land transaction. Whether they bought at the land sales or of private parties, or entered at government prices, is not known to the writer. They were men of more than ordinary enterprise. They bought at Martinsville the largest assortment of goods (value \$1,000) that appeared at any one time before the year 1825. They donated forty acres of land for the county seat, and were largely instrumental in establishing it on the present site. They helped in the county organization and were among the first county officers. The first court was held in Jacob Cutler's house in Martinsville on the 25th day of March, 1822.

William Fair, himself a very early settler and who was well acquainted with the Cutlers, told the writer that they were about to get into serious trouble, the nature of which he did not reveal, and they quietly closed up their business affairs, disposed of all their lands and moved away.

The next owners of these lands were Sammy Elliott and his son, Jacob Elliott, Larkin Reynolds, Thomas and James Clark, Thomas Hendricks (father of the late Thompson Hendricks), and the two brothers, Joel and William Wilson. In 1832 these men owned the land between the town border north, and the south line of Sec. 16, T. 12, R. 1 E. The above named Clarks must not be confounded with the name of John Clark, who bought the Tommy Clark farm and moved to it in 1836.

§2. SETTLERS OF 1821-1822.

In these sketches we write of the men and women who gave character and standing to our county in its earliest development, who left their impress for good on the next generation, who stood in the front rank of the army of progress in educational and church work in the moral and spiritual elevation of the rising generation—men of whom we may say, "They builded better than they knew," even though they well knew how to build, of whom and their sons and daughters we write in general terms, accounting them all well worthy to be remembered by every true and loyal son and daughter of the commonwealth.

We would that their names were written on a granite shaft instead of this perishable page, that the men and women in time to come—when this Republic will far surpass all that has yet been dreamed of its future greatness—might, at least, read the names of those who first came to make their dreary little cabin homes in the green wilderness of Morgan county.

As we write many of the names almost entirely from memory and at an age when this faculty oftentimes shows unmistakable signs of decay, we trust the indulgent and interested reader will supply our lack, by calling to mind the names of those we have forgotten or never knew. It is practically impossible, at this late date, to give all the names of those who took part in the first settlement of the county or to do full justice to those who, from time to time, were sedulously engaged in the moral, spiritual, and intellectual advancement of the community at large—principally at their own expense; for in those days teachers, preachers, and moralists were usually the poorest paid of all the professionals. For fifteen years the schools were paid by private subscription; term, sixty-five days, at \$1.25

per scholar; with an average of about twenty-five scholars. Payments were often made in "truck and turnover."

Local preachers were treated to a Sunday dinner by some liberal brother and sister and that squared the account to date.

Itinerants received from \$100 to \$300 per annum. But the power behind the great "White Throne" of truth and light was, and still is, the Christian life lived out every day at home as well as abroad. Christianity is life in the highest, truest sense, and nothing else is. Preachers may talk long and loud and bang the bindings off their Bibles, the laity may possess more zeal than knowledge, and sound may, in many instances, take the place of sense, but only the steady, constant firing from the battery of faith, hope, and love can drive the rank and file out of the enemy's entrenchments. If it be true that love laughs at locksmiths, so does Satan at empty professions.

A first settlement is somewhat like a net cast into the sea,—it catches alike the good, bad, and indifferent. The bad may soon be weeded out, but the indifferent, like the tares, grow with the wheat. However, there is generally enough salt in every settlement to save it from utter putrefaction.

We call attention to the names—nothing else—of the families who were "homed" in the county prior to the last day of December, 1822. And here we acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. Blanchard for many tabulated statements found in his history of the county.

Township 12 N., R. 2 W., was surveyed in 1816 by William Harris, and was therefore the first land measured by a surveyor's chain and compass in the county. This land had been ceded by the Indians prior to that year; but this township was resurveyed by Thomas Brown in 1819, who also made the original survey of five other townships

the same year. John Milroy surveyed three others, making nine townships surveyed in 1819.

In 1820, three townships were surveyed by B. Bentley and one by Stephen Collett. Charles Beeler was the first county surveyor, but William Hadley did most of the surveying for fifteen or more years.

The exact date of the arrival of the first settlers cannot be given, though it was probably in 1818. Ten or fifteen families came in 1819 and many more in 1820. All who came prior to the 4th day of September, 1820, and indeed many who came after that date were "squatters," not owning the land on which they lived until they had taken out preemption papers under the Ordinance of 1787, and later Congressional enactments granting and modifying the right.

It is estimated that fifty or sixty families were living in the county on New Year's day, 1821. On the 4th of September, 1820, the lands of the county were formally thrown on the market for the first time. Those who had come in previously hastened to the land office at Brookville and entered the claims they had squatted on, or preempted. And many others, who had not been in the county, came in the search of homes.

The following persons entered lands after the 4th of September, 1820, in township 11 N., R. 1 E.: Philip Hodges, Joseph Townsend, George Matthews, Benjamin Freeland, Benjamin Hoffman, John Case, Jacob Cutler, Jacob Lafever, John Gray, Joshua Taylor, Joshua Gray, Thomas Jenkins, Chester Holbrook, Jacob Case, John Reed, Nancy Smith, Isaac Hollingsworth, and Presley Buckner.

Those who entered land the same year in township 12 N., R. 1 E., were John Butterfield, David Matlock, Enoch and Benjamin McCarty, Jonathan Lyon, Martin McCoy, Samuel Elliott, Jonathan Williams, Devault Koons, John

Conner, Andrew Maymore, Larkin Reynolds, Thomas Jenkins, Joel Ferguson, Reuben Most, and John Graves.

Francis Brock, William Ballard, Thomas Lee, Charles Vertreese, James Hadley, Eli Hadley, William Rooker, Charles Reynolds, Josiah Drury, and Benjamin Barns entered land at the same time in township 12 N., R. 1 E. William Pounds located in township 14 N., R. 1 E.

In township 11 N., R. 1 W., James K. Hamilton, John Burnett, Samuel Newall, Fred Burkhart, Daniel Stout, John Kennedy, Rice Stroud, Isom Stroud, Anthony Vernon, Presley Buckner, and Thomas Hodges entered at the same time, 1820.

The above fifty-four persons were the only ones who entered lands in the county in that year.

Perhaps there is no date in the county's history that can show so large a per cent. of owners of their homes as on the 31st day of December, 1822; but there were still thousands of acres of vacant lands, many tracts of which were as good as those that had been entered, and immigration continued to flow into the county for several years at a rapid rate. Marvelous have been the changes since the first settler pulled in and unloaded his household goods (if he had any) in Morgan county.

The following persons entered land in 1821: Samuel Scott, James Clark, Jacob Cutler, Thomas Hadley, Henry H. Hobbs, Charles Reynolds, George Matthews, Jonathan Lyon, W. W. Drew, Elisha Hamden, Thomas Irons, James Stott, Jonathan Williams, John Hodges, John Butterfield, James L. Ridds, Edward Irons, David Allen, Jacob Chase, John Marker, Edward Jones, Jacob Case, Joseph Henshaw, Abner Cox, David Matlock, Thomas Dee, Joseph Frazier, William McDowel, Samuel Jones, Thomas Beeler, John Leavill, Jesse McCoy, Christopher Ladd, Joseph Bennet, Samuel Blair, David Price, Joseph

Sims; John Hamilton, John Barnes, George A. Beeler, Joseph Beeler, Benjamin Mills, Robert Stafford, William Gregory (father of twenty-nine children), Cyrus Whetzel (first settler), Jesse Tull, Henry Rout, John Paul, Thomas Ingles, Joseph Bennet, Thomas Gardner, William Goodwin, James Burch, Ezekiel Slaughter, John McMahan, Jacob B. Reyman, John W. Reyman, Christopher Hager, Thomas and Benjamin Cary, George Moon, Samuel Dodds, Joseph Tomlinson, Eli Hadley, Abner Cox, James Curl, and John Sells, all of whom located east of the second principal meridian; and David Faln, Hiram Stroud, Thomas Hodges, Philip Hodges (the first to enter land in the county), Wiley Williams, Abner Alexander, Samuel Goss, William Anderson, Joseph Ribble, James McKinney, Thomas Thompson, and Reuben F. Allen, on the west side of the meridian.

The following entered land in the year 1822: Allen Gray, John Gray, Alexander Rowland, Isaac Gray, William Townsend, Josiah Townsend, Presley Buckner, James Reynolds, John Cutler, Joshua Carter, Benjamin Cuthbert, Martin McDaniel, Isaiah Drury, William Bales, Elias Hadley, Jehu Carter, Moses Anderson, William McCracken, B. F. Beeson, John A. Bray, Jesse Overman, Charles Vertreese, Jacob Jessup, Andrew Clark, Richard Day, William Ballard, Stewart Reynolds, Eli Mills, Isaac Price, John and Enoch Summers, Charles Ketchum, George Crutchfield, John Martin, Levi Plummer, David E. Allen, Benjamin Mills, Hiram Matthews, Abner Cox, William Landers, Thomas Ballard, Harris Bray, John Kennedy, Abraham Stroud, Fred Burkhart, John Buckner, and John Mannan; all locating east of the meridian line except the five last named.

§3. THE FIRST COUPLE MARRIED IN MORGAN COUNTY,
THE FIRST PHYSICIAN, AND OTHER INTERESTING
REMINISCENCES.

Of those who came early to make homes in Morgan county but few remain to tell the stories of the "back-woods." Some few sketches have been written and published in the county papers by early settlers, such as Hiram T. Craig and others, which if preserved would be valuable to the historian if we should ever have one.

For several years past at the Old Settlers' meeting aged men and women have given their experiences in the wilderness, much of which would be interesting to those who may live in the closing years of the next century, if not now. The thought of trying to put on record the savings and doings of the "old folks" was urged by the late F. P. A. Phelps at one of these meetings at Martinsville, five or six years ago. But, as usual, "what is everybody's business is nobody's business" came strictly to pass in this case, and so nothing has been done that is known to the writer to rescue from eternal oblivion the heroic struggles of the first settlers of this county.

If it should chance that any reader of this scrap should feel so much interest in the subject as would induce him or her to lend a helping hand by writing to the undersigned, giving names, dates, characteristics, and incidents of the early life of the first settlers, they would confer a great favor; or, if preferred, send short sketches directly to the county papers.

The prime object should be to pay a modest tribute of respect to the memories of the pioneers who, with brave hearts and mighty arms, built the first cabin homes in our county and blazed the way to a higher civilization.

Whether this higher civilization has yet contributed

much, if anything, to the solid worth of human life, is an open question. Is the sum total of human enjoyment greater now than then? Has our moral and religious worth kept pace with our moneyed and intellectual worth? If not, why not?

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

In 1884 Charles Blanchard edited and published something of a history of Morgan, Monroe, and Brown counties, together with some biographical sketches. It is more valuable for its collection of county records than anything else. In the matter of biographies it is quite meager as regards the first settlers. It appears that if an "old-timer" did not subscribe for the coming book (\$10) his name was left out, while men not thirty-five years of age were given the usual puff. As to our old Spartan mothers, they were conveniently forgotten.

Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Blanchard is to be praised more for what he did than blamed for what he did not do. Indeed, as he says in his preface, he could and would have done much better if people who knew had not been so reticent. They seemed to wish to be subsidized for imparting the needed information. Then again, they of the same family often disagreed as to dates and the manner of spelling names. The truth is, the old settler was a history maker more than a history writer. Fortunately we are not left entirely to guess as to how they did, for often they rehearsed to the newcomer their trials and troubles in the first years of settlement. This has been transmitted from sire to son, and, if not good history, it is pretty sound tradition and more worthy of belief than the story of Romulus and Remus and their stepmother wolf.

When a man and his wife resolved to emigrate to cen-

tral Indiana in so early a day as 1820, they took into consideration what their surroundings would be. They knew they were to be a long way from the base of supplies until they could coax the earth to yield up her fruits. Settlements advanced somewhat like armies move, with pickets and pioneers some distance ahead of the main body, drawing supplies from the nearest settlements already formed.

Monroe and Owen counties were three or four years in advance of our county in the matter of organization. This fact proved a blessing to our first settlers, as they were greatly strengthened by the help of their near neighbors for the first year or two of settlement. In those early times it was often the case that the men of the family would come in the month of March, select and clear a piece of ground and build a cabin, cultivate some corn and vegetables, and then return and move the family in the latter part of the summer or fall. An instance of this kind was told the writer by the late Elijah Koons, son of Devault Koons, while at his house, which stood on the very spot of ground that he (Elijah) and his father cleared and planted in the spring of 1820. This was in Sec. 16, T. 12, R. 1 E., known in the early days as "the old sixteenth," the land of corn and "punkins," squirrels and paroquets.

Devault Koons with his large family moved to this cabin in due time and became one among the first settlers in the south part of Washington township. In like manner came Cyrus Whetzel, who is supposed to be the very first settler in the county. He and his father, Jacob Whetzel, cut a trace following an old Indian trail from the Whitewater river to the bluffs on White river in the summer of 1818. They selected ground for a home below the present site of Waverly; and the next March young Cyrus and a young man whose name is unfortunately lost, returned and built a cabin, cleared five or more acres of land in the river

bottom and planted it in corn. The following fall the elder Whetzel and family came through the wilderness for many miles and safely reached the new home, where he passed the remainder of his life in hunting, fishing, and roaming the unbroken forest.

In the winter of 1820-'21, the blue smoke of many a "stick and clay" chimney shot up through the tree tops, while husband and wife sat looking at the blazing logs below, thinking of the "Old Kentucky home" where in childhood they had romped and played around the old hearthstone and did not have a care that could outlive a good night's sleep; thought, too, of the time they became lovers and the difficulties they experienced in keeping in that dreadful "current that never runs smooth"; and of the promise, the "first kiss," the wedding day—and then they looked down at three little responsibilities who had already arrived and were amusing themselves by poking sticks into the fire, and the reverie was broken.

Most of the early settlers were from the Southern States, North Carolina and Kentucky furnishing probably two-thirds of those who came in 1820-'22. Our winters being much longer, colder, and more changeable than those of the South, the newcomers must have experienced great inconvenience and privation. But they came to stay and make homes, and were not deterred by wintry winds, nor by the arduous task of clearing away the heavy forest that everywhere hung over their cabin homes. Hope, the eternal mainspring to action, sustained and cheered them on day by day.

Some great government events were happening about the time of our county's settlement. The independence of the South American states had been acknowledged. The Missouri Compromise was passed, Spain had ceded Florida to the United States, and the Monroe Doctrine was asserted.

Alabama and Missouri had just been admitted into the Union, but above and beyond all was the recent demonstration of the successful navigation of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and tributaries by steamers. This gave an assured outlet for all the surplus productions of corn, wheat, and pork that could be produced in the Ohio Valley. Up to this time a flatboatman had to walk back from New Orleans through the wilderness at the risk of having his scalp taken by an Indian and his body decay by the way-side. But now he could board a steamer at the "Crescent City" on Monday and land in the "Queen City" on Sunday, a distance of 1,800 miles. The old "keelboat" and "setting poles" were left to rot on the shores of those mighty waters, while the waves of passing steamers have continually lashed their banks from that time until now. When steamboat navigation was an assured success the Middle West was the most desirable new country in the United States. With its rivers and rivulets, its bubbling springs, its dense forests of the greatest variety of timber, its deep and fertile soil, its stone quarries and mines of coal, it presented attractions to the earnest homeseekers seldom equalled and never surpassed.

Indiana was near the center of the Middle West, and our county was near the center of the State; and so it is, a concise history of the toils and turmoils, privations, distress, and hardships of our old settlers, would be the history in general of central Indiana in its first settlements.

But let us go back to some of the first things which were done, and name those who were in authority in that day when Morgan county took her stand with others of the "Indiana family."

Jonathan Jennings was governor and commissioned the first county officers. As before stated, the preponderance of evidence points to Cyrus Whetzel as the first settler.

Phillip Hodges was undoubtedly the first owner of real estate in the county. The land office must have been at Brookville, eighty-five miles due east of Martinsville, to which place he had to make his way as best he could, through an unbroken wilderness. He bought two eighty-acre tracts of land, lying about two miles east of Martinsville. Colonel John Vawter was salesman and, when the government patent was given to Mr. Hodges, Colonel Vawter said: "Mr. Hodges, you are the first owner of land in Morgan county." Benjamin Cuthbert built and operated the first watermill in the county on the present site of the Brooklyn mills. Reuben Claypool is credited with preaching the first sermon. This was in Brown township at the residence of a Mr. Martin. Mr. Claypool was probably a Methodist. Some say that Peter Monical is entitled to this honor. There is no doubt that Mr. Monical was among the very first preachers in the county, as he was an early settler.

Reuben Claypool and Martha Russell were the first couple married in the county. William W. Wick was judge of the first court (1822), and Jacob Cutler and John Gray were associated judges. Benjamin Cutler was the first sheriff (January 16, 1822); George H. Beeler was the first clerk of the circuit court; also first recorder (May 22, 1822); James Shields was first county treasurer, and Charles Beeler was first surveyor.

The first justices of the peace were Larkin Reynolds, Samuel Reed, James Burris, and Hiram Matthews; one for each of the four townships, viz., Washington, Monroe, Ray, and Harrison. The justices at that time composed the board to do county business. They held their first meeting in June, 1822, at the home of Jacob Cutler, where they proceeded to divide the county into the aforesaid townships.

We have stated in a former sketch that the first suit at law was Jacob Cutler vs. John W. Cox; but the first suit for divorce was Rachel Morrison vs. Thomas Morrison September term, 1823. Calvin Fletcher was the first prosecutor. Most of the aforesaid items of "first things" are taken from Blanchard's History, which he probably gleaned from the county records. Benjamin Bull was the first resident lawyer of Martinsville, John Eccolds, the second.

Dr. John Sims was the first regularly educated physician who practiced medicine in the county. He located in Martinsville about 1823. James Cunning taught the first school in Martinsville in the summer of 1822. Abraham Stipp, now living at Centerton, was one of his scholars and distinctly remembers one incident that happened during the term. There were some boys and girls from fifteen to eighteen years of age, who began making love to each other by writing love notes back and forth. Mr. Cunning peremptorily forbade any further advances by the young men; but in a day or two, being willing victims to that dreadful disease, "puppy love," they were writing again to the girls. Then the teacher got on the warpath and told them plainly they should leave school or take a "thrashing." They concluded to let him "thrash" as they could not afford to lose the opportunity to learn how to "read, write, and cipher," which most of them could not do when school began. After everything had been "thrashed out" but the love, quiet reigned and the work of education went on. The house in which this school was taught stood northeast of the square. It had been an old round log stable, but was thoroughly cleaned and improved for its new use.

There is reason to believe that schools and churches began work earlier in Brown and Monroe townships than in

the south part of the county. The Friends, who largely composed the early settlements, as well as the Methodists, gave more attention to school and church work than their southern neighbors.

So rapidly does time send all our names into oblivion, excepting a very few, so thoroughly are we forgotten in the whirl of the activities of life; so completely are sub-lunary things blotted out, that of all those who helped to grub the public square and lay it out and plat the town—even those who donated the land it stands on—not one is remembered to-day by the citizens of the “Mineral Springs City.” There are a few descendants of Joshua Taylor, and perhaps of John Gray and Samuel Scott among us, but not one of Jacob Cutler or Joel Ferguson that the writer is aware of. The five men donated the 155 acres of land which was in the original plat.

But where are the descendants of Conner, Reynolds, Jenkins, Case, Mast, Rowland, and Chester Holbrook? Some of the above named men owned land in the sections of the county seat; the others nearby. But their names disappeared more than sixty-five years ago from among the citizens of Martinsville.

§4. PIONEER FAMILIES.

It was no uncommon thing to find a large family of children among the first settlers. If the husband and wife were of fairly robust health and lived past middle life, from six to ten children usually encircled the hearthstone, and it was no uncommon thing to find families numbering as high as fifteen. If there was anything more than another that the pioneers rejoiced in it was a family of good, strong boys and girls,—good boys and girls, mind you; for parents then were as sensitive about flat failures

as they are to-day. They knew as well as we do that much more depends on the quality than the quantity of the increase of population. The present generation has learned very much that was unknown to the pioneer; some of which is well worth knowing as it relates to hygiene and reproduction. "Other some" would better be unlearned, but there are few people who can learn to unlearn. And so it is, habits, desires, and society "fads" are stronger than the strong-minded. To-day, among those who make any pretensions to paternity, the average number of children to the family may run from two to four; others there are, endeavoring to cheat nature out of the whole crop.

Whatever other faults and failures the pioneers had (and doubtless they had many), failure to be fruitful and multiply could not be reckoned among them. At the present rate of diminution, we shall soon be on a level with France, with her two children to the married pair among the *bon tons*, leaving the sustaining of the population to the poorer and less prepared classes, who have always borne more than their share of this natural burden. There is no good reason why a husband and wife should bring into existence more children than they can reasonably hope to care for; and, if we are to have the survival of the fittest, there is still less reason why strong and healthful husbands and wives should bring in none at all. It will be good for the world when the time comes—if ever it does—that none but the true and brave, the honest and good, will be engaged in this cooperative industry; and, when public opinion will be so formed and ripened as to reduce the procreation of paupers, criminals, and imbeciles to the minimum number.

Among those in our county who have stood pre-eminently at the head of large families, was William Gregory, a remarkably vigorous and energetic pioneer, who was

born in Pittsylvania county, Virginia, February 8, 1776. His father's name was also William, and his mother's maiden name, Sally Graves, both natives of Virginia. When but a boy, young William's parents moved to Washington county, Tennessee. Soon after their arrival his mother died. About two years after this sad event, his father married again, and soon after moved to North Carolina where he passed the remainder of his days as a local Methodist preacher. He died at the age of seventy years.

The subject of our sketch was first married in North Carolina, March 25, 1795, to Miss Nancy Laws. In 1806 he moved to Kentucky where he remained until February, 1811, when he came to Harrison county, this State (then a Territory), and settled near Corydon. Here his wife died, May 15, 1814. To them had been born eleven children between July 19, 1786, and May 16, 1814, ten of whom were living at the time of the mother's death, which occurred within thirty minutes after the birth of the eleventh child. Their names and dates of birth were as follows: James, February 9, 1796; John, July 1, 1798; Beverly, June 11, 1800; Katy, April 24, 1802; Thomas, April 1, 1804; Daniel, May 5, 1806; Susan, March 29, 1808; the eighth was stillborn; Nathan, March 22, 1810; Levi, January 22, 1812, and Nancy, May 14, 1814. Shortly after the death of his first wife, Mr. Gregory was married, September 1, 1814, to Mrs. Lucy Moffet, a young widow with three small children, and be it said to his credit that he cared for them as tenderly as for his own. This second wife in due time added eleven more children to this already large family, as follows: Wiley, October 9, 1815; Dennis and Robert, September 13, 1817; David, May 12, 1819; Fanny, April 17, 1821; twins stillborn in 1823; Hiram, June 14, 1825; Grant, February 1, 1827; Milton W., April

7, 1829; and Eliza D., December 15, 1831. Many old citizens will remember John Moffet, the tanner, who for many years lived in and near Martinsville; also, Mrs. Grant Stafford, his sister, Mr. Stafford's first wife. These were Mr. Gregory's step-children. Grant Stafford's second wife was Miss Fanny Gregory, half-sister to his first wife. After Mr. Stafford's death, she became the wife of the late John W. Ferguson. The exact date of Mr. Gregory's coming to our county is not given, but it was early in the twenties. They first settled on the east side of White Lick on the road from Lyon's mills to Mooresville, where he engaged in milling and farming until 1832, when he purchased a farm in the northwest corner of Greene township on the road leading from Martinsville to Indianapolis. This farm is now owned by attorney C. G. Renner, of Martinsville. Here, for eight or ten years, Mr. Gregory added merchandising to his farming.

On the 17th day of May, 1835, his second wife died. Eighteen of his twenty-two children were then living. In August of the same year he made another matrimonial venture. This was with Mrs. Polly Lang, widow of James Lang, a very early settler. She had five daughters and three sons living, all grown, excepting the youngest son. This match proved to be ill-sorted and brought plenty of trouble, not only to the principal parties, but to their children as well, who all felt more or less aggrieved at the unpleasantness. After much court maneuvering, a divorce was obtained and peace was restored "all along the line." The truth was, there was no congeniality between them. They were both stern and unyielding. She was a thoroughbred Calvinist, and he an "overflowing" Methodist. In those days soda and acid would not effervesce much quicker than "free grace" and "unconditional election" when thrown together. But Mr. Gregory was "foreor-

dained" to be a patriarch, as the sequel shows, for after his divorce from "Aunt Polly," he married, September 28, 1840, Mrs. Naomi Scott, who had two children. She was the daughter of John and Susan Jackson, and sister of James Jackson, elder of the Christian church at Martinsville, and clerk of the Morgan Circuit Court during the forties. With her he passed the remaining years of his life, adding six more children to his remarkably large family. William G. was born July 11, 1841; Wallace, December 18, 1842; Marion, December 6, 1843; Scott, September 20, 1847; Edgar, June 22, 1849; and Mary, March 19, 1851.

The panic of 1840 dealt Mr. Gregory a hard blow. He was then in his sixty-sixth year, a time in life when most men are ready to "throw up the sponge." But he was not a man to "sulk in his tent," or "strike his colors" as long as there was a foot of tenable ground on the battlefield.

He gathered up the fragments of his estate in 1843 and moved to Iowa, then a Territory, and settled about twenty-two miles northwest of Burlington. Having served in General Harrison's army in the War of 1812, he received a land warrant, which he laid on eighty acres of prairie land adjoining his homestead. He held an enormous sod-plow, dragged by five yoke of oxen, until the last foot of sod was turned up to the sun for the first time. Here Mr. Gregory found more "snakes in the grass" than he had encountered hitherto in all the ups and downs of his eventful life. His son Milton, at that time a lad of fifteen, and principal driver, says, "When a rattlesnake got tangled in the grass about the cutter, the plow was allowed to hold itself until a quietus was put upon the rattler." When finishing a land, as the grassy strip grew narrower with each furrow, the snakes would crawl out of the grass and over the plowed land trying to escape; but he became so

expert with his ox-whip that he could clip the head off one nearly every snap of the lash. One day he "lynched" seventeen of "the little prairie devils" without judge or jury, and it was no great day for snakes either.

Here upon the broad prairie of the West he made his last home. Far, far away from where he gave the first infant wail; far from the scenes of childhood and first love, with his children scattered far and wide—some dead, some in childhood, some busy with the concerns of life; himself well worn with the toils, cares, and sorrows of a mortal existence. His journey from the cradle to the grave came to an end September 25, 1858, in his eighty-third year.

Mr. Gregory had lived in six different States, had been four times married, was the father of twenty-nine children and step-father of thirteen. His first child was born in 1798 and the last one in 1851. Thus, for the time of fifty-three years, his ears had been accustomed to the wails of babies and the racket of wideawake children. He was a large, strong man, rather stern in manner and full of energy. A man of good business tact, always providing well for his family, large as it continued to be for more than forty years. His posterity is scattered far and wide, a respectable and respected people, many of whom have passed their lives in Morgan county. Two of his children are well known residents of Martinsville—Milton W. Gregory, to whom we are indebted for many of the items in this sketch, and Mrs. William Edwards. At the time of Mr. Gregory's first marriage, people had not been educated to believe that "marriage is a failure." When the characteristics of manly men and womanly women are so changed or obliterated through luxury and false ideas of life,—when home is the last place they wish to be, and the least cared for, and when women would rather tend lap

dogs than lap babies, when both parents desire nothing higher than to dress, flirt, and have a good time,—then it must be conceded, marriage is a failure, man a fraud, and woman a cheat. Whether or not marriage is a success or failure, depends upon who is married more than on any of the external circumstances of life.

One of our near neighbors in 1832 was Solomon Collins. He was the head of one of nine families of that name who came from Tennessee at the earliest period of our settlement. Several of them lived near the mouths of Sycamore and Highland creeks. "Old Sol," as he was called, then lived in the river bottom, about three miles north of Martinsville, and was a fair specimen of a backwoods Tennessean. He was no bookworm—knew not a letter or figure in the books—much less was he a dude or a "gentleman of leisure." He was a good neighbor to good neighbors, but woe to him who undertook to tread upon the toes of "Old Sol." During the summer of 1832, he, with the help of his daughter "Jinse," the best farmhand in the household, cultivated a field of corn on the bottom lands. They had worked hard—that is, Jinse had—and a fine crop was the result.

Down on the bottom ground near Cox's (High Rock) mills, lived old Tommy Clark and his son Jim. They were full of "crookedness." Among other annoying things, they kept breachy horses and cattle that, like an invading army, were always foraging in every direction. As one settler said, "It took a fence horse-high, bull-strong, and pig-tight to beat Old Tom." In the fall, Clark's horses and cows held daily picnics in "Old Sol's" corn field. When this came to his ears, and a personal investigation proved the report true, the air nearby seemed to turn blue, for Mr. Collins was not a regular church attendant, neither

had he learned to curb his temper or bridle his tongue; but he could keep his own counsel.

He was at that time the owner of seven dogs. Now, one or two dogs can live on the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table, but seven dogs are too many boarders under the table of a poor man; so the dogs were in poor condition, and very much lacking in snap and vim. Collins killed a beef and began putting his dogs in training for the fray. He said "nine days wus all he wanted to put 'Bull' and 'Caesar' in good workin' order." He told one of the neighbors that "if them cows git into my corn ag'in, old Tom Clark won't hev head nor tail on 'em." A peace-loving neighbor informed Clark of what was coming, and averted a calamity to the cows, as well as a lawsuit; for Clark took in the situation and kept his trespassing animals at home.

It is a true saying that "bad fences make breachy animals and bad neighbors." A good farmer does not like to see his own animals in his wheat or corn, much less to see other people's stock trespassing on his lands. The best farmers among the early settlers made and kept up good fences, and consequently, had but little breachy stock. But many communities had those among them who were careless as to where their domestic animals roamed, knowing full well that they would breach any common fence. Nay more, they were known to pass by, seeing their horses in a neighbor's field and never offering to remove them, and if remonstrated with, would reply, tantalizingly, by saying, "Build up your fences." It took Indiana fifty years to learn that it is the duty of every man to fence against his own stock. There are those who yet think that they ought to be permitted by law to forage the unfenced lands and public highways. The Legislature wrestled many sessions with the fence question, all to no

purpose; for many members who wished to be returned were afraid of those voters who wanted to keep the State as a sort of a big ranch. They finally passed an act defining a "lawful fence," over, or through which, if an animal went, the owner was liable for damages. Two fence viewers were to be elected for each township. Nobody wanted this thankless office, and the people ridiculed it by electing the longest and shortest men in the township—the one to view the height, and the other the cracks of the fence.

Miss Jinsey Collins was the strongest woman in the county. She was about medium height, weighing 130 pounds. It was said that she could shoulder three bushels of wheat, standing in a half-bushel. She could swing an ax like a logger, and was a good hand in a clearing. She could ride as wild a horse as the average man. In winter time she was usually attired in linsey-woolsey, with a red bandana tied about her head. She had dark brown eyes and hair, with complexion to match, and was more useful than showy. She moved away with her father's family, and we lost all trace of her.

One Christmas Sol brought home two jugs of whisky, one of which he suspended with a rope from the joist to a height to meet the mouths of the smaller children; the other jug was set on a shelf for his private use, and for visiting neighbors. Many kinsfolk and friends dropped in to see Sol on that day and were feasted on pork, venison, and wild turkey, together with corn bread, hominy, and dried pumpkin, all plentifully interspersed and leveled off with stew, sling, and eggnog. It was a merry Christmas at Old Sol's house, long to be remembered by the participants. Even the "seven sons of thunder," as he called his dogs, were not forgotten, but had an additional allowance, besides the ordinary share of crumbs; for next to his fam-

ily, Sol's affections went out to his dogs and gun, and if you wished to carry a broken nose, you only had to kick one of his "seven thunders" unlawfully.

People of to-day can have but a faint idea of the tie that bound men and dogs in the days of howling wolves, snuffing bears, and purring panthers. Sol's dogs were his body-guard by day and his sentinels by night. Daniel in the lion's den was safer than a stranger would have been prowling around Mr. Collins's domicile after nightfall.

Back among the Collins ancestors there must have been some one who greatly admired Hebrew names, for of the nine heads of families, eight of their baptismal names were strictly Hebrew, David coming in for four of them, to-wit: "Cracker-Neck" Dave, "Ticky" Dave, "Cackling" Dave, and "Bucket" Dave. Next came "Old Sol," of whom we have already made mention; "Punkin" Sol, perhaps so named because of his partiality for pumpkin pies and all other forms of this unclassified edible. Then Hiram and Isaiah, dubbed "Old Hi" and "Old Zair." Even Pompey's name may have been Jeremiah or Ezekiel, but we always heard him called Pompey. Only two of the nine pairs of old folks stayed to have their bones buried on the old camping ground. They were Hiram and David L. ("Cracker-Neck"). Hiram owned a small farm near the mouth of Highland creek, where he and his wife lived to old age, having brought up five sons and five daughters to full age. Their last days were embittered by neighborhood broils. Wyatt Carpenter and family frequently came in collision with Collins and family. But the greatest battle of the neighborhood was between the Collins and Overton families—near relatives. The war spirit had been hovering over them for some time. Their farms joined, and one day something about a partition fence or a watergap brought them face to face. The skirmishing began by

firing red-hot words into the ears of each other. There was no one to pour oil on the troubled waters, or the water-gap. Both parties were ready for the encounter, and from words it came to blows. Fists, clubs, teeth, and claws went into action on the double-quick, and for a few minutes it seemed that there would be business for the doctors and coffins to be sent for. Fortunately no one was killed; but, when the smoke of battle lifted, it was found that Anderson Collins had been severely punished and his father cut in the thigh with a knife.

From the battlefield this feud was transferred to the courthouse, where the crossfiring from the witness stand was equal to that on the skirmish line. Time alone, which blots out everything, could quell this neighborhood quarrel. Some died, some moved away, and others forgave, but it was years before peace was fully restored. The other family to remain was "Cracker-Neck" Dave's. He purchased a little farm on Sycamore creek, where he continued to reside until the end of life. He and his family were quiet, good citizens, and well respected by their neighbors. Several of his descendants are still living in Clay township.

When the bear tracks were fading away, the herds of deer scattered, and the flocks of wild turkeys growing wilder and scarcer; when churches and schoolhouses began to spring up in the woods, and the little copper stills to die out, then "Old Sol" turned wistful eyes westward, as to the "land of promise." About the year 1836 he gathered up his goods and started for a new country—a country not yet unduly civilized—a country where he could chase bruin with his "seven thunders" every day in the week, Sunday not excepted. The last we heard of this backwoods child of the chase, he was in his ninetieth year, hale and strong for his age. He could no longer join

in the hunt for bear or deer, but had to content himself with a seat in the chimney corner and while away the time with pipe and tobacco. My informant said his chances were good for rounding out one hundred years. His wife and most of his children had "shuffled off this mortal coil," and the old hunter seemed to be sad and lonely. Like Othello, his "occupation was gone."

Pompey was a nondescript. You might travel to and fro for half an age and never find his match. He was not an "all-round crook" but, physically considered, an "all-round tough." As Fowler once said of Henry Ward Beecher, he was "a splendid animal." He walked to Martinsville one Christmas day when the snow was falling on warmly dressed people, clad in nothing but a coonskin cap, and tow-linen shirt and breeches, while his feet were as bare as at birth. He could snap his finger at Jack Frost in midwinter, and walk about, seemingly as comfortable as the average man in boots. His diet was corn bread and wild hog, and his drink, whisky. The truth is he was somewhat careless about his menu and personal appearance. But he was the "very soul of honor," as he understood the term; for when Bill Jones at a shooting match said something about a hog thief, which Pompey thought was a reflection on himself, he proposed to vindicate his honor by pounding Jones into sausage meat. But Jones headed him off by landing his rifle on Pompey's head. The gun-barrel left the stock in Jones's hands, and together with Pompey fell to the ground. The blood was spinning out of his left ear in a fearful stream, and he was supposed to be killed. However, he was only "dummed"; for in a short time he was on his feet, and wanted to go gunning after Jones, but the peacemakers interposed their goodly offices and prevented further bloodshed.

Pompey had a "hog ranch" somewhere between Cox's

mills and Lamb's creek. He did not exactly own, but exercised a sort of supervision over it, looking after his neighbors' as well as his own swine herd. In those days people had ear marks for their hogs; slits, swallow-forks, underbits and upperbits, slopes, holes, smooth crops and half crops. Pompey's brand was a smooth crop of both ears. He was greatly annoyed by some neighbors who were always trying to pry into his business. He usually marketed his hogs at the Martinsville porkhouse; and sometimes the hair was scalded, and again it would be singed off. The ears had been frozen off. He once built a corn crib; but like Ward McAllister's head, never had anything in it.

Had Pompey lived at the present time and been so disposed, he could have been a noted prize fighter or football player. He had the one great qualification—a thick skull.

"Here I close my narrative—

I tremble as I show it,

Lest perchance that 'all-round tough'

Should ever catch the poet."

§5. THE VENERABLE WILLIAM PARKER AND WIFE, OF MORGAN.

Will the citizens of Indiana ever forget or cease to take an interest in those unique characters, the pioneers? Will they assign them an unmarked grave? Will they leave their page in history unwritten and their heroism unsung because they, as a class, were a plain, unlettered people?

While the State is building monuments to statesmen and military heroes its people are forgetting the men and women who made statesmanship possible—they who

with one hand held back the forest savage and wild beast while with the other they "cleared the road" along the line of which "the course of empire takes its way." We seem to forget that the men and boys who "wore the blue" and cemented the Union with their blood caught their inspiration from those brave old men and women, fathers and grandfathers and mothers, who said, "Boys, we hate to see you go. It almost breaks our hearts. We are old and broken down; hardly see how we can do without you, but go and lend the helping hand, and we will work on, in pain and sorrow though it will be, and send your supplies. It is all we can do now. Yes, go, and God's blessing go with you, for if it must be so we would rather part with you for this life than see that flag trailed in the dust, for we are for the Union first, last, and all the time."

This was and is the sentiment of the Indiana pioneers. Leastwise it was so with those with whom the writer had acquaintance during those dark and dreary days of death. I ask, shall they be forgotten in our memorial services, giving them nothing but an ephemeral obituary notice? Or shall we plant a rough-hewed shaft of the Indiana quarries—fit companion of our grand Soldiers' Monument, and let them go hand in hand along the ages to come to perpetuate the memory of the soldier and his inspiration, the pioneer, as well?

It is quite refreshing in passing through those thin and wasted Indiana forests to see some sturdy old oak, which has been rocked by the storms of four or five centuries and escaped the tornadoes and thunderbolts of years, and the more murderous saw and ax (for we have become a sort of forest vandal, and the "ax is laid at the root of every tree" that will bring four or five dollars). It is good to look at one of those old forest giants and

to think of the events which have taken place since the falling of the acorn from which it grew. It is also interesting to see and talk with some such old people as are sketched in this column, who began life in the very first year of this century, and, for anything we know, may live to its close, for they are quite strong for people in the ninetieth year.

We have here in Morgan county a very remarkable couple of pioneers in several respects. There is only fourteen days' difference in their ages. They have been married sixty-six years and have been apart only three consecutive days and two nights since their marriage. There were born to them twenty-six children (single births), thirteen girls and thirteen boys. Seven of these lived to adult age; the others all died in infancy. Only three of the twenty-six are living, two sons and one daughter. Three sons went into the army. One was captured near Vicksburg and died in a Rebel prison. One died in the Union Hospital at Nashville. The other one came home and died of consumption not long afterward. The old father and mother are quite sad when speaking of the deaths of their sons, particularly of the one who was made a prisoner, for, like Benjamin, he was the youngest, the one who was to have been the staff of their old age.

William Parker was born within sixteen miles of Fayetteville, North Carolina, on the 16th day of October, 1800. Mrs. Parker, whose maiden name was Delilah Ray, was born in Crab Orchard, Kentucky, the 1st of November, 1800. Mr. Parker came to Indiana in 1819, stopping near Madison a short time.

Miss Ray came with her parents to Indiana in 1822. She became acquainted with Mr. Parker the same year. The acquaintance ripened into love, and on Christmas Day, 1823, they were married. They have been well and

truly married ever since, and have never regarded married life a failure, that the writer is aware of. There are those who would do well to study this man and wife, that they might learn the art of keeping married, as well as the art of getting married.

Mr. Parker in early life was tall and slender, as he is now; a tough, wiry man, with the powers of endurance to sustain him at hard work from dawn to dark. He was a great axman, and cleared year after year acres of land in the White river bottoms. He is of light complexion and sanguine temperament, and always has the courage of his convictions, though a man of peace and unusual prudence. He never was given to profane or vulgar language or intemperate habits. He and his wife have been members of the Christian church since 1845, and their toils and trials have but increased their faith. He has resided in this county the last sixty-four years, excepting six months, and at his present home thirty-four years. Until the thirty-third year of his life he was poor indeed. But fortune favored him at this time, and the toils of himself and wife were well rewarded the next twenty years. He is now, and has for years been in very comfortable circumstances. Mr. Parker never went into debt, never had a suit in court, or held office in church or State. He is what the world calls a peculiar man. His strictness and regular habits were not always well pleasing to his neighbors.

Mrs. Parker is a brunette, and in her younger days was accounted very handsome; a fine form of medium height, with soft brown eyes and hair. She is quite lively now at ninety, and can laugh heartily at a good joke. She enjoys the company of old acquaintances and likes to talk of the good old days before the spinning wheel and loom gave place to the organ and piano. She

retains all her faculties and is wonderfully bright; even memory, the first to forsake us in age, still abides with Aunt Lilah. She does much of the housework (for those old folks live to themselves) with her own hands, and the day we were there last she was piecing quilt blocks, while Mr. Parker was out feeding the pigs.

Their son, Moses Parker, and his estimable wife and family live just across the highway and see attentively to any wants they may have. They are very patient and kind to the old folks. The thoughtful reader will ask, "What has contributed most to their length of days?" We would say probably, most of all, it is regular habits. Next, the complete acquiescence in the providences of God. They have had their full share of trouble, but they have borne it all in the faith and belief that all will be well in the end.

They live in the plain, old-fashioned manner of the pioneers of sixty years ago. Their wants are few, and, with these satisfied, they are content. The old lady is particularly free from fret and worry. They both talk very sensibly of the time when the race will be ended—"only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown," and their greatest concern seems to be for the one who shall be left. When I see or think of this couple, whom I have known for fifty-seven years, who were born to toil and hardships, who were deprived of an education, and hence of the solace of good books—so good in declining years for those who love to read—I am reminded of the words, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Yes, and heaven too, we hope, after the earth.

The reader will not be surprised to learn that this old couple have never been aboard the cars. The steamer, railway train, telegraph, telephone, electric light and

motor, cotton gin and spinning jenny, power looms, reaping machines, sewing machines, etc., have all been born since our old friends first saw the light. Twenty-two presidential elections have been held and twenty-five States have been added to the Union since their birth, and the population has increased from five millions to sixty millions. They have lived through a decade of mechanical improvements such as the world never saw before, and have seen the Western wilds transformed into happy homes for millions.

§6. THE MATTHEWS AND DRURY NEIGHBORHOOD.

Long before Centerton was dreamed of, even while Indianapolis was yet in embryo, and the State capital was at Corydon, while as yet a beautiful green wilderness stretched far away from the Whitewater river to the Wabash, dotted here and there with the lowly cabin home of some brave pioneer, while the footprints of the Pottawatomies and Miamis were yet in the sand and the stealthy panther and howling wolf hunted the speckled fawn, there came to this fertile valley, stretching along the north bank of White river, from the mouth of White Lick to Sycamore creek, the following named men with their wives and children, some from Ohio, some from Virginia, some from North Carolina, and others from Tennessee and Kentucky:

George Matthews is supposed to be the first man to build his cabin in this settlement. It stood one-fourth of a mile northeast of Centerton. He hailed from North Carolina, but of the date of his birth or death we know nothing. He was a man of strongly marked character and sterling worth, standing in the front rank of Indiana pioneers. He left six sons and two daughters, to whom

he bequeathed some property and a good name. His sons bore a conspicuous part in the development of this settlement and in bringing it up to the highest level it has ever attained. Close on the heels of Mr. Matthews, almost while he was cutting his cabin logs, came Isaiah Drury, of Ohio; Alexander Cox, of Pennsylvania; John Stipp, of Virginia; and Samuel Scott, of Kentucky. Their domiciles were in the river bottom, south of Centerton, excepting that of Mr. Drury, whose farm was in the direction of White Lick. Down in the pocket of the settlement, beginning at the mouth of Sycamore, and coming up the river, were Daniel Reeves, Kester Jones, Benjamin Stafford, Elijah Lang and sons, Dabney Gooch, Andrew Paul, Gabriel Paul, Jesse Gooch, and John Robb. These all tilled their own soil, drank water out of their own "moss-covered buckets," and heard the rain patter on their own housetops, in the year of 1836. Afterward, in the '40's, the homesteads still increased as the sons and daughters were married. Three of the Matthews brothers, Calvin, Alfred, and James, were owners of good farms. Michael, Benjamin, and Abraham Stipp, the sons of John Stipp, lived under their own "vine and fig tree." So did John and David B. Scott; and William, John, and Charles Cox, sons of Alexander Cox; and William Hardwick, son-in-law of Mr. Cox. Mr. Drury sold his farm about 1834, and moved farther west. The only unimproved land in this settlement in 1840 was two eighty-acre tracts lying on the east of the road from the bridge to Centerton. This belonged to one Colonel Lyons.

Frederick Barnard, father of Dr. and Sylvanus Barnard, bought this land, which formed the nucleus of the present unsurpassed farm of Sylvanus Barnard. In the '40's there were about twenty-two farmers in this

neighborhood who owned, lived on, and cultivated their own farms; did most of their own work, owed but few debts, ate their own bread and butter, and attended to their own business. They were not scholars, but many of them were readers, familiar with the history of their country. They started schools at an early day and kept pace with the progressive developments of that institution. They were not religious in the sense that the orthodox understand that term. Many of them leaned to Universalism in theory and some were skeptical. They listened to the preacher respectfully, and would take him home with them and feed him on "the fat of the land," of which they had an abundance, and entertain him most hospitably.

That was about as far as they would go religiously. As a wag said: "The New Lights and Methodists were too 'hell-fiery,' and the Baptists too 'whang-doodley' to convert the community." Notwithstanding all this, these neighbors lived peaceably with each other, having very little use for Squire John Robb, other than to fill out deeds, take acknowledgements, and join the brides and grooms in marriage. The men joined hand in hand to reap and bind when harvest came, and to raise houses and barns, roll logs, turn boats, and husk corn by moonlight. The women folks had wool-pickings, flax-hackelings, quilting bees and peach parings, and made apple and pumpkin butter in abundance.

After the first few years of settlement—wherein they knew what it was to be in need of even the most common wants of life—by dint of industry and caretaking, these men and women made that neighborhood fairly flow with milk and honey, buckwheat cakes and maple molasses, to say nothing of the corn dodgers and pork sausages in due season. Soon the old log cabins were

replaced by neat hewed-log houses with shingle roofs, brick chimneys, and plank floors, whereon during the long winter evenings they "tripped the light fantastic toe" to the merry mystic charms of Uncle Ap Matthews's fiddle.

The old settlers of this neighborhood always believed they were cheated out of the county seat. They affirmed that there was undue influence brought to bear on the commissioners by the landowners of the Cutler site. They showed the commissioners that they were much nearer the geographical center of the county than was the Cutler place; that more than half of the new settlers were on their side of the river; that they were at the mouth of White Lick, then one of the best mill streams in the State, and that Cutler and Gray could not better them at a single point. Nevertheless they were beaten, and no language could express their indignation. Once or twice since then northern citizens of the county have tried to move the county seat to Centerton, but failed. It seems that the soil of this beautiful valley is not suited to the growth of towns and cities.

Early in the '40's Samuel Moore built a warehouse on the north bank of the river, a little below the north abutment of the Barnard bridge. It was for the purpose of storing sacked corn, wheat, flour, and pork products to be shipped on flatboats to New Orleans. Mr. Moore was then doing the largest business of his life, and the farmers of whom we have been writing were producing more corn and hogs and surplus farm products than ever grew in that valley before or since. Mr. Moore intended to establish a packing house here, but for some cause deferred it from time to time. Meanwhile John Scott, who owned the farm and ferry at this place, conceived the idea of platting a town nearby. He

selected the northeast corner of his farm, which was about sixty rods north and a little east of the bridge. Three other farms cornered there and went to share in this enterprise. The neighborhood was greatly elated at the prospect of a town, porkhouse and boat-landing. A conference was called to select a name for this little newcomer, and after many proposals and due consideration it was christened Rockingham. Four or five lots were sold and three houses built, and for a little while there was a tailor shop and also a blacksmith shop located here. The tailor died and the smith moved away, but just when Rockingham died it is hard to find out, as no records are kept of dead towns. It was probably on the first day of January, 1847, when the first great flood in White river on which the eyes of white men had ever gazed, stood three feet on its floors. From this flood dates the diminution and downfall of the forty-acre homesteaders of the Centerton neighborhood. For twenty-five years many of them had lived on or near the banks of this beautiful waterway without ever dreaming of its capability for mischief. They had paddled their canoes over its placid bosom many a time, angling for the black bass, or hunting the pike and salmon with a "gig" on still, bright mornings during Indian summer when they could see the pebbles on the bottom in water fifteen feet deep. During the warm months they had swum, dived, splashed, and played in it, times unnumbered. True, they expected the spring rains to fill her banks to the brim, and ever and anon a tide came in June which drowned the corn on the low bottoms, but it remained for the warring elements of the last three days of December, 1846, to sweep the White river bottoms from end to end with destruction. The river behaved like an insane elephant who, having

snapped his chains, proceeds to hurl the dens and cages right and left and stampede the whole menagerie. Daylight broke that gloomy morn only to reveal to the eye the sickening sight of an unbroken sheet of water extending from hill to hill, blackened with driftwood, rails, and cornstalks which the maddened currents were piling up "house high" against the resisting trees.

The roar was like the "waters coming down at Lodore." Long before daylight signals of distress came from those who had failed, or could not get to the hills the evening before. They blew their dinner-horns, rang cowbells, shouted at the tops of their voices, and fired their rifles to gain the attention of those "on shore." So sudden and swift was the rise of the river in the evening that many canoes were lost to their owners, which more and more complicated affairs. Others only saved their canoes by wading and swimming to them at dark and bringing them into the bayous. By 10 o'clock at night the hogs and sheep were scattered, and many were drowning. On and on, higher and higher came the waters until they reached the doorsteps, then to the floors, finally putting out the fires in the chimneys. That was the most awful and terrible New Year's eve ever experienced in Morgan county. For thirty miles by the meanderings of the river there was a sheet of water that would have averaged a mile in width, busily engaged in drowning sheep, hogs, and cattle, and sweeping away fencing and outhouses. Fortunately few or no human lives were lost; but men living on the lowlands were discouraged, and some of them sold out immediately. Others followed suit in course of time; so almost imperceptibly the inhabitants on the banks of the river slowly disappeared; their little farms were absorbed by the large landowner who

could choose his residence in the town or city, or on the second bottom lands where the tide has never yet come to his dwelling place.

The social equality and neighborly relations of this community sixty years ago were not surpassed anywhere in the county. Nobody was rich, none very poor, and there was not a beggar or a pauper within its borders. Steadily, but surely, since that day has the chasm between poverty and riches widened and deepened. Judged by the standards under which we live at all times, these men and women have graded as first class. The status of the neighborhood was foreshadowed by the personalities of its members. We spoke of the sterling character of George Matthews, the first to lay an ax at the root of a tree in this settlement. Then Isaiah Drury, who took great interest in county affairs and was school commissioner in 1832, and who built the first brick house on the road from Martinsville to Mooresville. Alexander Cox was an excellent farmer, and the descendants of his five sons and two daughters, remaining in this county, are perhaps more numerous than any others. John Stipp, of Virginia, on his road West, stopped long enough at Mad river, Ohio, to build mills and lose money, then he came to this county, where his ship swung to anchor the remainder of his days. He was a man of indomitable courage and energy and never tiring industry, a friend to his friends and a foe worthy of the steel of an antagonist. His sons were Peter, who never lived here, Michael, Martin, Benjamin, John A., and Abraham, and his daughters were Mrs. William Wall, Mrs. John Rudicell, and Miss Eliza. John A., Michael, and Eliza were never married. Abraham Stipp is probably the oldest early settler in Clay township, and among the last survivors of those who

first came to this neighborhood. His son, Kelly Stipp, who owns the Michael Stipp farm, is the only descendant of the old settlers who owns a foot of land belonging to their ancestors, excepting town lots in Centerton.

Low down in the pocket lived Kester and William Jones. They sold out and left the county about 1834. Daniel Reeves owned a part of what is now the Bradford farm and sand mine. Mr. Reeves was a most estimable citizen, quiet and genial in his manners and habits, and beloved by his neighbors. He sold out soon after the flood and moved out of the county, leaving his daughter, Mrs. William Parker, and her children to represent him in the old settlement. He was a Kentuckian.

Elijah Lang, who was probably the oldest of all the old settlers, owned and lived on eighty acres of land situated in the southeast corner of the Bradford and Campbell farm. His house stood on the bank of the river. Near the close of his life he was greatly afflicted in his feet and legs. His suffering at times was dreadful, the worms taking possession of his limbs before their time. Mr. Lang was a great backwoods novelist. His stories were not written, but delivered orally. Each succeeding edition was enlivened with some new incident, in which he appeared the hero. He died just before the great "washout." His children, or most of them, sold out their possessions and moved to Iowa, where they prospered reasonably well. They were members of church and much respected. Mr. Lang was also a Kentuckian.

It remains also to write something of the boys and young men who came with their parents, or alone, to this settlement, and who loved, wooed, and wedded the girls of their choice—unless the other fellows got them,

as sometimes happened, whereupon they turned to a second choice, which often proved as good or better than the first one. They were not to be cheated out of matrimonial bliss because of a choice between Rose and Lily.

Among the younger men was Benjamin Stafford, who was born in Ohio in 1810 and came to this county in 1820. His first marriage, in 1830, was to Miss Ruth Gifford, who died young, leaving him with one child, a daughter, who in time became the wife of Martin Wall and died several years ago, leaving two sons, Charles and Noah. His next marriage was to Margaret Price, by whom he had eight children. After her death he married a Miss Sloan. No children were born to them. His fourth wife was Mrs. Susan Fry, a young widow with five sons. She added seven more to his family, making in all, sixteen children and five step-children. These all lived to adult age.

Mr. Stafford lived low down in the pocket when the tide of '47 came sweeping along, leaving him little else than a house, barn, and bare ground. He sold his bottom farm and bought one on Sycamore, where he lived to the close of his life in independent circumstances and in the enjoyment of his Bible, which, according to his own statement, he had read through many times, although he did not learn to read until his fortieth year. He was a Methodist and Republican. His life closed about his eightieth year.

The Gooch brothers, Philip, John, William, Dabney, and Jesse, lived near the brickyard. John died in 1836, leaving a widow (Delilah Lang) and two little boys. Philip and William moved west. Dabney and Jesse owned farms near the brickyards, but Dabney lost most of his property after the war for the Union, and Jesse

sold his farm and moved to Illinois. In his younger days "Dab," as he was called, was a dear lover of amusements, particularly of dancing parties. There was usually a good supply of these in his neighborhood, to which he was always welcome, for he could "heel tap and toe" anything from a jig to a cotillion. But it was as a flatboatman that he took first honors, for he was equally at home in a boat or on it. He was a small, wiry man, knit together with the best of sinews, and could make a sweep oar quiver like a pike's tail. He made many trips on flats for Dr. John Sims. Once the Doctor took him from Baton Rouge out to a big sugar plantation to see an old schoolmate of the Doctor's, who had wandered South and married a rich young widow possessed of a large plantation well stocked with negroes and sugar kettles. Evidently he had struck a bonanza, for his wife was a real Southern gem—educated, refined, and overflowing with genuine hospitality. But she could not keep her eyes off "Dab," for she had never seen anything to match him. Although seated in the magnificent parlor with carpets and mirrors and bric-a-brac, "Dab" was nothing daunted but took a lively part in the conversation between the two doctors and the hostess. He had permitted his great shock of hair and enormous whiskers to have a steady growth for months, and his keen blue eyes looked out from under his shaggy brows like the eyes of a lynx.

It was growing late in the evening and Dr. Sims spoke of returning to his boats, but his friend insisted on his staying all night with him. The good wife, seeing her opportunity to get rid of "Dab" said, "O, yes, stay, and this gentleman can take the skiff back and report, and come for you in the morning." It was so arranged, and after Mr. Gooch was gone and the conversation

renewed, the lady asked Sims where on earth he had found "that fellow?" He replied, "Why, up in Indiana. There it is hard to find any other sort. I brought him that you might see a real, live Hoosier." After a moment's reflection, she said, "Doctor, do you think they can ever be civilized?" "Civilized, why they are already civilized. You folks down here shoot, stab, and kill ten men to our one, and yet you claim to be the most civil and gallant people in the States." "Well," said she, "I shall never forget the looks of a live Hoosier."

Late in life Mr. Gooch married a widow with four or five children. Sometime in the '60's the cholera was communicated to his family by a relative returning from the West, and his wife and one child died. With the weight of years came many sorrows, not the least of them being a demented mind. He lived to near his eightieth year. The Gooches were from Kentucky.

Adjoining neighbors to the Gooches were the Paul brothers, Gabriel and Andrew. Gabriel moved away at an early date on account of a tragedy in which his son was the principal actor. Several neighboring boys had congregated on Sunday and were playing on the ice, when young Paul and a boy named Collins got into an altercation. Paul stabbed Collins to death. The murderer was spirited away that night and was never afterward heard from by the public. It was an unprovoked assault, and young Paul has the distinction of being the youngest murderer who ever lived in the county.

North of the brickyard lived Squire John Robb, the principal scribe of the neighborhood in its earliest days. He served at various times as justice of the peace, school director, and school teacher, besides administrator of several estates. He was an intelligent man of high

character, and a soldier in the latest Indian wars. He lived to an old age, having brought up a large family of sprightly boys and girls.

Squire John B. Maxwell also served in a like capacity for many years. He was an honest, conscientious officer of high standing and the head of a first-class family of children, some of whom became teachers. He lived to a ripe old age.

Michael Stipp was king of bachelors. Gossiping women and noisy, crying children grated on his nerves like the notes of a calliope. He had profound respect for the staid, sensible wife and mother, but for the snivelling, dawdling sort he had not the least admiration. He relegated them to men of blunt sensibilities. In dress he was plain, neat, and cleanly. He was slow to follow the changes in fashion. He did not believe with Beau Brummel that "starch makes the man," for once when a new washerwoman, unacquainted with his peculiarities, "did up his shirt" with starch, he threshed it over the back of a chair until it was as limber as a tent cloth. He was among the best farmers and stock feeders in his neighborhood, and decidedly the best economist. For more than fifty years he had lived on and owned the same farm. His note was at all times as good as the bank, and his word was never disputed. He was near an octogenarian when life closed.

The brothers, John and David B. Scott, lived near the bridge, where John owned and ran a ferryboat seventy years ago, the first ferryboat established between Martinsville and Mooresville, and operated with sweep oars and setting poles. Early in the '50's they sold their lands and moved to Appanoose county, Iowa, where they continued farming and stock raising. David took a drove of army horses to St. Louis during the Civil

War, where he sickened and died, leaving a wife and six sons, some of whom became prominent in county affairs.

William Hardwick owned and conducted one of the prettiest little farms in this community. In 1835 he married Elizabeth Cox, daughter of Alexander Cox, and soon after moved to this farm, where he and his most estimable wife reared a family of five or six children who took rank among the first families. Here he and his wife lived to a good old age, revered by their children and much esteemed by their neighbors.

William Cox was the foremost carpenter and cabinet-maker in the county in 1832. There were none better then, few better now. Specimens of his work can still be seen in houses built sixty years ago, and you cannot slip a hair in the joints of the panel doors to-day. His wife—Aunt Eliza, as she was usually called—was among the best beloved women in the world. They raised a large family, most of whom fell victims at an early age to that common destroyer, consumption. The old folks closed out their long and useful lives at Centerton.

George Matthews, Jr.—called “Doc”—youngest of the sons of “grandfather” Matthews, was an adept in many things. He was millwright, carpenter, and veterinary surgeon; also a singing school leader, after the old style, with good colloquial gifts. He was a migratory bird, and in his flight visited England, where he made some reputation as a “horse doctor.” He and his wife returned to their native land, where, after they had passed the meridian of life, and seen much sunshine and many shadows, they departed in peace.

Judge Hiram Matthews, although not a resident of this neighborhood in after life, had made it his playground when a boy. Fifty years ago no man in Morgan

county was more generally known or more highly respected than Judge Matthews. He was a pillar of the commonwealth.

Since writing the first part of this sketch I received a letter from P. A. Brady, attorney of Greenup, Illinois, saying that his mother, Mrs. Sidney Brady, now living in Janesville, Illinois, is the youngest and only living one of the nine children born to Adelpia and George Matthews. She will be eighty years old January 13, 1900.

John A. Stipp, the village schoolmaster, was grievously tormented with rheumatism from his boyhood days. For many long years he suffered night and day with this painful disease. He resolved to make the most of it. He procured a copy each of Webster's speller and small dictionary, Pike's arithmetic, and Kirkham's grammar, and with the little start got in the subscription schools of that time he proceeded to qualify himself for teaching, and for several years was engaged in the profession in his own and adjoining neighborhoods. He was equally good in the "single rule of three" or the double rule of "rods." He was a schoolmaster who was master of the school.

He was by nature genial and sunny; and though the child of affliction, yet he was ever patient and resigned, getting more out of life than others more highly favored. He departed this life at the age of three score and ten, "sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust."

Many others could be named who are equally worthy of remembrance as connected with this settlement, but they belong to a later period of time—a period not included in these sketches.

§7. THE OLD SETTLERS AT HOME.

It appears from the land office records and other circumstances that about one hundred and seventy families—a population of some eight or nine hundred—passed the winter of 1822-'23 in our county.

You may now and then still find one of that number living. We know of two, who, if they live until the coming spring, will have passed eighty years of their lives in this county. They are William Williams and his brother John, sons of Jonathan Williams, a Tennessean and a soldier of the War of 1812, who married at the close of that war, and, with his bride, started to Indiana, packed on two ponies which were the proceeds of his army service. He arrived in Orange county, where he bartered his wedding suit for corn meal and bacon, and set up housekeeping in a little log cabin, in the primitive style, with a "continental" bedstead, some three-legged stools, slab table, pots, pans, and pewter plates.

How does this compare with the modern manner of beginning housekeeping—provided the young people have not already decided that it is in "better taste" to take rooms and board at a hotel? Mr. Williams and wife were not the only well-mated pair that started in the wilderness with little more than willing hands, brave hearts, and a nerve that would not down, and ended life with an abundance of the good things of this world. Philip Hodges, William N. Cunningham, Ephraim Goss, Robert Smith, and scores of others who came here at an early day, started like Mr. Williams with less than a cartload of household goods.

They rightly belong to the first class of pioneers. These men chopped and hewed, grubbed and rolled,

plowed and hoed, with their own hands. If a stranger had walked into a clearing or a corn field, in that day, he could not have told, from anything he saw, which was the employer and which was the employed. All were dressed alike in homespun clothes; all alike sweaty and sooty. We talk boastingly of the present "horny-handed" granger.

The place to have found him at his best—a pure thoroughbred, without the taint of "lily-finger" on him—was in Morgan county in 1830, and several years before and after. Nor were these men alone or single-handed in their struggles for supremacy over the wilderness. They were nobly seconded by their wives and daughters, than whom no better or purer have lived since the days of Lucretia of Rome. Women can be pure and good, and not renowned or learned, and such they were. Doubtless their great-granddaughters of to-day would regard them as very plain, and awkward in "society," quite ignorant, and possibly they might be ashamed to introduce them to their friends. Let the "grands" walk back in imagination seventy years and take a seat at the little spinning wheel and attempt to spin a thread from the distaff, or stand up and pull out a roll from the spindle of the big wheel, or warp a piece for the loom and throw the shuttle and trip the treadles to weave a yard of cloth, and they will find where awkwardness begins. But there is no need of such handcraft now. The great-grandmothers, if living, would be done with that hard and tedious toil. A more excellent way has been shown us. But at that time the best educated women were the women who knew what was best worth knowing, and would do what was best worth doing. We are inclined to think this is the highest standard ever raised—the only true idea of education.

What of it, if a man carries a dozen languages—dead and alive—in his head and is himself a deadbeat? He is as “sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.” There is such a thing as a “learned fool,” but we are almost certain there was no such thing in our first settlement. Fools there were, no doubt, but not of the educated, artificial kind. God, who oftentimes “works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform,” never makes the mistake of taking a colony of “dudes” and “dudesses,” clad in “purple and fine linen,” to drive out the wolf and subdue the wilderness for the habitation of man; but He takes stalwart men and womanly women—rough diamonds they may be—learned or otherwise, rude or polite, but who have the powers of endurance and the determination to win in the strife. Such, for the most part, were those who first came to our county in search of homes which they expected to carve out of a wilderness hitherto the abode of wild beasts and red men. The red men with their wives and little ones, had for the last time been bought off or driven from the soil of Indiana. That fearful struggle between “civilized” barbarian and savage barbarian has terminated in favor of the former.

The Indian had his choice to be thrust through with ball and bayonet or “take up his bed and walk.” The question of right was settled by the question of might. No longer did the dreams of Kentucky’s “dark and bloody ground” disturb the midnight slumber of the old settler; he reposed as quietly in his little cabin home, miles from his neighbors, as did the babe in its sugar-trough cradle. This was a great gain over all former attempts at frontier settlements westward from the Atlantic seaboard. In our county “Old Glory” never waved over a bloody battlefield. The roar of cannon, the rattle of rifles, the yells of the charges, and the

shouts of victories, these rock-ribbed hills and fertile valleys never heard. "But peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." Yea, more: "Peace is heaven, war is hell." Let us be done with wars. Our hands are clean of the blood of mobs or lynchings; murders and manslaughters we have had too many. Some escaped arrest, others broke jail and fled. Most of them had fair trials, while none were sentenced for life, or to be hanged. There have been at least five premeditated murders in the county, for which, if the perpetrators had received the sentence of the law, their last business on earth would have been "pulling hemp." The victims were a stranger, near the Old Bluffs, John Terrell and James Carter, of Washington township, and William Robe and Washington Brown, of Greene township. There have been about twenty manslaughters or homicides. Considering that the average population of the county for seventy-eight years would be as much as three thousand souls, this may not be so bad a showing.

We are an intelligent and educated people to-day, who will compare favorably with the best; but while our boys and young men attend church with a flask of whisky in one hip pocket and a revolver in the other, we should not boast of our advancement in morals and manners, or in temperance and church work. There is still plenty of room for ministers and missionaries, at home as well as abroad. Morality and Bible spirituality have not kept pace with intellectuality and the material development of the county, since the beginning in the memorable winter of 1822-'23.

II.

PIONEER HOME LIFE.

§8. MARRIAGE AND HOUSEKEEPING THEN AND NOW.

Families go before housekeeping, and marriage goes before families, and the principal incentives to marriage are much the same in all the ages. So long as men and women are in existence, they will marry; or, if not, one of two things will happen—the race will become extinct or brutality will reign supreme.

Some strenuous efforts have been made by feather-headed philosophers to establish a free-love system—a sort of fast and loose plan of playing at honeymoon—but the consequences and complications which naturally followed soon brought it into disrepute, for such a system was no better than that of the common barbarians. The solemn vows of marriage, that are of God's ordering, will never be improved by philosophers nor legislatures. Under certain circumstances they who marry do well, and they who marry not do better. "Let every man have his own wife and let every woman have her own husband," and let them strive earnestly and honestly to make their homes and their home associations things to be more desired than "palaces and pleasures through which we may roam," for amusement only.

But as we started out to write how people married and made homes and "got on" in the world fifty or sixty years ago, we will stop moralizing. After four or five years of settlement the conditions favoring marriage were much better than they are to-day. The common wants of life, which fully satisfied common people, were ready for the hands of the industrious,

wise, and prudent. The luxuries of life were yet far out of sight, and the magnificent was not even dreamed of. No false fads were then rattling in the brains of housekeepers. There was no dissatisfaction with the imperative duties of home life. Indeed home was as a general rule altogether the best place to be. People were generally contented with such things as they had or could readily obtain. There was much less class distinction than to-day and a pure democracy shed its benign influence over all.

These conditions made it easy for young married folks to begin housekeeping at once. The girl wife didn't demand or expect the boy husband to be in possession, or even in sight of his thousand dollar salary, before marriage. It was said in these days that they "married for love and worked for riches." That may have been, because love was much more plentiful than riches. It is better to grow lovely, than to grow rich; for they that will be rich fall into divers temptations. Anyway, they were so deeply in love in those backwoods, and so blissfully ignorant of what was to come, that they never thought of that much coveted thing denominated a dollar, which, nowadays, is continually ringing in some people's thoughts, especially when "matchmaking." True the fathers and mothers wished to be assured that the prospective son-in-law would be able to care for his family, in an honest and manly manner; for they would rather bestow a daughter on a man without money, than on money without a man. If we say here that the happiness, well-being, and home life enjoyment of a half-hundred years ago, was as good or better than to-day, the answer may be: "You were an optimist then,—you are a pessimist now." Old folks always think they did "beat all the world" when they were

young, and that the world is going to the bad, as sure as they are going to their "setting sun." We plead not guilty to this soft impeachment. We are still optimistic, and believe that goodness must prevail; and that the world is slowly coming to know what is best worth knowing, and when it gets properly educated, it will do what is best worth doing; and that is to make and maintain reasonably good homes,—lovely homes, "Sweet homes," where books, birds, and joyful little folks do most congregate; and where souls are filled with the "milk of human kindness," and character building is founded on the "Rock of Ages." However, just now there is a class that has voted home a "bore," housekeeping a nuisance, and servants a fraud. They get married, get disappointed, get discouraged, get "broke up," get mad, get divorced, and get "walloped" all through life, because they don't know how to get married and how to stay so. Society is somewhat to blame for this state of affairs. Many young people of to-day wish to marry; they love perhaps as ardently as young folks ever loved, but their affection is diluted with society fads. Married people of moderate means can no more meet the demands of modern society, especially in our towns and cities, with its balls, card parties, receptions, theaters, Saratogas, Long Branches, and Hot Springs, and at the same time give such attention to the affairs of home life as will assure reasonable success, than a Christian can serve God and Mammon. Self-sacrifice is the wellspring of sweet home. They who will brook no self-denial had better keep their necks out of the marriage halter. A family cannot be at home attending strictly to domestic affairs, and attend to fourteen society calls per week. But there are other causes which are helping to trouble the matri-

monial sea that were unknown to the old hoosieroon or his children.

Few or none of those obstacles stood in the way of the lads and lasses of "ye olden time." They married young, sixteen or seventeen for the girls, nineteen to twenty-one for the boys. Shakespeare says, "They are married best who die married young." Shakespeare was a very intelligent man, but got tangled in love, of the theatrical "persuasion," which warped his judgment.

True the boys and girls, especially the girls, used to sing at play parties:

"I am too young, I am not fit,
I cannot leave my mamma yet."

But surely they did not believe it, for some of these selfsame singers married at fourteen and fifteen, and clung to their husbands as faithful and true as Ruth clung to Boaz. They went to housekeeping in earnest. Everything was plain, and many things very unhandy compared with our modern equipments for housework; for instance: one log house, ten by twenty, chinked and daubed with mud, roofed with clapboards and weight poles, puncheon floor, no carpets or rugs, stick and clay chimney, lug pole and pot tramble; no cook-stove or range, safe, or refrigerator; one bed, by and by a trundle bed for the "little after whiles," a set of chairs, no rocker, one chest or trunk, a corner cupboard, some pots, pans and delftware, a piggin and gourd, a bucket and sugar kettle, a cow, sow and pigs, eleven hens, and one rooster. This constituted a first-class "set up" in our boyhood days in the county of Morgan, State of Indiana. Into this rude home the bride and groom went, in good faith, to work like beavers, believing in their ability to succeed, Providence willing,

which they most generally did. They had neither clock nor watch, nor friction matches. If they let the fire go out at any time, they must trot to a near neighbor and borrow, or strike fire with flint and steel. They had no washing machines or wringers, clothespins or clotheslines. They hung the clothes on a peeled pole, where they often became the sport of frolicsome winds. There were no sewing machines in those days. If they had a well, they drew the water with the house bucket tied to the end of a grapevine attached to the well-sweep, and not with the "moss-covered bucket that hung in the well." In short, they had nothing a modern housewife would respect, except the live stock and poultry. As to modes of amusement, there were few. There were no pianos or organs, guitars or mandolins, neither melodeons nor accordians. The home music was made upon the jew's-harp and "fiddle." The church choir sang the doxology in soprano. The boys usually went whistling to the plow, and the girls sang merrily at their work.

According to statistics, it's a wonder that half the wives did not go crazy, for it is asserted that more farmers' wives go insane than those of any other class, all because they are so hard worked, poorly paid, and little amused. Be that as it may, we cannot call to mind a half-dozen such cases in twenty years after the first settlement of the county, and surely no equal number of wives have been more isolated, lonely, harder worked, or less amused, than those of whom we have been writing, and their mothers before them.

The enterprising men and women were sustained in their arduous task by the perpetual hope of seeing the day when they would be as well, or better, "fixed up" than the old folks at home in Kentucky or Ohio. And

so they took joyfully the knotting of their hands and the soiling of their complexions, which was indispensable in order to gain the result sought. From them, principally, have sprung the people who have dotted the country all over with churches, schools, villages, towns, and cities, and threaded it with railroads, gravel roads, electric lines, telegraph and telephone lines. Yet the great working classes are not as contented, as happy, as they were in the days when our fathers and mothers ate their frugal meals off of slab tables and slept "the sleep of the just" upon a "continental" bed.

§9. WOOING AND WEDDING.

Wooing for a wife is a very interesting phase of human life. It lost none of its charms when carried on in the backwoods in times now almost forgotten. The children of the old settlers knew little and cared less about flirtations. One Saratoga belle of to-day can out-flirt as many old-time girls as it would take to stock up a camp meeting. Nor were the boys much in the habit of trifling with the affections of the girls, for their "big brothers," of whom they usually had a supply, were morally certain to have a reckoning with the culprit. However, there was a good deal of courting that did not materialize. Some unforeseen contingency would arise to hinder the promise or cancel it after it was made. But, as a rule, all earnestly begun courtships ended in marriage.

Sometimes the fathers and mothers, or at least one of them, filed objections to the company-keeping of their son or daughter. Sometimes the exceptions were well taken; at other times, they were not. If the girl were fatally in love, the old folks were likely to be cir-

cumvented. The case would turn out something like the following:

About four miles east of Martinsville there lived in an early day, a good neighbor whom we will call B—R— for short. He was the proud father of four or five daughters, who were so handsome and charming in their teens that most of them had lovers at fifteen.

But the stern father forbade the girls receiving company, and no young man was allowed to make love to his daughters. He had determined there should be no billing and cooing about his premises. He succeeded about as well as fathers usually did in such cases, especially in the backwoods. In due time the boys stole his girls like they did his watermelons, as fast as they got ripe. The boys may have read of the old Romans, who stole the Sabine women, yet it is not good form to steal a wife. As a general rule, it is better to get peaceable possession.

There were some very embarrassing circumstances attending courtship in those early days. There were no parlors, drawing or reception rooms,—just one big inconvertible sitting room, parlor, dining room, bedroom and kitchen, all in one.

Sunday night was the usually accepted time when “Willie went a-wooing.” Saturday night was “niggers’” night and, therefore, not in good taste.

If it was winter time, there would be a glowing log fire in the old stick and clay chimney, with its clay jambs and back wall. If in summer, the fireplace would be filled with the green boughs of elm or wild cherry.

A tallow candle or greasy lamp would cast a faint, sickly ray on the nervous swain as he shifted first one leg, then the other, over his knee and tried to keep up a running conversation with the family group. If the

girl happened to be the oldest of the family, there was the additional annoyance of several urchins, winking, blinking, and tittering until they grew tired and were ordered to bed. Then there was a short respite for the young man, who proceeded to turn a "searchlight" on the old folks. Although there was no one authorized to send them into retirement, it was well understood that if they were friendly to the beau they would avail themselves of the earliest opportunity to vacate the hearthstone and leave the way clear for the "commencement exercises" of the evening. But if they wished to show their disapproval of the young man's attentions they would stay up and sulk until a late hour. Sometimes when the girl did not wish any further annoyance, or was after another beau, she would get "pap" and mother to "sit him out" until midnight. This was a polite way of informing him that "his room was better than his company."

Sometimes it so happened that the girl had "two strings to her bow," or, properly speaking, two beaux on the string. This complicated things very much, especially if they both happened to call on the same evening to engage her company for some party or other amusement. This situation usually brought on the crisis, and one or the other had to go. Unless she could satisfactorily explain her position, she would thereafter be released from the double duty of playing belle to two beaux. There were few things the boys dreaded more than the "sack," or to be "cut out" by the other fellow. A prudent girl generally avoided making a "scene" when it became necessary to be relieved of a suitor's company; sometimes, however, she gave the "mitten" in such a decided way as to fairly carry the young man off his feet. This was only done after re-

peated attempts on the young man's part to intrude his attentions.

A very common way of beginning the ticklish business of courting was to "sidle up" to a girl on the road home from church, singing school, or quilting party, and ask, "May I have the pleasure of seeing you safe home?" Of course neither the young man nor any one else thought her to be in any particular danger from wild beasts or ghosts. If he were a bashful boy, just getting entangled in the masterful meshes of love, he would talk but little more until they reached "daddy's" gate, when he would say, "Now Sally Ann, don't tell anybody I 'beaued' you home," to which she would respond, "I won't, Tom, for I'm as 'shamed of it as you are."

As there were no buggies in those days, the modern mode of courting on wheels was unknown. But love-making on horseback or on foot was almost as good, though not nearly so pleasant as the buggy way.

To know how to help a lady on and off a horse was accounted quite an accomplishment. Now and then a young man—being a little flurried, or "out of his head"—would lead the horse up to the stump or block with the "gee" side next the girl, and when she would modestly inform him that he had better "swap sides" with the horse, he looked for all the world like he had let a whole bevy of birds go at once.

Courtship was long or short according to the seeming necessity of the case. If the lovers were young when they were first smitten, the "set to" might last two or three years, but usually in the case of young widowers it was cut down to two or three months. The longest courtship we ever knew lasted seventeen years and did not then "materialize." The shortest was about

three weeks. How much shorter we do not know—he was a widower. Something has been said about “pursuit being better than possession.” That holds good in a fox chase, but not in courtship.

A modern writer of much notoriety says, “All women and girls love the romantic.” If so, the bride of old must have fully realized all her expectations on her wedding day. She was usually very young compared to the brides of to-day, bashful, innocent, inexperienced, and unsophisticated; she knew nothing whatever of the “ways that are dark and tricks that are vain,” which of late have honeycombed very fashionable society. She surely would appear very plain beside her modern sisters, yet, weighed in an even balance, she would not be found wanting in those qualities that go to make a faithful wife.

Among the festivities of the backwoods none were more enjoyable than those of the wedding and “infare” days. Barring some unpleasantness arising from fancied slights or neglects in the matter of invitations, all went merrily. As there were no bridal tours to be undertaken over the mud and corduroy roads further than the groom’s home, and as they had not learned to swap sunlight for gas and electricity, and as the bride and groom were not ashamed to be seen in daylight, the ceremony was performed at noonday, after which congratulations were showered in abundance, followed by the old-fashioned country dinner. The table fairly reeled under the weight of roast beef, pork, and turkey, stacks of cakes, pies, and crullers, with corn and wheat bread, butter, and home-made molasses—all plentifully interspersed with cabbage, beans, potatoes, and baked custard, pickles, catsup, and peppersauce.

As the whole affair was informal at the table, a roar-

ing conversation was carried on, with shafts of wit—dull and sharp—shot at the bride and groom. Of course there was the “king’s fool,” or the fool without the king—a “smarty” who usually joked in the key of D flat, for it is not possible to say startling things all the while.

Sometimes where the families were well-to-do and had two or more rooms, if dancing was permissible, there would be a “hop” at night, lasting until the “wee sma’ hours ayant the twal.” The bride and groom would be excused about midnight and retire. But they would be visited at regular intervals from then until morning, each time served with appropriate lunch. This custom, however, was not universal. The dancing and feasting were continued at the infair, and the gayeties prolonged through the second day and night.

I knew a young woman who said she danced all night at a wedding and the infair, then went home and slept sixteen hours, when her mother became alarmed and broke up her “nap.” This time it was “No sleep till two morns when youth and beauty meet.”

In the matter of dress, the bride and groom then, as now, put on their best “bib and tucker.” We have seen brides sixty years ago as neatly and becomingly dressed as we see them to-day. They were not decked in diamonds nor were their dresses made “en train,” but they were universally robed in white cambric or swiss lawn, with cotton hose, and kid slippers ornamented with silver buckles.

The laced jacket had quite a tight hold on the girls. A small, tapering waist was thought to be a “thing of beauty,” but it never was, nor can it be a joy to the one who wears it with the use of a “block and tackle.” Why should men have ever been such fools about a “wasp waist”? We believe such waists are indicative

of the mind that can submit to such torture for the sake of fashion.

There was one bit of the bride's adorning we were glad to see laid aside years ago—that was the grandmotherly looking bobinet cap. While that artificial headgear set off the elderly ladies in good style, it had no business on the head of a bride of sixteen, whose wealth of natural curls hung over neck and shoulders in such rich profusion as to command the admiration of all—even of a confounded old bachelor. I use this word in its true sense; for all men who were never married and never wished to be, are “confounded” somewhere. Neither was the bridegroom indifferent as to the conventional wedding suit. First he would go to the store and buy four yards of English broadcloth, six quarters wide, for which he paid seven dollars per yard; then the trimmings consisted of silk linings, buckram, silk velvet for the collar, silk thread, silk twist, and one and a half dozen highly polished brass buttons. With this he would go to his merchant tailor, who sometimes was a month behind with his customers. If the groom was in a hurry to get married, he would have to possess his soul in patience; if a widower, he would visit his tailor and prospective wife twice a week, and would be out of his head most of the time until after the wedding. The whole cost of a wedding suit—not including the invisible garments—was from forty-five to fifty dollars. As farm wages were not more than thirteen dollars per month, it took a young man about four months to earn his wedding suit. Of course, there were many less expensive wedding outfits, wherein the parties did as well, and enjoyed life as much as their more pretentious neighbors.

§10. CORN FIELDS.

Our early settlers, upon their arrival, if it was in the spring season, being equipped with a horse or two and maybe a wagon, together with ax, maul, and wedge, mattock, and hoe, the jumping shovel plow, gun and shot pouch, and a small supply of salt, meal, a little bacon, and a few gallons of whisky, proceeded to select an arable piece of ground handy to water and easily cleared, upon which they built a small cabin or a "half-faced camp." The horses were hobbled and belled and turned loose long enough each day to browse on the twigs of the newly fallen timber in the clearing, and later on, as the season progressed, they were pastured on the luxurious peavine which everywhere grew in abundance. This was the finest and best wild grass that ever grew in Morgan county, but so sensitive to the tread of civilization that not a spear of it remains to perpetuate its memory. Like ginseng, spignet, and their fiery neighbor, the nettle, it would rather die than be trodden under the feet of men and animals.

The clearing was immediately begun in good earnest, with the view of planting by the 10th or 15th of May. This was as late in the season, at that time, as a man could plant with the expectation that his corn would miss the early frosts of autumn. In 1832 much more than half of the corn in the White river bottoms was frostbitten; and in 1833 corn planted as late as the 15th of May was likewise ruined by frost. Indeed, some began to despair of being able to mature corn at all. Two reasons may be assigned for this drawback. One was that the seed corn came mostly from the South, where a much longer season had been extended

for its maturity. The other reason was the newness of the ground and its wonderful fertility, which kept the stalks green and growing for a much longer time than now.

Much trouble and travel were experienced in getting good seed corn. Men went from here to Haw Patch, in Bartholomew county, in order to secure the best grain. Later on men came from Hendricks county to Martinsville for seed. But in a few years this trouble ceased and the "fathers" found themselves in one of the best corn counties in the State.

The most common way in those days was to clear new ground of all trees eighteen inches in diameter and under, leaving all those of larger dimensions standing. Of course all fallen timber, rotten or sound, must be gotten rid of in some way; either heaped and burned, or hauled off the clearing. The standing trees were girdled or burned. Such trees as walnut, hickory, elm, and some others, if cut to the dark wood, would never again put forth a bud; but beech, sugar, hackberry, and ash, had to be severely burned all around with brush or they would shade the corn. But the hardest work of all was "grubbing." On all the rich lands, particularly along the river and creek bottoms, the pawpaw, spicewood, grape vines, and leatherwood grew in such magnificent abundance as to strike terror to the heart of a lazy man when he thought of the pounds of sweat that would be required to oust these "understrappers."

Sometimes a few acres would be "cut smack smooth." That is, everything from the "grubs" to the tallest trees was cut down. This way of clearing required an immense amount of chopping. The price was about \$5.00 per acre for making it ready for rolling, and an average chopper would make about 25 cents per day.

After the first year or two of settlement, the ordinary way was to "deaden" all of the useless timber two or three years in advance of the clearing. This was the best of all the ways for reducing a heavy forest and bringing the land into cultivation.

It often happened that a well-to-do neighbor with plenty of land, would lease to his less fortunate neighbor from twenty to forty acres for a term of years—say from three to six—on condition that he should build a house and stable thereon, and clear and fence the described tract in a certain specified manner. Those leases gave rise to much controversy and litigation and neighborhood unpleasantness, for the reason that the lessee, if he chose to do so, could take many privileges not warranted by the contract. But all fields, except the smooth cleared, were to be gone over each succeeding spring for several years, as the dead timber was falling ever and anon throughout the year, and by springtime there would be another log-rolling where one had occurred the year before. Men often helped each other roll logs from twelve to sixteen days in the busy time of spring work. But these second and subsequent clearings were lighter every way than the first. The fallen trees could be "niggered" instead of being chopped in rolling lengths, and the logs were much lighter and usually burned easily. But the picking of chunks was a tedious and back-breaking business, as all the boys and some of the women and girls of that day would tell you, if they were living. Sometimes after the corn was planted a windstorm would hurl the dead timber all over the field and cause a week's work to be done to put it in such condition as would enable the tenant to plow it. In 1836 a storm passed over one

of my father's fields of twenty-five acres after the corn was planted, and blew down thirty-seven trees.

Let us return to a little corn field in Morgan county, made ready for plowing seventy-five years ago. It cannot help being rooty and stumpy, be it ever so well grubbed and shrubbed. It has been cleared "in the green," and beneath the surface of the ground the roots are woven together in such a friendly manner as to shame man's untoward selfishness; unlike us, they have dwelt together in unity for years. The long, slender elm roots formed the chain; white and blue ash and hackberry, beech, and sugar tree were woven in as filling, with spicewood and pawpaw for napping.

But what of the plowman who has the task of pulverizing this young corn field? He sees never a bit of poetry in this groundwork of nature. He almost wishes all the world had been prairie. If he is a Southerner, he will use the jumping-shovel plow and will jump as many roots as possible; if an Eastern man or "Yankee," he will have the old bar-share with a point as long as a garfish's nose, and which will be fast in the roots half the time and outkick a "sore-headed" politician.

For once the "Yankee" was outwitted by his plodding brother, for the ground, both by nature and grace, was exceedingly mellow, and the "jumper" would stir the surface with much more ease to man and horse than the "bar-share" plow. After the ground had been plowed as well as might be, it was furrowed out in rows about four feet wide, the corn was dropped by hand and covered with a hoe. So far, so good. But there arose another bother. The squirrels and birds began to pull and dig it up as soon as it peeped through the ground, and in numbers they were almost like the

sands on the seashore; so that the planter had to rise at early dawn, and, armed with dog and gun, horse-fiddle and scarecrow, he "shooed" and shouted till hoarse to save his "plant." But after four days, the grain being decayed and the sprout toughened, these pests left off their depredations and returned not again to molest the farmer until roasting-ear time, when they had a second inning, reinforced by the coons and bears. The squirrels and birds stole by day, the coons and bears by night, and so they kept the first settler anxious until his corn was safely cribbed out of their reach.

§11. ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT OF EARLY FARMING.

Life in a wilderness is two-sided. It certainly is not all sunshine, neither is it all shadow, though plentifully shaded. The old settlers planted no shade trees, not even in the dooryard, but clipped off everything that grew in the forest, not allowing the friendly little sugar tree to lend its beneficent shade against the midsummer sun.

As between the men and women on the frontier of a settlement, the men had the advantage every way, especially in the matter of diversions. True, the "bread-winners," as the schoolgirl said of the pilgrims, "had the bangenest time in the world" to keep the corn-dodgers going, with mills five to ten miles distant. We heard a Mr. Harryman say, at one of the Mooresville meetings, that he once went thirty miles to mill; and several old men present nodded their heads as much as to say, so did we.

And the roads in those days—why, they were nothing but horse-paths winding hither and thither to avoid old logs, ravines, and other obstacles. It might not be

safe to trust the modern young man to walk a narrow path at all, and especially to walk it thirty miles. But I suppose those old "mill boys" greatly enjoyed the poet's song of

"Sweet is the bread that toil hath won,
And sweet the sleep it brings,"

when they came home with a sack of meal from the far-away "corn cracker." Corn bread was, as a general rule, the best bread to be had on a frontier settlement like ours, for the following reasons: It was as many as seven years after the beginning of wheat culture before anything like a good grade of grain was produced. Straw you could raise in abundance, but rust and smut so shriveled the grain that it was of little use. Besides all this, there were a few years in which several fields produced nothing but "sick wheat." An instance was related to the writer by Mrs. Sarah Stipp Rudicell verifying this statement. Her husband, Mr. John Rudicell, sowed a piece of wheat in the valley near the present site of Centerton about the year 1828. This wheat, seemingly, matured nicely, with a good-sized berry. Mr. Rudicell carefully harvested it and the family greatly rejoiced at the prospect of wheat bread for the next year. But lo! the very first bread baked from that flour turned every stomach topsyturvy as with an emetic. The whole crop was a loss, save for seed, for which it was as good as any wheat. Nothing will eat of "sick wheat" more than once; even hogs, whose stomachs are proof against arsenic, never give it a second trial. Like milk sickness, the cause lies hidden in profound mystery. There was a little pink color on the end of the grain; this was all the difference seen between the good and the bad wheat. The effects of "sick wheat" and milk sickness on the

animal body were widely different. In an hour or two after the stomach was relieved of the bread, the person was all right. Not so with the milk sickness. Not one in ten ever fully recovered from a virulent attack, though many might live for several years.

At this time there were no smut mills or other machinery for cleaning wheat, not even a fan mill. It was ground as it came to its turn in the mill, just as you took it there. It was often trodden out under the feet of horses on a dirt floor, and the chaff blown out by means of two men holding a quilt or sheet, which supplied the fanning power, while the third man let the wheat and chaff down through a large wooden riddle. The first millstones were niggerheads, picked up wherever they came handy. And so it was: between the horses' heels, niggerheads, and dirt floor, he who ate most wheat bread had the most "sand in his gizzard." Not so with the corn bread. When a crop of good white "hackberry" corn thoroughly ripened it was a joy forever in a hoe cake, johnnycake, mush or corndodger, and equally good for hominy and fritters. It was carefully picked and shelled by hand, and had none of the flavoring of the aforesaid wheat. None but highly cultivated (?) people ate wheat bread in those days. But long since the tide has set in in favor of wheat. Now it is smutted and polished, rolled and bolted, and makes the best "white bread" the world has ever seen, while corn, though still "king," has been given a back seat by the millers, who persist, as a rule, in dumping it in the shellér just as it comes from the farm wagons. They may tell us their machinery thoroughly cleanses the corn, however dirty it may be, but no machinery can substitute sound for rotten corn.

But in those days the mills rapidly multiplied; the

roads grew better "by neglect," the grains, both corn and wheat, were better matured, the distance to mill shortened, so the task of keeping "bread for the eater and seed for the sower" grew lighter as such succeeding year rolled by. This was good for our fathers, but our mothers must still mix the dough and bake the hoe-cakes and dodgers as of yore.

"Man's work is from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done."

Never done in the beginning of a new settlement, where, to the ordinary cooking and washing of dishes, pots, pans, and washing and ironing clothes, were added picking geese, shearing sheep, making soap and punkin' butter, washing and picking wool—which was even more burry than the worst flock of "church sheep" you ever beheld—carding and spinning, reeling and coloring, warping and weaving webs for beds and tables and cloth for wearing apparel. To this was added cutting, fitting and sewing garments, knitting socks and stockings, patching and darning, day by day, year after year. Then, too, there was the baby, a periodical visitation of every eighteen months or two years, to be dressed and undressed, nursed and cared for as the case demanded. They milked the cows, churned the butter and made the cheese, tended the garden and looked after the pink and senna, rue and wormwood, saffron and sage, and, for the pure love of it, planted rows of marigolds, pretty-by-nights, touch-me-nots, cocks-combs and bachelor's-buttons, and the inevitable morning-glory, which climbed over the windows and around the doorways.

But where did they get time to do all this work? At home, most assuredly. The wife and mother of that

day abounded in staying qualities. She was, indeed, the mainstay of the family, notwithstanding the more pretentious boastings of the "lords of creation."

In the busy months of spring and summer the men plied the ax and mattock, the plow and hoe, and were much of the time at home; but after this they roamed the forests at their own sweet wills. If time hung heavy on their hands, or they happened to have a fit of the "blue devils," they chased the fleet-footed deer or angled for the saucy black bass that was looking for a blue shiner.

If the exhilaration of fishing and hunting in those days, when the woods were teeming with wild animals and the rivers rippling with fish, would not recuperate the lost energies of a backwoodsman, he must needs be sent back to the old homestead to die in peace and be gathered to his fathers.

There was little offered in the way of amusement or recreation for the pioneer wife. Devotion to family interests made her life one unceasing round of toil and self-sacrifice. If, when overworked, when worried and all worn out, she complained of her hard, monotonous life, she had in her husband a veritable Job's comforter, like Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zopher, except there was only one of him. He proceeded to comfort her with these words: "You know, Patsy Jane, that the Bible says somewhere, I can't tell just where, but I know it is there, for I read it once myself, and have never forgot it, because it struck me as such a proper thing to be in the Bible, that the man was made first, and the woman was made for the man, and not the man for the woman, and after they both fell down in Eden it was said to her: 'Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.' And there are other scriptures, such

as: 'What can't be cured must be endured,' or words to that effect." Having delivered himself of this masterly speech, Bildad subsided and Patsy Jane went on with her work, not always convinced, however, of the truth or justice of her husband's logic, but acquiescing for the sake of domestic peace.

§12. SICKNESS AND SORROW.

Not least among the many drawbacks that beset the homes of the early settlers was the periodical ill growing out of malaria. This subtle poison to human blood was as invisible as the little devils in rum. It was lurking in all the low, moist, rich lands throughout the country, particularly in old deadenings, where the forest trees were rotting, and where the sun, for the first time in centuries, was kissing the dewdrops on the ground. It is somewhat remarkable that in all the animal kingdom the human family alone is susceptible to its deadly effects.

The old saurians bathing in it from year to year grew fat and sleek and to an enormous size, while one single summer and fall season was sufficient to transform a strong man or woman into the semblance of a tallow-faced ghost and take all the elasticity out of their steps and luster out of their eyes. Many men chose the higher and thinner lands for their homes, instead of the rich river and creek bottoms, preferring short corps to long spells of sickness. Even then they did not entirely escape the ravages of miasma, though its most deadly effects were in the lowlands. Sickness usually began in July, sometimes as early as wheat harvest. This was unfortunate, as many men were compelled to work when they ought to have been in bed, but they could

not see their corps go to waste without making a heroic effort to save them.

Hot weather with copious showers of rain the last of July brought us face to face with cholera morbus, diarrhoea, flux, and various forms of fever, all born of and nourished by miasma. One would have bilious fever, another remittent fever, still another intermittent fever, while a fourth would have ague—a sort of miniature earthquake—in the chimney corner. This last form generally came late in the season and was not thought to be dangerous, though to one unaccustomed to the sight it looked as if the patient would be dead in an hour after the shake began. Last of all came the “dumb chills,” which were harder to cast out than the dumb devils of old.

The very early settlers had to combat these diseases with such remedies as were at hand and with such knowledge as actual experience could impart. The home remedies for chills consisted mainly of tonics made of a decoction of dogwood, wild cherry bark, and boneset. If this did but little good, it was thought to do no harm. Home-made cataplasms and mustard drafts were freely used. In addition to the above-mentioned remedies, the more thoughtful mothers cultivated many medical herbs in their gardens from which they prepared remedies for both old and young. With the exception of the periodical return of malarial fever, they were usually healthy; indeed, so far as can now be known, there was no great difference in the number of deaths per capita before and after the coming of the regular physicians.

April and May were the healthiest months of the year; August and September being the most sickly ones. Lung fever, as pneumonia was then called, was

quite common in winter, but in a milder form than it now appears. Deaths from consumption were more numerous then than now, but deaths from apoplexy and heart disease were almost unknown, while insanity and suicide were seldom heard of. As all children and most men and women went barefooted in summer, and as stubs more and more abounded, stumped toes and stone bruises caused continued wail during the warm season, while toothache and sore eyes kept it up the year around. Ever and anon a leg or an arm was broken, or a foot cut with a chopping ax.

But these last-mentioned were considered among the lesser ills, and not of much importance when compared with a severe attack of bilious fever, the most dreadful of all. There was plenty of rheumatism and liver complaint, but neither gout nor typhoid fever. At times "ague cakes" would form in men's sides as big as a corn dodger, and as a natural result would take all the "wind" out of the owners of the cakes. These "cookies" were formed by chronic ague. Dropsy often followed and carried the sufferer to the grave.

About 1823 the doctors came to the rescue, greatly to the relief of the people, for, say what we may, we all want the doctor when any of our family or friends gets seriously ill. We may gainsay his practice, grumble at his charges, but nevertheless we take his pills, bear the ills, pay the bills—that is, some do—and say no more about it. Our first doctors belonged to the school of allopathy. As there were no drug stores for many years, each doctor kept his own medicines and compounded his own prescriptions. The condition of the roads was such that traveling was mostly done on horseback, and so the doctors rode far and near, day and night, through heat and cold, rain or shine, to see

poor and rich, good and bad, all sharing alike their care and attention. They forded rivers and creeks when they were dangerously deep. They slept and ate "catch as catch can," and during the more sickly season slept, if at all, in their saddles. The doctor's horse, saddle, and "pill bags" were as well known to the public as the doctor himself, and many an anxious heart leaped for joy when the watcher cried, "The doctor's coming!"

Of the three professions, law, medicine, and the ministry, that of medicine in the early days imposed decidedly the greatest wear and tear of mind and body. Not one among the first doctors lived to old age, while many of the other professions passed their three score and ten years. But what about medical practice sixty years ago and that of to-day? I need say nothing about the present mode of treating fevers further than to contrast it with the old-time method. As before mentioned, bilious fever in its most malignant form was the most to be dreaded. A strong man in a few days would be completely prostrated. So sick would he be that he could not take a morsel of food, even a drink of cold water turned against him, while the fever was cremating him.

The scientific treatment was decidedly heroic, and none but a heroic constitution could beat both the disease and the remedy. The first thing prescribed was a dose of calomel and jalap, or, as Dr. Murdock, of Brookville, called it, "gallop and trot." If it did not respond in due time, a bottle or less of castor oil was sent after it, much like boys send ferrets after rabbits in the winter time, and with similar results. Then, when the fever was at "high noon" next day, the patient was bled in the arm to the tune of a bowlful of blood. By this time he or she was about exhausted. If the stomach

was still rebellious, it was covered with a "fly blister," five or seven inches. When the blister had fully ripened the "bubbles" were carefully punctured and cabbage leaves or a cataplasm applied to soothe the burn. While all this was going on, if the blister happened to inflame, which it often did, and the patient had a poetic imagination, he or she would have some flashlight views of Dante's Inferno. Sometimes another and somewhat different attack was made on this "buffalo biliousness" by administering a dose of tartar emetic—pure and unalloyed—followed by copious drinks of warm water, to prepare the stomach for action. In about five minutes the battle began and, with repeated doses of warm water, lasted until everything took the back track from the bottom of the stomach upward, chyle, bile, and decayed vegetation. Then our good mothers, who usually attended us in our dire extremities, gave us corn gruel, which reversed the order of things, so that in about an hour and a half the battle was over and the results, in most cases, satisfactory. In either case, for twenty-four hours the patient was denied that which he craved most of all—a cup of cold water. Ah! then, what visions of bubbling springs and rippling rills, of moss-covered buckets and flowing fountains came into the mind during the rolling away of those twenty-four hours. We had no clocks or watches then, and it seemed in truth that Joshua had again commanded the sun to stand still. But after a while it slowly went down and we were glad to see the shades of evening coming on. All the night long, in our dreams, we saw wherewith to quench our thirst, but dreams are unreal and deceptive, and, waking, we found that we were mocked; no fountains near, and the edict was still in full force. Then we listened to the wings of the bats, the cater-

vauling of the cats, the jeering of the owls and the nighthawks, and the monotonous quarrels of the katydids. But all things which ought to come do come to those who patiently wait. Morning dawned, the noon hour came, and with it the privilege of quenching our thirst, which, strange to say, was much less than twelve hours before.

About the year 1826, as we were told, sorrow reigned supreme in many a cabin home. In August of that year flux prevailed as an epidemic. Children as a class were much the greater sufferers. The Angel of Death crossed many a threshold and claimed one, two, and sometimes three from the same family circle. Little green graves were seen here and there in the lonely forest, moistened with the tears of sorrowing fathers and mothers, with only the mockingbirds and orioles to sing their funeral dirge. When death came in those early days of the settlement the family oftentimes longed to lay the lifeless form of the departed one in the old churchyard, where slept their friends and kindred. But that was in Virginia, Kentucky, or Carolina, and there was no speedy transportation; so a lonely spot was selected on one's own farm and dedicated to that sacred use. Hence, so many scattering graves are seen as we go through the country, many of them unkept and unfenced. Many a form, lovely in life, beautiful in death, lies sleeping in those lonely spots:

"Where willows sorrowing weep,
And hawthorne encircle the grave."

But are not their names safely kept in the book of the recording angel?

In 1845 erysipelas scoured the country. It broke out in January and continued for five or six weeks. In some

families the suffering was dreadful. In one household in our neighborhood a mother and grown daughter died the same day, while a third member of the family was not expected to live. This one, however, recovered, but in a family of eight only two escaped the disease. This was the family of John Garret, who then lived about nine miles north of Martinsville, and some of his descendants are in this city. Many other families were great sufferers from this epidemic. As the disease was contagious, it was with some reluctance that people exposed themselves in their attendance upon the sick. However, the sick were not allowed to suffer for lack of good nursing. The pioneers had a courage and fellow-feeling for those in distress that was truly commendable. They were neither cowardly nor reckless in such cases, but, barring smallpox, no red rag ever came between them and their duty to the suffering, for in those days the people never heard of the terrible bacilli. Now that we are blessed with so many scientific discoveries, selfishness and microbes "doth make cowards of us all." In 1849 the cholera made its appearance in and around Martinsville. It did not appear to have been transported, but its presence was probably due to local causes. For two or three weeks in May and early June the weather was very hot, with plentiful showers of rain attended with very little lightning or currents of air. Wet, sultry air was the condition, and diarrhœa prevailed to an alarming extent. During this time I met Dr. B. F. Barnard on his way to visit some country patients, and in the course of our conversation he remarked, "If there were any cholera in the country, I would say I have several cases in the incipient stages." Four days later the doctor died of cholera, and in a short time two of his children, his father, and a nephew

who was reading medicine with him also died, while his brother, Sylvanus Barnard, had a narrow escape. This created the greatest panic we ever witnessed in our county. Dr. Barnard was a young and highly respected physician, with a host of friends and patrons who were greatly shocked at his untimely death. He had fine social qualities which endeared him to the community in which he practiced; was a splendid nurse, often remaining with a patient who was lingering between life and death. Perhaps it is not too much to say that no man in our county was ever so greatly missed, by sudden death, as Dr. Barnard. The people generally were greatly alarmed, and it was reported that a widow living in town died with no one present but her little children. Cholera prescriptions everywhere abounded and preventives were freely administered. It was on the 18th of June that the first case was reported, and by the 28th the worst was over. However, sickness was prevalent the rest of the summer and fall, due to flux, dysentery, and fevers. The people gladly welcomed the early frost which is one sure antidote for malaria. The removal of the forests, the ditching and tiling of wet lands, the continued tillage of the soil, together with a better knowledge of the laws of health, and, in general, a more moderate and temperate mode of living, have greatly lessened the sufferings of the people from miasma. The present generation is comparatively free from the distressing ailments of the first settlers. Aside from this, they have the help of the most scientific and best physicians that the world can produce. Instead of having to drink a pint of dogwood syrup or boneset tea (which is enough to upset the stomach of an ostrich), we now have the remedies nicely concealed in a capsule, which one may swallow as easily as a cherry seed.

Blessed be that Indiana man who invented the capsule! He should have a place beside him "who invented sleep."

§13. ECHOES FROM THE WOODS: HUNTING STORIES.

This fall, 1902, a day or two after the laws of Indiana turned the shotgun brigade loose, I looked out north and saw six men and three dogs hunting the quails that had been left over from the previous day's slaughter. Each man was armed with a breech-loading, double-barreled shotgun, with plenty of shells for all day; but alas! no quails were to be found, nor have we seen or heard one since. There were not more than two or three flocks hatched on the farm during the summer, and of these not one is left to tell the story of their destruction. Anti-prohibitionists are fond of quoting, "Prohibition does not prohibit." Here is a case where "protection" does not protect.

The quail family is practically exterminated, and the bird-dog and the shotgun are the prime causes. When nothing but the muzzle-loading rifle was the implement of death, the birds greatly multiplied; so much so that twenty-five years after the first settlement, one would not walk over a farm an hour without finding a flock of quails. At that time they were seldom shot. They were only taken with traps in the winter season. About the year 1850 the net was introduced, but the net and trap could never have so completely annihilated these birds as the dogs and guns have done. The sensible thing for the sporting fraternity to do would be to cork their shotguns for ten years and make their dogs into sausage meat. (The sausage could be fed to the crows.) After that time, traps only should be used. Of course, this

would be a little hard on the "city sports," but they would still have the theater, the opera, the clubhouse, and other places of amusement, questionable and unquestionable. They certainly have no rightful claim on our farm birds. It might be a good thing to get the Legislature to fix a \$5 tax on each shotgun, and send it along with the dog tax to the school fund; then we could increase the teachers' salaries. Perhaps, though, we would better see a good lawyer first and learn if such an act would be constitutional—the Legislature might not know about that.

But I did not start out to write about the present game law and the up-to-date hunters; but, seeing them trying to slip up on a bird or rabbit with eyes and ears wide open, finger on trigger, muzzle down, brought to mind the hunting days of old, when there were hunters "to the manor born," and deer and turkeys much more numerous than are rabbits and quails to-day.

But the old-time hunters, like those of the present day, had no "quittin' sense." I suppose they would have killed and skinned all the deer in Morgan county in one day if they could, and have sold the hides and horns to Samuel Moore the next day. (Mr. Moore once sent three wagonloads of bucks' horns to Louisville, Kentucky.)

As to the plentifulness of the larger game in this and adjoining counties at the beginning of the settlement by the white men, there can be little more than mere conjecture. Some placed the estimate as high as fifty deer to the square mile. This may not be too high, for William Fair, so long known about Martinsville, told the writer that one morning soon after he arrived here from North Carolina in 1825, he was walking along Skinner's Ridge, two miles northeast of town, and look-

ing down the head of the ravine, he saw fourteen deer leisurely feeding on the peavine. As he had no gun he passed on, leaving them to the peaceful enjoyment of their morning's repast.

As this was five years after the coming of the white man and hunting had been the special employment of the squatter, the original number of these animals was probably greater than the above estimate. But counting four hundred square miles as the basis for our county, there must have been here in 1819 twenty thousand of these timid animals. This may at first seem startling, but there is nothing unreasonable in it after all things are considered.

First, as to the food question. Every old settler will tell you that the peavine of this country was most admirably adapted to the wants of the deer. Upon this they fed from early spring until the hard frosts in the fall.

For winter food, they had to depend on the oak and beech mast. When this failed, as it sometimes did, or when there came deep snows of long continuance with heavy crusts, then the deer ate bark, moss, and twigs. Of course, by spring time, they were often in very poor condition.

In the second place, this county was not a hunting ground for the Indians; at least there was no evidence of it at that time, and this fact would naturally diminish their destruction.

Panthers, wolves, and wildcats preyed upon the deer, and it seems marvelous that enough fawns escaped their teeth and claws to keep up the number supposed to exist in the uninhabited forests. But the deer family is almost as prolific as the sheep family, many does raising two fawns at a time. Every one knows how fruitful is a

flock of sheep, and when fifty of them spread over a mile square of land, they do not seem very thick—one for a little more than thirteen acres of ground.

Next in importance was the wild turkey; and in numbers they were many times greater than the deer—probably five to one, or a hundred thousand for the county. In April, when the mornings were clear and balmy, the gobblers were heard in almost every direction, and many of them were called up by the hunters and shot. The fall and early winter was the best time to hunt both the turkey and deer, as they were then unusually fat. Sometimes the turkeys grew to an enormous size. The writer's father, in the fall of 1833, killed a gobbler that weighed twenty-eight pounds, his head measuring ten inches. He was shot with a small squirrel rifle—flintlock—at the distance of one hundred and fifty steps to the root of the tree on which he perched, after flying from a hilltop about a half-mile across the river valley. He was so fat and fell so far that his breast was burst for five or six inches in length. It was wonderful that a bird of such weight could so long sustain itself on the wing. From the time it left the shell the life of the turkey was in constant danger from the rapacity of wolves, wildcats, foxes, and panthers; besides these, there were the hawks and eagles watching for it. The marvel is that they accumulated in such numbers.

Besides hunting the turkey with the rifle, there was another way of taking them. A place would be chosen which they most frequented; a pen built of small poles, ten or twelve feet square, four feet high, and covered with the same material. It would admit of as much light as possible. Then a trench would be dug in the ground across the pen and out under one of the side walls to a

distance of eight or ten feet. Then the trench, beginning inside at the wall, would be securely covered over with a slab for about four feet, leaving the remainder uncovered and the bottom sloped up to the surface so the turkeys could walk up to the level of the pen inside. The trench was likewise sloped to the surface of the ground outside of the pen. When completed, shelled corn was strewn on the bottom of the trench from end to end and inside of the pen. Corn was also scattered outside, about the end of the trench. If the turkeys followed in the trench, still picking up the grains of corn, until they passed the slab and were once entirely within the pen, they would get bewildered and run round and round trying to go through the cracks of the pen, and would never find their way back through the trench. Often five or six would get in at once, sometimes a pen full. There were stirring times in those pens when men went to take out the game.

There was once a boy by the name of Truman Higgs who by himself tried to "land" a pen full of old gobblers. They battered him with their wings and, in their fright, unwittingly scratched him with their feet until he was glad to crawl back through the trench and seek reinforcements.

Whether or not there were ever many elks in this county, we cannot say. We never saw a man who claimed to have killed one, but we heard of him; however, there is conclusive evidence that, at some time in the past, not very remote, some of these noble animals had ranged our forests. Their horns have been found everywhere, and particularly along the banks and sandbars of White river. The last and most perfect brace of antlers we ever saw was taken out of White river by Otis Davee while fishing about a mile above the Barnard

bridge. They still were joined to the skull and in a state of good preservation, although they had been buried three or four feet below water for perhaps hundreds of years. The last we saw of them they were in the *Republican* office at Martinsville.

Now we turn back to wolves, panthers, wildcats, and bears, which claimed the attention of not only the professional hunter, but all other men, and women, too, for the very sight of a panther or howl of a wolf terrified a timid woman.

Of the above named animals, the wolf was not only the most numerous, but decidedly the worst enemy of the old settler. His love for lamb, mutton, and pig meat, his keen scent, agility, and adroitness, made him a howling success as a marauder. Everybody made war on the wolf and his annihilation was accomplished, not so much with the rifle—for he was seldom seen in the daytime—as with wolf pens and steel traps. Alone, the wolf was cowardly; but in gangs they were daring and dangerous. They multiplied much faster than the panther or bear, but many of the young ones perished with hunger during their first winter. This was not the case with cub bears; in midwinter they could live for some time in a good den without food. Panthers were never very numerous in Indiana forests, but wildcats were nearly as plentiful as raccoons at the very beginning of the settlements. There were enough of the common brown bears to give the hunters and their dogs something to be remembered more than the amusement of the chase.

The gray fox and gray squirrel were the only kinds seen for fifteen years; after that time the red fox and red squirrel began to appear and have taken the places of the former. Opossums were quite plentiful and harm-

less except when visiting henroosts, and afforded fine sport for the boys, who with their dogs hunted them at night. The polecat or skunk, and the groundhog still hold their own as to numbers. Like the poor they will always be with us. The raccoon is occasionally found, but is fast disappearing from sight.

There were many otters, and a few beavers, the former remaining along White river for many years. The mink is still found along the creeks and river banks. The mink, red fox, skunk, muskrat, and coon are about all that are left for the trapper.

There was a time in central Indiana when the gray squirrel and wild pigeon surpassed in numbers all animated things. The flight of the latter, back and forth, east and west, for days at a time, was so great as to fairly astound the beholder. As far as the eye could see until it touched the horizon, a cloud of these birds was on the wing for an hour or more each day; and the sight and sound by night of a pigeon roost was one never to be forgotten. The branches of the trees were so full of the birds, the limbs were constantly cracking, breaking, and falling to the ground. Men and boys killed them with clubs by the hundreds, from off the underbrush. But it was unsafe to walk under a roost after nightfall. Where all these obtained food, or how far they went for it each day, was a question often asked but never satisfactorily answered.

Among the little quadrupeds given a home in the Indiana forests, none were more numerous than the gray squirrel. Supposing five squirrels to each acre, this would give thirty-two hundred per section, or one million two hundred eighty thousand squirrels that were skipping over the tree tops in 1818, the year that Cyrus Whetzel first set foot in Morgan county. The reason

for this overwhelming number was their natural protection from their enemies. They were brought forth in cozy little nests made in hollow branches of trees, of which there was always a plentiful supply. The mother generally chose a home with a door just big enough for her admittance, thus securing her young from the ravages of birds of prey, and providing a good warm bed safe from the stormy weather of March and April, the time when they came in numbers ranging from four to seven. The young squirrels usually came out of their nests about the time the buds started on the hickory trees, upon which they fed for a time. Aside from the destruction wrought by man, the squirrel was, in a good degree, secure. Neither the wolf nor panther could often catch the little animal, and as to the bear, he was not "in it." Wildcats and foxes may have caught some few squirrels, but they could never have diminished the number to any perceptible degree. Here, as in the case of the quail, man has been the destroyer; just the rifle, with which he was very skillful, shooting a squirrel's head off four out of five shots, at a distance of forty yards. Then came the shotgun, with which he has compassed the complete destruction of the gray squirrel, the most graceful, nimble, and amusing little forester in the world.

The woods now seem lonely to one who rambled through them seventy years ago, when the bark of the squirrel and the voice of birds were heard on every hand, nor will such scenes ever come again to the eye of men. If every man was swept off the earth to-day as by the flood of old, five hundred years would not give back what he has taken or destroyed in the last hundred years in the way of forests and forest birds and animals. Gigantic oaks, poplars, and black walnuts,

aristocrats of the forest, have fallen by the saw and ax and their bodies are scattered to the four winds. To-day there is not in Morgan county a first class walnut tree standing within ten miles of a railroad.

A great change has come over our county, and for that matter all over central Indiana, in the last eighty years. To get even a faint view of things as they appeared to the first settlers, let us in our imagination go hunting with them.

There were then about fifty-four families in the county, and every family had at least one hunter—good, bad, or indifferent; for be it remembered that all men were not successful hunters of wild animals any more than successful hunters of fortunes. Hunting was a trade that had to be learned, and some men could never learn it; they could not even get within gunshot of a deer or turkey. The game would see them first and flee away. Others there were who, when in sight of a deer, became so nervous they could not hit a barn door with a rifle ball. These were said to be afflicted with "buck ague," and they soon gave up the chase to their more successful neighbors who often shared with them the spoils of the day, for the followers of Boone were usually generous hearted.

If there was any one thing more than another that concerned the pioneer hunter, it was his gun, ammunition, and deer dog. He was very sparing of powder and lead, and did not waste much of these on small game. The guns were flintlock and single-trigger prior to 1820. Later the double-trigger, and about 1837 the cap lock came into use. But the hunters were slow to adopt any new-fangled thing in hunting. Some used the United States musket, others the yager, both loaded with an ounce ball and three buckshot. There was also

the smoothbore rifle, loaded with a single bullet. The foremost hunters used the rifle of large caliber. The complications of the flintlock and double-trigger often got them out of repair, and in wet weather they made "long fire," sputtering around like a damp firecracker, causing the game to be missed. This sometimes provoked fiery words from the hunter.

A man walking the streets of Martinsville to-day dressed and accoutered as was Berry Jones the day he killed an old she-bear and her two cubs about two miles south of town would inaugurate a first-class sensation. He was arrayed in a blue hunting shirt or wamus, fringed all around and fastened with a belt. There was a scabbard in which was stuck a bloody butcher knife. His feet were shod with Indian moc-casins and his head covered with a coonskin cap with the tail hanging down his back, shot-pouch and powder-horn slung over one shoulder and old "Long Tom," his trusty rifle, on the other, while he fairly danced a jig as he rehearsed his battle with the bears. Mr. Jones had one qualification of a President of the United States—he could eat bear's paws of his own killing.

There were many other hunters than Jones, notably "Uncle" George Baker, of Baker township. He was a very early settler and a Baptist preacher, who sometimes illustrated a point in his sermon by an incident of a bear fight. Zachariah Devée, an early settler in Madison township, had many bear skins to his credit.

A very lively bear hunt once took place on and around Senator Grant Stafford's farm. Early in roasting-ear time he discovered that a goodly sized young bear had "turned in" and was "hogging off" his corn in a field next to the river bank. There being plenty of water both for drinking and bathing purposes, young

bruin concluded to board awhile with the Senator. Mr. Stafford intended to keep the affair a secret, but one day a neighbor saw the bear and forthwith began to organize a hunt. He came to Mr. Stafford almost out of breath and said, "I bet you can't tell what I saw down in your corn field, a bit ago." "No! Was it a ghost?" queried Mr. Stafford. "Narry a ghost," said the man, "but the biggest black bear I ever saw; and I'm out after the Koons boys and their dogs and some other fellers, and we will have more fun with that bear than you ever—" "Hold on there," said Mr. Stafford. "That's my pet bear; mine by right of discovery, for I spied him in the field about the first of August, and now we must let him get as fat as a hog, which he will if we don't frighten him away, and then we will get together with our dogs and guns and have all the fun and frolic that can be worked out of a bear hunt, besides the hide and hair oil, and fresh meat." The saying pleased the man and for a time he left the bear go in peace.

The news that a bear was camping down in Stafford's field worried the women and children no little, but there was really no danger so long as he was not molested by men and dogs. As a rule, a bear, like a wild hog, fights only in defense of his life, and then he fights to kill. No animal in North America is more tenacious of life or fights more stubbornly when once thoroughly aroused. In due time the hunt came off. The neighbor men with their guns and dogs—most of them ferocious curs—met together for the fray. It was fully expected that the dogs would make the bear climb a tree, and then the men would shoot him full of holes and end the sport. But his bearship exercised his own right to select his own battlefield and remained on the ground where

he could use his teeth and claws, his only weapon of defense. He soon silenced the dogs, for toward the close of the struggle there was only one dog that would venture near him—the smallest of the pack. One slap of a bear's paw will send a cur dog over the ropes every time, and he will never come to the scratch again. The bulldog fares even worse, for if he dares fasten his teeth in the bear, he will be picked up and bitten through and through like a rat. He cannot shake a bear loose like he can a coon, and his grit is of no use in a bear fight.

We do not know all the particulars of this hunt, how many were engaged in it or just how it ended, but during the day the bear crossed and recrossed the river five times while the men and dogs were after him. Certain it is that while there may have been lots of fun for the hunters, there was none for the dogs and bear. A little reflection here will show us that man himself is as big a coward as the most cowardly dog in any pack. Not a man in that crowd would have gone near that bear armed with nothing but his fists. We can all be brave when armed to the teeth and we have good backing.

Here follow two more bear stories which the writer heard from one who grew up on the frontiers of Indiana and who was a good deer and turkey hunter, but never killed a bear. One night he and three other small boys, with a corresponding number of dogs, went on a coon hunt. They started around a corn field expecting to surprise a coon, for it was roasting-ear time. Suddenly the dogs began barking, and then followed a great rush toward the adjoining woods. At the fence there seemed to be a desperate fight going on for a short time. They, supposing it to be a wolf, yelled at "Bull" and "Ring"

to "shake him, boys," meantime running toward the dogs as fast as they could through the brush and over the logs and ditches. They reached the scene of action in time to see something going up a tree, and it "weren't a coon, nuther." They had often seen bears on the ground in daytime, but they had never before seen one "treed." The bear had selected a big hackberry tree and climbed to the fork of it, about thirty feet from the ground. He seemed "awful big" to the boys, and the longer they looked at him the larger he grew in their imaginations.

They immediately held a council of war and decided that two of them would go to the nearest house and get a man with a gun to come and shoot the bear. The other two boys and the dogs were to stay and keep the animal on his perch until the man came. As the night was dark, they were provided with hickory bark torchlights. Every man and boy in those days knew how to make and carry a torch, and as the forest was full of shellbark hickory trees, it was easy to keep the torches bright and lively.

Soon after the two boys started on the hunt of the man and gun, the bear grew dissatisfied with his elevated position and began to whine. The boys said, "Guess he got tired of bein' 'scroocht up' in the fork of the big hackberry." They thought they could surely keep him from coming down by kindling a fire at the roots of the tree. But this brought on the crisis, for as soon as the fire began to burn the bear determined to put himself on a level with boys and dogs; so down he tumbled into the burning brush, scattering firebrands, coals, and ashes in every direction. The dogs rallied and showed fight. They closed in on the bear, and for a minute there was a fearful struggle, the boys shouting

encouragement to the dogs while keeping themselves at a safe distance. Reinforcements were now coming, and all at once they heard in the direction of the bear what in those days they called a "hellabalu." They surmised what was up and hurried at breakneck speed toward the battleground. By the time they got there "all was quiet on the Potomac,"—the bear was gone. One dog was dead, two were wounded and the other one refused to follow up the retreating enemy. This was a case where

"He that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day."

One of the social customs of the pioneers was the evening call. That came in vogue after the cabin homes began to cluster. A mile or two was not considered too far to go and sit till bedtime. They usually came about dusk, bringing two or three of the smaller children, including the baby, took tea and talked. Winter was the best of the seasons for this kind of neighborly enjoyment, and, as no cards were sent, you would not know when the visitors were coming until they were on the doorstep. They usually chose a pleasant evening for the call. It was on such occasions as these that we heard hunting and other stories.

Brookville, Indiana, is noted as having been, at one time, the home of many prominent men of the State. Some were born there, others came from Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina. The most prominent were Noble, McCarty, Johns and St. John, Colescott, Goodwin, Eads, and Wallace Powers, the great sculptor, Drs. Davis, Dexter, and Murdock. These and many others settled in this little "niggerhead" village as early as 1814 or soon after the War of 1812

ended and before the State was admitted into the Union.

Many of the young, and some of the middle-aged men were extremely fond of hunting wild animals, and sowing wild oats by way of giving vent to a surplus of animal spirits and overflowing energy.

Near the close of the eighteenth century a fearful tornado passed over the southwest corner of Franklin county, "cutting a swath" nearly half a mile in width through the forest across the headwaters of Laughery creek, and near where the town of Oldenburg now stands. The destruction of the large trees was complete, many of them having been wrenched out of the ground, leaving cavities that remained visible for years, while the hickory trees were twisted like withes, with their tops lying in every direction. An undergrowth soon followed, equal to a South American jungle, and became the finest hiding place for panthers, bears, wolves, and wildcats within a radius of twenty miles. In the summertime the copperheads, rattlesnakes, vipers, and lizards came in for their share of the hunter's attention.

Notwithstanding their numerous destroyers, the woods were alive with deer, turkeys, pheasants, and squirrels, making a veritable hunters' paradise, where to-day there is the seat of learning of a great church; and where once in the stilly evening naught was heard but the howl of the wolf, now ascends the voice of prayer and praise.

The hunters of Brookville soon found out where to spend their spare time in the exhilarating chase, and the after-feast of venison. They built near the "hurricane" a half-faced camp, such as was common in the old time near sugar orchards. The front was an open space wherein they made log fires of length and breadth to

correspond with the temperature of the weather. When very cold, the fire looked like a burning log heap in a clearing. In the back part of the camp they erected a continental bedstead, long enough for eight or ten men to sleep on. Back of this they had a large trough in which to pack the venison hams. The deer skins were hung up about the camp. Some one usually stayed near the camp during the day, but not always, as there was little danger of wolves coming in broad daylight, to steal the dressed turkeys and deer hams; but they would come near of dark, drizzly nights and make the welkin ring with their hungry howls.

The camp equipage was conveyed on pack horses, as there was nothing but a blazed trail for the last half of the distance. A part of the trail was through what was called the "flat-woods," in which the hunters, despite their superior knowledge, sometimes got lost, and spent anything but a comfortable night. Those coming and going with the pack horses were ever on the alert and seldom lost their way by wandering round and round, as did the hunters.

One morning after the falling of a "skift" of snow, Mr. Kidd and my father started from camp together. After they had gone about a quarter of a mile, they came across a bear track. As the snowfall had somewhat obscured the tracks, they were not certain whether the bear had gone by the last night or the night before. Mr. Kidd said, "While I am not hunting a bear fight this morning, I will follow the tracks awhile, as they are going in the direction I intended to hunt for deer." About a half-hour after they separated, my father heard the report of Mr. Kidd's gun, and before its roar had ceased rolling over the hills and hollows Kidd yelled with all his might, "Here! Here! come quick!" Suppos-

ing he had accidentally shot himself, my father answered back and started on the run as fast as his legs would take him. When he came in sight, Kidd was walking around and brandishing his belt knife. There was considerable blood on the left side of his face which caused father to believe more firmly that an accident had happened to him. But his fears were soon dispelled when Kidd pointed to the bear and told how it occurred. He said: "I was walking carefully along looking for deer and thinking very little about the bear until I was about ten steps from a fallen tree top which had fallen when the leaves were green. The leaves were still thick on the dead branches and other leaves had blown in on them and made a good shelter for the bear, who had stopped in out of the storm. As quick as a flash she came from under the brush and raised up on her hind legs. I never, in all my life, felt that I was so near death's door. I fired away at her—I hardly know how. I don't believe I took any certain aim, but fortune favored me as you see."

On examination they found that the ounce ball had broken her neck and a buckshot had killed one of the cubs. Mr. Kidd tried to save the other cub by penning it up in a hollow tree until evening; but it got out during the day and perished in the snow. When Mr. Kidd fired at the bear, the old yager being heavily loaded, came back at him and knocked a large patch of skin off his cheek bone, and that was how his face came to be so bloody. However, he never felt the kick or knew his face was bleeding until told.

There was a bear that roamed the "hurricane" and baffled the whole fraternity of Brookville hunters, with three friendly Indians as reinforcements. They named him "Bigfoot," after the Indian that Adam Poe fought

with and killed. The bear had lost two toes off of one hind foot, supposed to have been done by a wolf trap, but he did not seem to miss them when in a "boxing bout." Men and dogs had oftentimes made war on him, but he never lost a battle. No matter what time in the day he was aroused, he never stopped running until dark, unless it was to "box" the dogs. While the chase was going on there was little chance for a shot at him. He was never seen to climb a tree. He either could not or would not. He looked to be twice as large as a common bear. One day while Mr. Cory was hunting deer, he accidentally came across this bear, digging a hole in the ground. He crept up to within sixty yards of him and had a fair chance for a dead shot at him.

Mr. Cory was usually of steady nerve and a close shot at a turkey or deer, but he admitted that the sight of that noted bear and his good opportunity to get the biggest honor in the camp, "got him out of his head," and he forgot to set the trigger. He had a splendid bead on bruin and pulled the trigger just as the bear straightened up and looked around as if he "smelt a rat." "Old Chance" did not answer the call and Mr. Cory knew in a moment what was the matter; then in his hurry to set the trigger, the gun went off, and the bullet struck a tree about six feet above the bear's back. Bigfoot "left the diggin's" before the smoke had cleared away, and Mr. Cory realized that "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." A short time after this three friendly Indians planned a campaign against Bigfoot. There was a good tracking snow on the ground and the weather was cloudy and damp—a fine condition for the fray.

They started the bear before noon with eleven dogs in pursuit. Most of them had been in bear fights before and had learned to keep out of the clutches of a mad

bear, but a few were beginners and had to suffer the consequences of their inexperience. Bigfoot's tactics kept him in the "hurricane" all the time and he could never be driven out either by men or dogs. He did not care how many of the latter were set on him, for he soon killed or "weaned" all the foolhardy ones without being very much worried. He kept the Indians on the go through the brush and green briars, until they were worn out, never getting anything better than a long shot and "brushy chance" at him.

At nightfall they called off the dogs—or all that were left—and went into camp, determined to renew the attack the next morning. That night the Indians divided their rations with the dogs, but none of them had enough to eat. They could have easily killed a deer during the day but were so determined on killing Bigfoot that they neglected to provide for themselves. Next morning they again started in pursuit. The bear traveled quite a long distance, round and round in the worst thickets and briar patches in the "hurricane," so it was late in the forenoon of the second day before they again started in on his tracks. The Indians now determined to shoot at every sight of him, whether at a long or short distance.

They emptied their guns several times that day in the hope of at least an accidental hit. All to no purpose; the bear seemed as lively and capable of battle the evening of the second day as he did the morning of the first, while the Indians and their dogs were completely exhausted. Bigfoot's powers of endurance and his tactics—keeping in the brush and briars, and on the run, constantly—made him more than a match for three Indians, three guns and eleven dogs. Whatever became of this noted bear was not known to the hunters of Brookville.

They estimated that in the day's engagement between Bigfoot and the Indians and dogs, the bear had made steps enough to have traveled one hundred miles, without stopping to eat.

The hunters of Laughery creek had many incidents which they loved to relate on the long winter evenings. Mr. Kidd, the man who killed the she-bear and cub, was a very stylish old bachelor. He wore every day ruffled shirts, cassimere pants, and a beaver hat, although by trade he was a brickmason and plasterer. As soon as the day's work was done he threw off the mason's apron, and put on his best apparel.

In those days when the hunters killed a deer, they only stopped the chase long enough to get the carcass and hang it on a bent sapling, where it might remain several days until the chase was ended. Then they would gather in the products of the hunt, take off the hides and salt the hams in a big trough. They usually took a horse and lizzard—a sled made of the fork of a sapling—to haul the game in. It was never good hunting when very cold, but that was the best time to gather in the spoils. Kidd had killed a deer where they could not go with a lizzard. He got one of the hunters to go with him, saying he could carry it to camp on "Old Roany," if he could help him load it. Roany had hauled many deer into camp in his time, and did not mind it so long as the deer rode on a lizzard, but seriously objected to having it on his back. Kidd was a good horseman. He had ridden many "quarter horses" at breakneck speed, and "allowed as how no old scrub could floor him." He ordered his comrade to climb the sapling and, when he rode under the deer and got ready, for him to cut the carcass loose. The deer's legs were frozen as stiff as a hoe handle, and when it came down in Kidd's arms, one

hind foot went into his pants pocket. Then the old horse began to jump, and kept it up until the deer's leg went to the bottom hem of Kidd's trouser leg. Old Roany now determined to get rid of the whole pack. The beaver hat went first into a bunch of briars; then the man on it, and last of all came the frozen deer on top of the man and beaver. The old horse ran about fifty steps, halted, and looked back as though half sorry for what had happened. Kidd's hat looked like it had been playing with the household pet,—the pup. His cassimeres were completely wrecked and had to be pinned together until he reached camp. One of his ankles was sprained and his "shooting eye" bunged up. His comrade hung the deer back on the sapling, got old Roany quieted, put Kidd on him and took him to camp for repairs.

One winter the hunters hired a young fellow named Sam (I forget his full name) to keep camp. One day they followed a gang of deer that ran in toward the settlements. After killing some of them, and taking their bearings, they found themselves much nearer home than they were to the camp. Then they decided to go home and return to camp in the morning. Sam had prepared a good supper, and waited patiently for the boarders to come in. Being hungry, he straddled a stool and ate his supper, while the wolves and owls began their enchantments, as was their custom about dusk. Sam fired his old musket several times, thinking the boys were lost and that the report of the gun would point them to camp. Tired with waiting he built a big fire, rolled himself in the blankets and tried to sleep.

Some time between midnight and day, as he supposed, a young, unsophisticated wildcat passing by, smelled the savory supper, and particularly the venison hams in the big trough, and jumped up on the trough and began

helping himself to the contents. Then a "catastrophe" took place. Sam being suddenly awakened by the cat chewing venison, threw the cover off and sprang into a sitting posture, with his back to the cat. In an instant puss landed squarely on his shoulders. Sam had an impediment of speech and the most that could be gathered from him was that the sudden shock of battle had about paralyzed him, so that he did nothing but squall while the cat did all the fighting. It was all over in a few seconds, for the cat was probably as badly scared as Sam, and left as soon as it saw a way of escape. The back of Sam's neck was harrowed over both ways. There was no more sleep in his eyes for the remainder of the night, and at early dawn he made tracks toward home. He met the boys returning to camp, but nothing could induce him to return with them. The romance of camp life was all scratched out of him.

As the settlements were being extended from Brookville toward the "hurricane," an old man named Spangler—a hunter, trapper, and squatter—built a cabin on the outskirts, two or three miles beyond the border line of the settlement. He lived all alone, with the exception of his old horse and a dog or two. One night, soon after he moved in, he heard something jump on his cabin and walk around over it, shaking the ribs and weight poles under its feet, and then as suddenly jump down on the ground. Spangler was born in a camp and, like General Pike, was rocked in a sugar trough. He was used to war's alarms and never took council of his fears, for he had none. His old horse was not so. He broke his halter, gave some fearful snorts, and "vamoosed the ranch." Spangler rightly guessed it was a panther. He saw it gallop off one night while the moon was shining. As it came too often to be agreeable, Spangler had some

boys and dogs to lie in wait for it and give it battle. They kept the dogs in the house, but the panther did not appear. Next night, while alone, the panther came and had his usual walk over the roof. The boys and an extra force of dogs stayed several nights in the cabin, but the panther never came when they were there. However, as soon as they were gone, he paid his accustomed visit to Mr. Spangler. What he and every one else wanted to know was, what the panther was after. He never touched anything about the place, and how did he know when Mr. Spangler had visitors so as not to intrude?

Some time after this, Mr. Elmore was hunting his hogs that had strayed from his home in search of the mast. Peeping across a hollow, he saw something lying stretched full length on the sunny side of a log. After looking closely, he was astonished to discover that it was a panther basking in the sunshine. The situation gave him a touch of "buck ague," but he determined to make the most of it. Steadying his nerve he drew a bead and sent the fatal shot into the panther's head. For a minute or two it floundered like a fish out of water, and then all was over. A panther ten feet four inches from tip to tip lay dead at Mr. Elmore's feet. This was supposed to be the beast that made a footstool of Spangler's cabin.

III.

PIONEER SOCIETY.

§14. RELIGION.

Among the very first evangelists in the county were the itinerant ministers of the Methodist Episcopal church, and the best results of their missions came to them first in Brown township. They had organized two or three societies in this township as early as 1823, one of which, the White Lick Methodist Episcopal Church, was the most prominent religious society in the county for several years.

Almost at the same time the Friends organized their first church in the same township. This society has the distinction of being the nucleus of that great movement of the Friends which resulted in the Plainfield Yearly Meetings, and which are to that church what the General Conference is to the Methodist church or the National Conventions are to the Christian church. At no other assembly in the United States do the Friends have so many distinguished men and women as annually congregate at Plainfield, Indiana.

What were called the Two-Seed Baptists had, in an early day, a church east of Martinsville, not far from the present Centennial Church. There was quite a number of influential citizens in that community who held nominally to that form of belief.

The Newlights were also early in the field and at one time had a considerable following, but for some cause they left no permanent organization. We well remember two preachers of that denomination—Lonsford and Roderick. They sang and prayed in our home with an

uncle, a young man, dying of consumption. Lonsford was far above the average itinerant of his day, and Roderick was a man full of the Christ spirit and human kindness.

There were scattered here and there some Universalists, of whom we shall have something to say further on. There were no Roman Catholics until the time of their organization on Indian creek. The Presbyterians, Christians, and Missionary Baptists had few, if any, churches prior to 1836 or 1837. The Presbyterians and many other people had the pleasure of hearing Henry Ward Beecher at Waverly in 1840. This is about the time Mr. Beecher preached at Indianapolis and was so short of money that he could not take a letter out of the post-office for a week. The United Brethren and Protestant Methodists came in about this date. There were also skeptics, and here and there an avowed infidel or agnostic, but there is reason for believing that a large per cent. of early settlers believed in the divinity of Christ and the Bible as God's revelation to man, although they were much puzzled with creeds and dogmas.

There was wide difference in the manner of conducting divine service and evangelizing between the Friends and Methodist brethren. The former were almost entirely divested of formality or prearrangement. They never sang in church—hence they never had any trouble with the choir. It was not known then who would pray, preach, or talk until the time came and the spirit moved some brother or sister. The sisters were as likely to be moved as the brethren and had the same privileges in all the services. There was a middle wall, or partition, in the house, and the men sat on one side and the women on the other. The partition was not so high as

to interfere with hearing the speaker. It was the custom of all churches in these days to seat the men and women separately in the meeting house. The indiscriminate seating of the sexes together is a modern innovation. None but the Friends built a partition through the audience room. A Friends' meeting on Lord's day might, possibly, be silent throughout, ending with the customary handshaking. As the children of the Friends have a birthright in their church, there was but little effort made in an early day at evangelization. While this society was once quite informal during public worship, it was very formal in dress and dialect. The men wore broad-brimmed hats and cutaway coats,—derisively called "shad-bellies," and the color of their clothes was usually drab. The women also were quite uniform in their dress, the dove color prevailing. The Friends were early at work for day and Sunday schools, as well as for temperance societies. In politics they were mostly Whigs. In 1840 there were but two Democratic votes cast in Monroe township. But, as they were anti-slavery to a man, they became Republicans in 1856. There is a good reason for believing that they owned several shares in the "Underground Railroad" of the '50's. Although they were noncombatant in principle, several of their young men entered the army and fought like heroes for the preservation of the Union. But the old-time rules and regulations of this society have greatly changed during the last half-century. They have had a division and much fretful discussion about manners and customs, resulting in suits in Cæsar's courts to determine rights to church property. The progressive wing has adopted music at home and in church, and also many other things to the disgust of the staid, conservative element.

But in church as in state, as well as in religious thought and Christian philosophy, art, and literature, nothing can stop or stay the onward march of mind in a government of free institutions such as ours. No marvel then that silent services have been supplanted by praise and song, and that the spirit moves the speakers at the appointed time, without let or hindrance.

The contrast between the Newlights and Methodists in their class and revival meetings a half-century past, and the serious and almost severe manner of the Friends, was so striking as to have puzzled a barbarian to know whether or not they were all worshipping the same God. At that time it might have been said, "Both have gone to extremes; they had better adopt a middle method." But the sequel has shown that the former knew what they were about, for their numbers and influence increased tenfold more than the latter. Besides this, the people then were more susceptible to religious impressions than they are to-day.

The Friends concerned themselves mostly about home work, while the itinerant went, as it were, everywhere, proclaiming the gospel of free grace. A Methodist minister did not wait for an invitation to some new place, but went, all accoutered with horse, saddle, and saddlebags—the latter containing Bible, hymnbook, a discipline, religious tracts, and a few clothes. As there were no church houses in out-of-the-way places, he preached in private houses, or, during the summer season, in the woods, or any place where he could get a hearing; and you generally heard him if you got within a quarter of a mile, after he became warmed up with his subject. He did not mince matters or choose very soft words and phrases, but struck out right and left, and rained blows on the heads of devils and bad men like

fire and brimstone on Gomorrah. People in those days, before the book and newspaper age, would go a long distance to hear an orator, be he preacher or politician, especially if he had something to say and knew how to say it. This fact gave both classes a prominence before the public they do not now possess; for we have the cream of their very best thought in print before our eyes every day; losing, however, the manner and magnetism of the man or woman as it may be. The clergy of those days were comparatively unlearned so far as English literature goes. A few read nothing much but the Bible, with which book, however, they were astonishingly familiar. Perhaps they could make more correct, offhand quotations than the college trained brethren of to-day.

Fifty years ago there was all over this country a reign of religious prejudice altogether unreasonable and well-nigh unbelievable; and while there is still more of this blindness than can answer any good purpose, we are truly glad to note a marked improvement in the fraternal feeling between religious denominations. Why should brothers in Christ be at enmity any more than are brothers in an earthly family? If my brother wants to wear his trousers inside his bootlegs, or his waistcoat wrong side out, let him wear them so. I'll not disown him on that account. "In essentials unity; in non-essentials liberty; in all things charity." Men of different denominations would kindly assist each other in building their plain, old-fashioned meeting houses, but they would seldom lend them to those of a different faith for religious purposes. If a revival seemed to be growing into large proportions in one church, another would start a meeting to counteract its influence.

The religious exercises of the Methodists and New-

lights were exactly the opposite of those of the Friends. When it was announced that there would be "a meetin' here to-night," the brethren and sisters failed not to be in attendance, in order to hold up the hands of the preacher. Nor did they have to wait for the arrival of the preacher to start a song or lead in prayer; for the members could nearly all sing, and pray in public, and shout till the welkin would ring. They sang with the spirit, if not always with the understanding, and prayed as vehemently as Elijah the prophet; and whoever heard of the spirit not moving an itinerant when the appointed time came to pray or preach? When a big revival got well under way there was not so much sermonizing done as exhorting. Sinners were cordially invited to the altar, where prayer, singing, and exhortation went on for hours. Sometimes there was what the ministers called a "wonderful outpouring of the spirit" and many would profess conversion. There were some eccentric preachers in those days whose words and ways would astonish a Methodist audience of to-day, especially the elite of our towns and cities. Rev. William C. Smith, a minister and citizen of Martinsville for many years, relates the following incidents in his book, *Indiana Miscellany*. He says: "On one occasion at a camp-meeting, while a prayer-meeting was being conducted in the altar, many persons were seeking salvation and many souls were being converted, the preacher's stand was crowded with the proud and haughty who stood looking on. Among them and at the front of the stand was a young woman very gaily attired, who was making sport in a very derisive manner of the exercises. Mr. Gibson was on his knees in the altar with his face toward the stand, earnestly engaged in laboring with the penitents. Looking up he saw the young woman laugh-

ing and making sport. He suddenly exclaimed in great earnestness, 'My God! Knock that young woman down,' repeating it three times, when, as if pierced by a rifle ball, the young woman fell in the altar. Mr. Gibson turned to a lady who was kneeling near him and tapping her on the shoulder said, 'Sister, that is what I call taking them between the lug and the horn.' The young woman after a long and hard struggle was powerfully converted." Brother Smith says: "His (Gibson's) education was limited, but sufficient for his station in life and the people to whom he ministered in their wilderness homes."

Another instance is given, that of the Rev. John Strange,* one of the first preachers in Indiana. "He possessed what Rev. Mr. Taylor, in his *Model Preacher*, calls 'surprise power,' in a very high degree. Sometimes when portraying the torments of those shut up in the prison-house of hell, and describing the wicked, as in crowds they urged their way down to blackness and darkness, the sinners in the congregation would scream out for mercy. Seizing on the occasion Mr. Strange would exclaim in his inimitable way, 'A center shot, my Lord; load and fire again.' The backwoods hunters knew well how to apply such expressions. On one occasion when he was preaching on Sunday at a camp-meeting, the tide of feeling rising higher and higher, he took one of his wonderful flights of eloquence which lifted the congregation, and a general shout arose. Hearing the great shout which rolled up from the enclosure of tents, a crowd of persons who had been wan-

*Born in Virginia, November 15, 1789. Came to Indiana as a circuit rider in 1824 on the Brookville circuit. He made his home in Madison. He died in Indianapolis December 2, 1832, while yet a young man, worn out with hard work. For a good account of his life see J. C. Smith, *Early Methodism in Indiana*, 23-51.

dering about on the outside of the encampment came rushing in through an opening in the row of tents and down the center aisle toward the stand. Seeing the coming throng, Mr. Strange stopped short, raised himself to his full height, and standing on his tiptoes, threw his right hand forward, pointing with his index finger directly toward the crowd, and then exclaimed in a voice which seemed to startle the people from their seats, 'Here they come now, my Lord; shoot them as they come.' At once scores of loud 'amens' rolled up from the congregation. Instantly as if stricken by lightning the whole crowd of sinners, who were pressing down the center aisle, dropped upon seats and upon the ground. From that moment he held the congregation at his will until the close of the sermon."

Mr. Strange probably preached in Brown township about the year 1830, as at that time he was presiding elder of the Indianapolis district.

In that city on the 2nd day of December, 1833, he laid down his arms and sword, and put on his crown. The membership in Indiana were in great sorrow when they heard that "John Strange is dead." His whole life had been unreservedly given to the Master's work. He reserved nothing; food and raiment was all he wanted. His favorite hymn was:

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man.
I lodge awhile in tents below,
And gladly wander to and fro
Till I my Canaan gain."

An admiring friend once made him a deed to a quarter section of wild land. He kept it awhile and then re-

turned it with many thanks, saying it bothered him, as he could not conscientiously sing his favorite song, "No foot of land do I possess."

It is not too much to say that no class of men and women ever entered the western wilderness who made greater sacrifices for the Protestant religion than the Methodist itinerants and their faithful wives. Some of the circuits were so large and the roads so bad, and it took so long to make the round trip, that the youngest child would almost forget how the father looked when he left home, and fail to recognize him on his return.

About 1835 the settlers in the center and southern part of the county began to take some interest in school and church affairs. Heretofore they had been too negligent of these potent helps to civilization and good government. There could scarcely be found a school or church building in the county south of Brooklyn as late as 1836, sixteen years after first settlement, while often the rambler would stumble on a little "one-horse" still, turning out ten or fifteen gallons of copperhead whisky per day. These little moonshiners were running without let or hindrance, in the bright light of both sun and the sunlight of the age, for the people thought them quite innocent and useful institutions—more so, it would seem, than schools—and government had not yet learned to pull revenue out of a "jugsucker" at the rate of one dollar a gallon, as it does to-day. But when churches and schools began to move in, the stills began to move out, or rather to die out. For the stills it was a matter of "the survival of the fittest," and the "fittest" have gone to Terre Haute, Peoria, Chicago, Kansas City, and other like places where there is for them a more congenial atmosphere and larger profits.

It has been observed that when people change from

or begin to change their views about religion, the transition is rapid and masterful. The greatest sinner becomes the most roaring saint. Communities that were dead while they yet lived, became lively corpses when touched with the fire of a religious revival. Revivals are curious studies; they cannot always be started at will, nor can the number of those who will be moved by them be determined beforehand; neither can one tell how long they will continue. Sometimes they greatly exceed all expectations; often they fall much below what was hoped for. Certainly it can never be told how many will fall away, and be like the sow returning to her wallowing in the mire.

As the conditions throughout the county began to ripen for religious work, and as the various denominations set up different standards of belief for membership and fellowship, there began to be an earnest inquiry about what was gospel and what was not. There had long been a great many things held out for people to believe and do, that the gospel said nothing about; hence there arose a multitude of fireside debates and debaters. These became so numerous and enthusiastic that men had to be called off from debating at log-rollings, house-raising, and boat-turnings, so that the work could go on. The women did better at their "quilting bees," for they could "line off," stitch, and talk at the same time, and carry on a general "floutation" as well. Not so with the log-roller; he could not do a good day's work and at the same time talk enough to prove to the average man that "there are infants in hell not a span long." Men and women carried their Bibles and New Testaments with them when at their daily work, and at odd times searched for those scriptures which seemed to prove the truth of their respective

dogmas. The pages of the book were well worn where those passages occurred. For instance: The Disciples (derisively called Campbellites) would have such passages as the 2d chapter of Acts, Philip and the eunuch, and Paul and the Philippine jailer, about worn threadbare, while the 9th chapter of Romans would look almost as new as when it left the printing press.

The Predestinarian had become so familiar with Romans 9th that he could read it backward as well as forward, particularly about Isaac and Rebecca's twins; but he was pretty nearly a stranger to Peter at Pentecost; and so as to Philip and the Ethiopian nobleman—that thing occurred in an out-of-the-way place, and in a somewhat hurried manner, anyway he could view it.

Meanwhile the Universalist had to have a thumb paper over, "Who will have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth," "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive," "God is love," and so on.

The Methodist had a leaf or two turned down at "The rich man died also, and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments." "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." These and many other passages of like import he vigorously poked under the nose of the Universalist. The Baptists had some stakes driven along on "Jordan's stormy banks," which they tied to when the waves began to roll high.

So it was, we became a great backwoods debating club, and the combat waxed warmer by reason of two or three large debates held in the old courthouse at Martinsville in the '40's. Rev. Erasmus Manford,* of

*He edited a Universalist paper, *The Christian Teacher*, in Terre Haute. Such a debate is described by Rev. James Mathes in the *Christian Record*.

Terre Haute, the foremost man of the west in the Universalist ranks, met and engaged in a theological contest with Rev. James Scott, of Crooked Creek, this county, a local Methodist minister. We have forgotten the wording of the propositions, but one of them embraced the final holiness and happiness of all mankind, which was affirmed by Mr. Manford. The other referred to the endless punishment of the unrepentant wicked, Mr. Scott affirming.* Each debater laid claim to an immense amount of learning and for anything the audience knew they might have possessed it; for ninety-eight per cent. of the hearers did not know Greek or Hebrew from Kickapoo or Choctaw.

When the moderators were chosen and everything arranged, an invocation was made to the Heavenly Father, to the end that the truth or falsity of these mighty problems might appear clear to all men. Then the debaters stood up to answer to their brethren for the confidence reposed in them as champions to their respective parties.

Mr. Manford was the more skillful debater of the two, having had much more practice than Mr. Scott. He was a cool, self-possessed man, who would not allow the hot shot of his brimstone antagonist to set fire to his magazine.

Mr. Scott was less fortunate in temperament. He was nervous and irritable and, when pinched and goaded in argument, had a way of reaching down and pulling at the leg of his pantaloons as though he was about to wade into something or somebody. They crossed over into fields of Greek and Hebrew literature and dug up the roots of some words about which they had much disputing. Hades, Gehenna, and Hell were given an

*Rev. Mr. Scott also carried on a debate with J. M. Mathes, of Bloomington, on Baptism.

airing never before heard of in Martinsville. At the close of the three-days' debate, Manford painted a hell for Scott and his brethren to look at. Being a man of fine imagination and possessed of telling words, the picture was a marvel of ingenuity. Then he flung into it all the human race that orthodoxy excluded from Heaven. By this time he had his audience sizzling hot, himself the coolest looking man in it. Scott retaliated by sending Judas to Heaven before his Lord, and by carrying all liars and lechers, seducers and murderers, to Abraham's bosom, all bedeviled and unrepentant as they were. He said it was quite unpleasant enough to live with them here for a little while, but if they were to be safely ensconced in Heaven for all eternity, no decent man or woman would wish to go there. Mr. Manford said his opponent entirely misunderstood the whole matter. He said, "Christ came into this world to save sinners, and he was morally sure to do so in his own good time and way; and that Mr. Scott need not fret himself about heavenly society, for all would be purified by the offering of Christ, made once for all." As the debate went on, we began to grow religious and the more religious some people become the madder they get. The Universalists were on one side, while the other denominations made common cause against them, for the time being. The latter were not altogether pleased with Mr. Scott's efforts. His own brethren did regard him as a very strong man.

The Universalists were somewhat jubilant at the close of the discussion, and proceeded to organize a church with about twelve members. We have forgotten their names, with the exception of Copes and May, a firm of shoemakers then working in Martinsville. But after the excitement of that time had died out, the

organization dwindled away, and no effort was afterward made to form another.

The Methodists followed the debate with one of their characteristic revivals, at which their denominational neighbors were conspicuously absent. The altar was crowded night after night with seekers, asking for the prayers of the brethren, whose petitions went up continuously in their behalf. "A powerful outpouring of the spirit" seemed to manifest itself and many professed religion. At the conclusion a long list of probationers was filed away for future reference and for the class leader. At the end of the six-months' probation or trial, as it was then called, there was a very perceptible shrinkage in numbers at the class meetings. The temptations to former habits and amusements which were forbidden in the *Discipline*, were too great for their self-denial. They had played "Old Sister Phebe," sung comic songs, and in some cases danced "weevily wheat" and the "hugging eight." They had most wilfully listened to the enchanting music of the violin, which was not at all commendable; for in those days, it was thought by many that more devils lurked in catgut and horsehair than Luther ever dreamed of. The Baptists, Presbyterians, and Christians were all in accord with the Methodists in denouncing "fiddling" and dancing and "gumsucking" parties. But how to keep the "lambs" from cultivating their heels was a problem the elders could not solve—neither have they yet solved it. It is to them what squaring the circle is to the mathematicians—a vexatious problem.

Other religious discussions were held, notably among them, one by Elder James M. Mathes and Rev. Mr. Scott. The propositions embraced creeds, disciplines, and confessions of faith, other than the Bible. The

respective tenets or fundamentals of the M. E. and Christian churches were much in evidence during this debate. While it must be admitted that public discussions or joint debates, either political or religious, do not contribute much to piety or patriotism, they serve to stimulate the intelligent hearers to a deeper and more earnest research after truth.

But at the time of which we write, in the '40's, both political and religious prejudices were at white heat, and to "convince a man against his will was to leave him of the same opinion still." There are some minds that mature so early in life and are so tenacious of their own beliefs and opinions, they never learn anything new, and consequently are the bitter partisans in politics and bigots and fanatics in religion.

But the light then beginning to dawn on the Christian world, in regard to the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man, has done much to lessen the asperities that greatly hid and hindered the one above all other blessings, namely: The love that flows from heart to heart and sends joy and good will into every life. Creeds and confessions we still may cherish, but more and more will the pure word of God crowd everything out of our hearts that mars the beauty of souls sanctified by the word of truth, and the indwelling of the Comforter.

§15. A SUMMER SCHOOL.

The first school ever taught on the road from Martinsville to Scott's ferry—now Barnard's bridge—was during the summer of 1833, sixty-nine years ago. The teachers, employers, and all the scholars, excepting the writer and one or two others, have been laid in their

graves. The log cabin in which the school was taught stood by the wayside in the valley, about two and a half miles north of the I. & V. depot, and was owned by Joel Wilson, father-in-law of the late John Nutter. The employers were Joel Wilson, William Wilson, Thomas Hendricks, Samuel Elliott, John W. Cox, Frederick Fry, William A. Major, Polly Lang, Mary Record, Micajah Jackson, and Solomon Collins.

I do not think that Jackson or Collins ever sent any scholars to the school. Mr. Cox and Mr. Fry lived west of the river, and their children while attending school had to be "canoeed" over morning and evening.

The tuition was one dollar and a quarter per scholar for the term of sixty days. Usually there were about twenty-five pupils in attendance, making \$31.25 salary for the teacher, or about fifty cents per day, provided the subscriptions were fully paid, which was seldom the case.

There was an article of agreement drawn and subscribed to by the teacher and patrons, and in those days the teacher agreed to teach reading, writing, and arithmetic—the three R's—and begin at 7 o'clock a. m. and teach until 6 o'clock p. m., with an hour or so of intermission at noon. The people in those days required the school teacher to work as many hours per day as the farmer or mechanic.

The employers of the teacher were greatly more influenced by the handwriting of the agreement than by any other indication of his qualifications, hence he took great care how the contract was drawn up. The next best recommendation was ability to spell off-hand every word in Webster's spelling book, and to make and mend quill pens for writing purposes. They also insisted on the strictest discipline, and scholars

were put under teacher's rules from the time they left home until their return, and often a refractory scholar received punishment at both ends of the line. The teacher read his rules the first morning of school and repeated them until the scholars were supposed to understand them. On going to and from school there was to be no playing or loitering on the road, no whooping or yelling, no quarreling, no fighting or swearing, and on meeting persons the boys were to take off their hats and bow civilly, while the girls were to "make their manners" by curtseying. This was also to be done on entering and departing from the schoolhouse. During "books" no scholar was permitted to step out of the door without asking leave of the teacher.

There was a little board by the doorway, suspended on a string, with the word "in" on one side and "out" on the other. I think these were the first two words I learned to spell and understand the meaning of thoroughly. Some teachers allowed two scholars to go out together; others, only one at a time. There was no recess in the old-time schools, between morning and noon, or noon and evening, and, as the children were riding a four-legged slab for five hours at a time, without a back to rest their spines, the reader may imagine how many times a day the teacher was asked for "leave of absence" for a few minutes.

There were but two books uniformly found in a pioneer school—Webster's Spelling Book and Pike's Arithmetic. The A, B, C scholars had some kind of primer, or letters pasted on a board. Those who were learning to read made use of such books as were found in their homes. Some brought the Bible, others a school book entitled the "English Reader," while "Thaddeus of Warsaw," "Charlotte Temple," "History

of the United States," "Life of Benjamin Franklin," "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Robinson Crusoe" were to be found lying around upon the benches of the old-time schoolhouse. But the readers mostly used were History of the United States and the English Reader.

After a protracted stay in the speller, my first reading was done in a book entitled "The American Preceptor," and my first lesson given me Friday evening to be conned and recited the following Monday morning was, "The Character of Demosthenes." I will never forget that eventful time, for if I failed to read it passably well I would be put back in the "speller" for an indefinite period. I worked hard Friday night till bedtime and Saturday and Sunday as well. Monday morning came, and, with many anxious doubts and fears, I set out for school. I stumbled through my lesson, after a manner, and to my great delight the teacher let me go on. This book was a collection of essays written by such authors as Pope, Dryden, Addison, and Samuel Johnson, with poetical selections from Shakespeare, Byron, and others.

We generally recited four times per day. Small lessons—a half page—were usually given beginners. No confusion arose because of the diversity of reading books, for every scholar "said the lesson" by himself or herself. There were no class arrangements then as now. When the class system was being introduced it met with stern opposition from many of the "fathers," and, when they finally accepted it, it was with the understanding that the number in a class should be restricted to two.

The whole school stood up and spelled at noon and the last thing before dismissal for the day. When a scholar spelled to the "head," most teachers sent him or her to the foot, giving a ticket for each headmark. Others

allowed them to stand "head" the remainder of the week.

"Silent schools" were unknown until as late as 1835. There was as much debate over the aforesaid schools as over the class system, and both came into use about the same time. The change from the "loud" to the "silent" school struck the scholars very forcibly. The latter way of conducting a school, compared with the former, seemed like a funeral, and for a time the scholars begged permission to study the spelling lesson aloud.

It was an almost universal custom to give a "task," Friday evening, to each scholar. This was to be committed and recited Monday morning. It might be the multiplication table or some rule in arithmetic. Sometimes a column of abbreviations were given, or a stanza or more of poetry—anything that came into the teacher's mind that would keep the children busy seven days in the week, as if sitting on a slat ten hours per day for five days was not sufficient schooling for one week. I do not remember, if I ever knew, why this school was taught in the summer, for, as a general rule, winter time was chosen for school work. A good reason, too, for this, as the larger boys and girls, especially the boys, could be much better spared from work during the winter months than in spring and summer.

The cabin, as before stated, belonged to Joel Wilson, and was built and occupied by him in 1827. At that time the settlement was strung along with cabins near the wood located in the valley and running nearly parallel with what is now the I. & V. railroad for three miles north of Martinsville.

The first settlers chose the highest spots of ground in the valley on which to erect their domiciles, and were

seriously interrupted with high tides for twenty-seven years, but the 1st day of January, 1847, the valley of White river was covered with a foaming tide from hill to hill. After this the cabins began to disappear from the low bottom lands.

This cabin was about 18x18 feet and had been fitted up for a schoolhouse in the old provincial style, with slab benches for seats, and a boat-plank pinned to the wall for a writing desk. The horizontal windows were "glassed" with greased paper, the floor made of puncheons, and the door of clapboards. There was a stick-and-clay chimney, but we had little use for that during the summer. The walls and corners were ornamented by the wasps and mud-daubers, that had "improved each shining hour" in building and "beautifying" their homes, while the spiders had opened their "parlor doors" to the unsuspecting fly. Great walnuts and stately elms lent their beneficent shade to our playground, while the feathered songsters—many of them now being gone from sight and sound—seemed to vie with each other in bird melody.

While the average schoolboy would as willingly rob a bird's nest as listen to its twitter, yet he could not help being charmed by the bird life around this cabin during the spring and summer. At that time the variety of birds was so great that they never became monotonous. While the Baltimore oriole was rendering a solo, a flock of Carolina paroquets would shoot by like arrows, each screaming at the top of its voice, "Skeete, skeete, skeete!" The bluejays, robins, woodpeckers, yellowhammers, and blackbirds were never out of sight or hearing, while the sound of the big woodcock could be heard in every direction, thumping the old logs and stumps in order to find a "dear, delicious

worm." The pewee, bluebird, wren, and phoebe birds were all in tune, while the catbird and brown thrush were mocking and making fun of their less gifted neighbors. The gentle voice of the cooing dove was in striking contrast to the scream of the bald eagle. To all these, ever and anon was heard a sound as of distant thunder. It was the male pheasant, perched on an old, mossy log, bringing his wings down with such rapidity as to resemble thunder. Late in the evening, at the close of a long summer day, came the swamp robin with his plaintive song. He is a very modest bird and shy, and loves to dwell in lonely places and shuns even bird society. He is among the sweetest of the bird singers and warbles his tender lays until the coming of the whippoorwill.

So we had music from morning till night and from dusk till dawn. And as if Nature would never tire of furnishing amusements, there was the gray squirrel almost always in sight, with his tail artistically curled over his back, eating nuts and "playing base" in the tree tops. Sometimes wild turkeys would pass by, or the dogs would chase a deer from the hills to the river bank, where the deer would plunge in and swim down stream a half mile or more, coming out on the same side of the stream, thus eluding his pursuers.

What great university now can boast of such environments as this little log cabin schoolhouse in the wild woods?

The teacher's name was Groves. Never heard him called anything but Mr. Groves. Every one spoke respectfully of the teacher. He was the most conspicuous man in the neighborhood during his short stay. I do not know from whence Mr. Groves came nor whither he went. He was fat, fair, and seemingly about

fifty years old; was smooth-shaven, blue-eyed, and bald-headed, but neither "rich nor bad."

When he first came among us he had just taken to himself a bride. She was a girl of eighteen summers, though not a "summer girl." She was Mr. Groves's "darling," and no slave of a young man. Her name was Mary Ann, and Mr. Groves never tired of pronouncing it; indeed, he had it as pat as the multiplication table. She was his good angel, sent to comfort him in his declining years. They kept house in a little log cabin about an eighth of a mile from the schoolhouse on the road to the ferry. Besides her domestic duties, Mary Ann cultivated the morning-glories, marigolds, and pretty-by-nights, and made the "Old Cabin Home" a dear little domicile. We passed near to it every time we went to this school and remember yet how it looked. Mr. Groves had one accomplishment—he could sing; and after returning from dinner (he always dined with Mary Ann) he sang hymns until "books." He was not exactly an oriole, but he certainly did excel a blackbird. Sometimes about the middle of the afternoon he would spread his bandana over the top of his head to baffle the flies and mosquitoes, while he sought "tired nature's sweet restorer."

One Friday afternoon while the class was spelling for head, there was, from some cause, an unusual number of words missed. This seemed to anger the teacher and he declared that if there were no better spelling lesson Monday noon, he would begin at head and whip to the foot of the class. But, by the time appointed, he had thawed out and the class had been more attentive to the spelling lesson, so a storm was averted.

Much has been written and more said about the cruelties of the old-time schoolmaster. Dr. Eggleston

has written many funny things about the "Hoosier Schoolmaster"; but, looking back seventy-three years, we are convinced that he was not the "walloper" or ignoramus that many persons have supposed him to be.

As in the army, so in school, discipline is mostly maintained by punishment or the fear of it. The rod was made for the fool's back, in school or out of it.

Perhaps if boys and young men were given to understand now, as then, that every sin and transgression would receive a "just recompense of reward," and that speedily, the columns of newspapers would not be so darkened with the reports of murders, rapes, and assassinations.

We believe a little more "hemp" and fewer flowers presented to cold-blooded murderers would greatly improve the moral status of the present generation. Let Judas go to his own place, and the corpses of the Ananiases and Sapphiras be conveyed to the cemeteries. We indulge in no sickly sentimentalisms.

The pioneer pedagogue was a law-and-order man. If he did not know much about science and philosophy, the fine arts, or higher criticism, he knew that obedience to law was the basis of good government, and he was for obedience.

It is now more than sixty years since the youngest of the scholars of this school were nearing their majority. The late William Cox, ex-marshal of Martinsville, was one of the number. Mr. Cox was long and favorably known as one of the foremost flatboat steersmen that ever pointed a broadhorn toward New Orleans. He was watchful, deliberate, determined, and fearless and a most companionable comrade. He would have made a good captain or colonel for the army.

Nelly Lang, then a little miss, afterward married Asa

Koons at sixteen years of age. They were as handsome a couple as ever stood before the marriage altar. Their parents were the very first settlers in the north end of Washington township. A few years after their marriage, they moved to Iowa, where, soon after, Mr. Koons died. In course of time Mrs. Koons became the wife of George Gillaspy, who was a State officer and politician of considerable note.

Mrs. Gillaspy's sister, Betsy Lang, who was accounted the most bashful girl in school, was joined in marriage with James Deaton, a boy reared on Sycamore creek, and who was equally as bashful as his bride. Shortly after this event they also removed to Iowa, settling near Des Moines, where fortune so smiled on them that in 1870 they were taxed on seventy thousand dollars' worth of property.

Another very fortunate girl was Harriet Cox, sister of ex-Marshall Cox, and Mrs. Martha J. Clapper. Miss Cox subsequently attended school at the Bloomington Academy, where she became acquainted with Aquilla Jones and afterward became his wife.

Mr. Jones, like Mr. Gillaspy, was twice elected to State office and his children are prominent citizens of the State capital, where Mr. and Mrs. Jones resided many years before their death. Mrs. Jones in her girlhood days was one of the most popular young ladies in the vicinity of Martinsville.

Sarah Wilson, another notable little girl of that day, was the daughter of the proprietor of the school cabin. She became the wife of the late John Nutter, when about eighteen years of age. In his prime Mr. Nutter stood in the front rank of Morgan county farmers. As "working bees," Uncle John and Aunt Sarah Nutter have seldom been equalled; and, perhaps, never surpassed in the county.

Mr. Nutter was a farmer who farmed exclusively and bought no gold bricks or Chicago margins. His common sense was of more value to him than university economics or political economy. He was an industrious and honest man whose example ought to teach the present young farmer a lesson worth having. Mrs. Nutter lived to be mistress of the playground of our little school and two thousand more acres of ground, with a good bank account, and not a dollar in debt at the time of her death.

Thompson Hendricks was also a prominent scholar in this summer school. He was the son of Thomas Hendricks, who was a very early settler in the neighborhood. Like Mr. Nutter, he was a born farmer, and of the first quality of the calling. He became owner of his father's homestead, cleared it of all indebtedness and built an elegant residence with modern conveniences. In the year 1844, Miss Mary Jane Evans became his wife and proved a helpmate who helped. Like Mrs. Nutter, she would not be outdone by her husband. They made a complete success.

Here ends a glimpse of the first school taught in that district of country, by one who was there—is still here, standing like a lone tree upon a broad plain—his comrades all gone.

§16. POLITICS.

From the earliest settlement of our county until the presidential election of 1824, there was little or no strife for party candidates. "Is he honest; is he qualified?" was the test generally applied to all men who sought places of public trust; nor were the electors often mistaken in their choice of an officer in those early days.

The county's business was usually honestly and faithfully done, whether the incumbent was a Whig or Democrat.

No honester records were ever made on the office books of Morgan county than were made by such men as George A. Phelps, H. R. Stephens, Jefferson J. Graham, William H. Craig, Jonathan Williams, Jonathan Hunt, James Jackson, Scott W. Young, James Crawford, Philip Hodges, Uriah Ballard, Hiram T. Craig, William Hadley, Hiram Matthews, and others whose names are still household words for fair dealing, both private and public.

As there were no political conventions in those days, the candidates usually rode through the county on horseback to learn what their chances were for election. If they were favorably impressed by their interviews with the people, they would announce their candidacy; otherwise they would quietly withdraw from the field. Sometimes the many friends of a suitable man would get consent to announce his name as a candidate. So it oftentimes happened that early in the campaign many candidates were in the race, but usually they kept dropping out until only three or four, possibly only two, remained to finish the race.

As the elections of State and county officers for some thirty years occurred annually on the first Monday in August, and for township officers the first Monday in April, it will be seen the political pot was kept boiling, or at least lukewarm most of the year round. As there were no party organs for more than thirty years in the county, to "cuss and discuss" political differences, the matter of electioneering became doubly interesting. So much so that this business became a sort of trade or profession in which some men showed great proficiency

while others were sadly lacking in those qualities which made a good vote-catcher.

To illustrate this: One day during harvest time, my father's men were cradling oats by the wayside, when there came riding by one of the candidates for sheriff. He was a Whig and "hickory Quaker" from the northern part of the county. His opponent was a very pronounced Jackson man, and so were our boys. The Jacksonian was stiff and quite dignified in manner, though he was quite capable and honest, and had paid his compliments to the voters, but had not impressed them very favorably. But the Whig got off his horse, tied him to a swinging limb, jumped the fence and took the boys by their sweaty hands and gave them a hearty shake. The day was hot and the boys were shading themselves.

The candidate meantime was talking farming as though to the manor born, which may have been, for anything we know. The boys began to guy him; remarking he looked more like a book farmer than the Simon-pure article. Nothing daunted, he threw off his coat and vest, picked up first one cradle, then the other. Swinging them through the air to make sure of the best, then taking the "rifle," whetted a keen edge on the old four-foot blade and struck in at a lively gait. One of the men started after him but to no purpose; the candidate fairly distanced him, doing his work in a neat and farmlike manner. Whether he was an all-round planter or not we know not. But he was a good mixer and was elected. His name was Jonathan Hunt, and one of the then (sixty years ago) young men who crossed the "dead line" and helped to do it, was the late Jackson Record, who afterward became one of the foremost local politicians in this county.

Not until the presidential election of 1824, as it seems, were party lines strictly drawn in this county. Adams, Clay, Jackson, and Crawford were in that memorable campaign. No one received a majority of the electoral vote, the choice of a President fell to the House of Representatives, and when Clay's following went to Adams, securing his election, that, together with Clay's seat in the cabinet, aroused a warmth of feeling for General Jackson that subsequently landed him triumphantly in the presidential chair in 1828 and also in 1832.

Thereafter, from 1824 to 1852, the election campaign of our county was strictly conducted on the lines dividing the Whigs and Democrats, with the chances favoring the Democrats by a small majority. But 1852 saw the last of the Whigs. They were hopelessly divided on the slavery question, the party went to pieces, and in 1856 the Republican party, to some extent, took its place, but on a very different basis. The strength of Clay and Jackson in this county was nearly equal from 1828 to 1838.

The mutilation of the early records, which occurred when an attempt was made to burn the courthouse in 1876, leaves us in doubt about many things, and particularly so about election returns.

About the year 1834 there was a very spirited race for Congress in this district between General Jake Lowe, of Monroe county, and George L. Kinnard, of Marion county. General Lowe was an early settler of Monroe county, and his widowed mother a wealthy and respected lady of Bloomington. Mr. Kinnard was a young lawyer of about twenty-eight years of age, a lover of politics, a ready debater with a fund of anecdotes and witticisms, which in joint discussion he used

with telling effect. They debated once in Martinsville, to the great delight of the electors, who had come from far and near to hear what was going on in the greatest "stripling" government yet known to man. As both candidates were Democrats and had supported General Jackson for the presidency, strictly party questions were ignored. The Whigs for some reason, probably the hopelessness of electing, had no candidates, so they were free to "choose between two evils," as they expressed it. Many voted for Kinnard, who was triumphantly elected by a large majority.

It is sad to note here the sudden and untimely death of this gifted young man, who probably would have been one of Indiana's brightest lights, if life had continued to middle age. On his way to take his well-earned seat in Congress, he happened to be on the ill-fated steamboat "Moselle" [Flora] when she was blown to splinters by the bursting of one of her boilers, in front of the city of Cincinnati. This was the saddest and most thorough destruction of a river steamer that ever occurred on the Western waters. Saddest because hundreds of Cincinnati's best citizens were aboard this new and magnificent boat on her trial trip from Pittsburgh, where she was built, to New Orleans.

So forceful was the explosion that fragments of human bodies were found in the streets of the city on the housetops. For a minute or so, the river was covered with the wreckage of the boat and the dead, dying, and drowning passengers. Scores of the passengers were never more seen or heard of; and among them was George L. Kinnard, of whom not a shred was ever identified.*

*Mr. Kinnard was standing for re-election at this time. He was editor of the *Indiana Gazette*, Indianapolis, before he entered Congress in 1833. The name of the boat on which he lost his life was the "Flora."

General Lowe, who never mingled much more with politicians, passed the remainder of his life at his Monroe county home, practicing law occasionally. He lived to an old age, but, strange to say, was almost forgotten away from home. The last time we saw him, he was sitting on the counter of Parks & Hite's general store in the frame house that stood on the corner where the Toner Brothers are doing business to-day. He had grown very fleshy, was somewhat carelessly dressed, and looked as though he had bid the world wag on and leave him alone.

In some respects the presidential campaign of 1840 was very remarkable. It was the first time the great West, now called the Middle West, came to the front with a presidential candidate in the person of General William Henry Harrison. He had several things to recommend him as a suitable man for this high position, as well as an available candidate. He had long been identified with the interests of the Northwest Territory as delegate, Governor, and Secretary. He had been an officer in the regular army, and was given the command of Hull's army, after the cowardly surrender of that officer. He had fought the Indians under General Wayne, and as commander-in-chief, fought and won the Battle of Tippecanoe, the only great battle ever fought in Indiana. It is a fact, so says a Washington correspondent, that William Henry Harrison was a candidate of the anti-Masons against Van Buren the first time he ran for the presidency in 1836, and that this was the only election in which the electors voted for five candidates, these being in the order of their strength, Martin Van Buren, William Henry Harrison, Hugh L. White, Daniel Webster, and W. P. Magnum. Notwithstanding Harrison's defeat by Van Buren in

1836, the Whigs still thought they saw in him a standard bearer with which to defeat the Jackson Democrats in 1840. Mr. Van Buren was Jackson's choice as his successor. He is said to have been one of the shrewdest and best educated politicians of his day, and that he and his following brought to Washington the New York methods of managing party politics which have been so generally adopted in the great cities by the crafty politicians. He was before the public either as an officer or as a candidate for thirty-five years, and at the beginning of his career was quite successful. His last candidacy was on the Free-Soil ticket in 1848, when he drew enough votes from General Lewis Cass to compass his defeat. He belonged to the Barnburner faction of the party; but political cards are uncertain things with which to play, and the flags of a party, triumphantly floating in the breezes to-day, may be trailing in the dust to-morrow.

For twelve years the Democratic party, under the leadership of Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren, had held sway, but Van Buren's administration got caught in the panic of 1837, and this helped to turn the tide.

General Harrison's nomination by the Whigs did not inspire so much enthusiasm as might have been expected, until some foolish politician of the East, like Blaine's Burchard, characterized him as an "old, slovenly farmer who lived somewhere out west in a log cabin, drank hard cider and sold coonskins," and who, if elected, would look like a "bound boy at a frolic" in the White House. The Whigs and their allies turned this sneering to good account. They went everywhere shouting at the tops of their voices: "Hurrah! Hurrah! for Harrison and Tyler, a nice log cabin and a barrel of

hard cider." It was the first time in the history of Morgan county that great delegations—"terrible as an army with banners"—came rolling into Martinsville, through dust almost thick enough to stifle a cyclone, in big wagons with eight or ten horses or five or six yoke of oxen hitched to them, and loaded with canoes decorated with flags and banners and filled with the prettiest and sweetest young girls that ever turned a spinning wheel, swished a dishrag, or made a track in Hoosier dust—up to that date, mind you—all singing campaign songs.

The leading Democrats looked amazed at this innovation and "poohed" and "puttered." "What," asked they, "has this fleeting flummery, this tomfoolery, to do with the tariff, bank distribution, sub-treasury, and slavery, all burning questions of the day. Do you think I would let a daughter of mine be 'canoed' over the county as a target for lewd eyes and unseemly remarks? No, I don't believe any modest or decent g—." "Hold on there, dad! You may touch off a magazine." They are not half done yet. They are going to build a cabin on the north side of the public square (about where the Shamrock now sells tanglefoot to the unwary) and when they have finished it they will decorate it with coonskins, have a pet coon tied up on one corner and a barrel of hard cider inside the door. And if you will look farther east on this "dead-line" you will see a barrel of pure, home-made whisky sitting in the dog fennel with its head caved in and plenty of tincups anchored to it, while men and boys are buzzing around it like bees on clover blossoms. It was a gala day of the long ago in Martinsville when free speech and free whisky kept free-for-all fights going till nightfall.

Tobe King, of Brown township, had made a pretty little log cabin about two inches square and pinned it

on his hat. A belligerent Democrat of Greene township desired to "pulverize" it. Tobe objected, and they came together like two tom cats. The scrap lasted about fifteen seconds, after which Sam was taken to the shop for repairs. Tobe flapped his wings and crowed like a game cock, keeping his cabin in sight of the next fellow who wanted a black eye.

But now let us go back to this cabin, built fifty-nine years ago, and hear Mr. Fell, the lame tailor—the second tailor to locate in Martinsville. He was the little cripple who married Miss Nancy Bull, the daughter of Lawyer Bull. She was a buxom lass of seventeen summers and sixteen winters—the finest specimen of physical form and feature in the town. Mr. Fell had neither health, wealth, nor robust manhood, but was filled to overflowing with wit and good humor. Perhaps it was wit that won the lady's heart. He was a well-finished Yankee, as full of resources as a street corner medicine man. A platform was improvised on a corner of the cabin opposite the big raccoon. Fell mounted it, accompanied by Mr. Holt, the town fiddler, and of the firm of Holt & Cash, wheat fan peddlers. Holt was a Democrat, and some men of that persuasion, plagued with "some godliness," said if it was their case they would not play second fiddle to that "blarsted Yankee." But Holt thought differently and played for Fell and played well. Fell sang a number of comic and campaign songs to the delight of the Whig rabble, and the disgust of the disgruntled Democrats. Curious, is it not, what so pleases one, so displeases another? Here is a specimen verse or two of that roaring campaign, which somehow got pigeonholed in one corner of my mind and remains there to the present time.

I could not forget it if I would, though perhaps it is

hardly worth the writing except to be compared with modern campaigns:

"Come all ye log cabin boys,
We're gwine to have a raisin';
We have a job on hand,
And I think it will be plaisin'.
We'll turn out and build
'Old Tip' a new cabin,
And finish it off with
The chinkin' and the daubin'.

"For the haulin' of the logs,
We'll call on Pennsylvany,
For the Conestoga horses
Can pull as well as any.
The Yankee and York State
And all of the others,
Will come and help us lift
Like so many brothers.

"On the fourth day of March,
'Old Tip' will enter in it;
And then little 'Marty'
Will have for to shin it;
Hurrah! Hurrah! for
Harrison and Tyler!
A nice log cabin and
A barrel of hard cider!"

At the big rally in Martinsville in 1840, young Henry S. Lane was chief orator, if I rightly remember. Perry M. Blankenship was nominated by the Whigs for representative in the State Legislature, and during this campaign acquired considerable prominence as a public

speaker. John Eccles, the second lawyer to locate in Martinsville, and who had represented the county in 1839, was renominated by the Democrats in opposition to Blankenship. Both candidates were nervous and easily excited, and when in debate threw off a number of political sparks, which, like the little meteors, went out almost immediately. As the majority favoring the Democrats had always been small, the Whigs thought to gain the victory by introducing new methods. They brought to their mass meetings some of the best speakers in the State—real “spellbinders” like young Lane, who afterward became governor and senator. But the Democrats felt assured that no amount of show-wagons, all accoutred as they were with pretty girls, ribbons, and furbelows, could chip off of that granite party enough votes to bring about a defeat.

But a hundred votes in a county is not a big majority, and it kept the Democracy busy against men like Dr. John Sims, H. R. Stevens, Grant Stafford, James Crawford, Algernon S. Griggs, Robert Hamilton, James C. Henderson, Hiram Matthews, Hiram T. Craig, Job Hastings, William A. Major, A. B. Conduitt, and other “wheelhorses” who swore—if they ever swore at all—by Clay and Webster, because, as they thought, they could swear by no greater men. On the other hand the Democratic party had achieved victory after victory under the leadership of Dr. Francis A. Matheny, John Eccles, Patterson B. McCoy, Jefferson J. Graham, Jonathan Williams, John W. Cox, William Landers, Parminter M. Parks, the Stouts, Duckworths, Rattsess, Rinkers, Adamsses, Townsends, Hoffmans, Langs, and Robertsses. These all lived and moved and had their political being in the Jackson party, and for its success were at any time willing to make all needful sacrifices. If the

Whigs adored Clay, the Democrats worshipped the "Hero of New Orleans." Some of these old "war horses" had fought in Jackson's army, and it was not healthy to say anything derogatory of "Old Hickory" within arm's length of them. They liked anybody that the general liked, and the general liked Mr. Van Buren. But Jackson could not lend him his military record, and Van Buren had none of his own. So it was, the Whigs had the inside track with General Harrison, the "Hero of Tippecanoe." He never was so brilliant and dashing a commander as General Jackson, but his victory at Tippecanoe was, for them, the best thing in sight, and they worked it for all it was worth, especially in Indiana. The Stipps, Scotts, Matthews, Squires, John Robb, and old "Billy" Lloyd, of what is now the Center-ton neighborhood, with many others, planned a rally that was to overtop all former proceedings. Old Billy Lloyd invited it to the Drury farm, which was then under his management. A nice location was selected in the woods, and the old logs and underbrush were swept off to make room for an old-time barbecue, where sheep, oxen, and pigs were served to the hungry multitude; overdone or underdone, just as the guests might desire. Great long trenches were dug in the earth, like those used for burying the dead on the battlefield. These were filled with hard, dry wood, which was allowed to burn into coals, resembling somewhat our notions of the "bottomless pit." Handspikes were thrust through the quarters of beef and hung over the coals, where they were kept turning and burning until they were thought to be done. But it was only the thought, not the beef, that was done. The sheep and pig meat was fairly well roasted, also the roasting ears and potatoes. Lloyd's watermelons were eaten raw, just as they came

out of the patch; and they all came out on that day. The good wives and daughters of the "outdoing" Whigs, knowing that it was not good for man to feed on meat alone, prepared stacks of crullers, loaves of wheat bread, and, above all, pyramids of good, old-fashioned "light corn pone," which to this day makes the mouth of an old pioneer water when he thinks of it as mother baked it sixty years ago—light and white within its brown crust—"sweet, juicy, and well tasted." But farewell, "ponie," for you have been supplanted by the "shotgun wadding" of the modern bakeshop.

THE BARBECUE.

To fully understand an old-fashioned Fourth of July barbecue, it would be best to see one. A long, rough board table was made by driving stakes in the ground a foot or more deep, leaving them about waist high. A crosspiece was nailed on top of the stakes and running boards were laid lengthwise on the table, which was sometimes one hundred or two hundred yards long, and three or four feet wide. Upon this at the noon hour the feast was spread. The meats were cut in chunks and bits and laid on plates, so long as the plates lasted, but there were never half enough of these to go round. So large quantities of food had to be laid on the bare boards. So with the bread, cakes, crullers, roasting ears, and potatoes. Pies and preserves were not much in evidence, as they did not very well bear transportation; especially pumpkin pie, which was then the leading member of the "American abomination" that so disturbs the modern dietitian. While the table was being loaded, ropes were stretched around it and guards set to watch the "jackals and hyenas" who were stand-

ing hard by, ready to pounce upon it at the first opportunity. Some men and women are born polite, some acquire politeness, and a few have good manners thrust upon them. But about one-fourth of the young men then and now, act on such public occasions as barbecues and basket dinners, as if they were graduates of a high-toned pigsty.

No sooner does the bugle call, and the ropes fall than they are on the run for a choice stand, crowding back the women and children like a war hog at a slop trough, yea, more so. The hog has the better manners; for when he is full he goes away peacefully, while these rowdies, after filling their capacious maws with best things in reach, begin throwing meat and bread at each other. The most pitiful thing about all this is, that the boys think now, as they did then, that such conduct is exceedingly smart. But that cannot be, for "want of decency is want of sense."

A man's sin is no surer to find him out, than for the inevitable fly to find the location of a barbecue. It may be by instinct, or a laudable ambition to do his country honor by his presence at these patriotic meetings, we know not which, but he is always there, and Mrs. Fly and all the little ones are also present to help save the country and the victuals. But a fly was no more welcome at the big dinners of ye olden time than a British Tory would have been. Boys and girls were stationed at regular intervals, with brush fans in their hands, ordering the flies to move on; and so the battle between flies and fans continued until young arms grew weary or the flies, like a mob, congregated at some other place.

There appeared at this rally, "Old Tip," the largest and handsomest canoe that ever floated on White river between Waverly and Gosport, forty-two feet long,

three and one-half feet wide, twenty inches deep, and neatly painted red, white, and blue, with the name in large letters on either side. This canoe was placed on a big wagon, and hauled on the ground, all aflutter with bunting and pretty girls, as was the order during the campaign. The shout that went reverberating through the forest as the canoe came in sight was such as never before nor since has been heard near the sleepy little town of Centerton. The horses became nearly unmanageable from the "Hip! hip! hurrahs," and the din of the kettledrums. Not much attention was paid to the speakers that day.

The August election had gone Whig, county and State, and the election of General Harrison was seemingly assured. The Whigs, who had been jolly drunk on "glory" ever since the first Monday in August, gave this day up to feasting, drinking, and cheap hilarity. This was the last big rally they had in the county in 1840.

The November election resulted in the choice of a large majority of Harrison electors. It was a signal triumph for the Whig party. They had battled for twelve years for a United States Bank, and at last had won it, as they thought; but one month after the inauguration of President Harrison death removed him from all sublunary things. John Tyler was inaugurated and served the remainder of the term. He was to the Whigs what Andrew Johnson was to the Republicans, an antagonist through and through. It was a glorious campaign victory, but an inglorious administration, and left the Whigs in bad form for the contest of 1844. Nevertheless they went into it with Henry Clay as standard bearer, shouting like troops storming a battery. The shadows of the Mexican war were coming in sight.

The Whigs were opposed to it. A favorite expression among the Democrats of that time was, "I am in favor of this war and the one to come." Strange as it may seem, no antiwar party has ever yet won a presidential election.

Polk of Tennessee, a man not widely known, eclipsed Clay of Kentucky, a man of more than national reputation. "Hurrah for Polk and annexation" was the Democratic slogan; while the Whigs sang:

"Polk root juice is mighty bad and bitter,
If the Locofocos take it, 'twill kill the whole litter."

They took it, and not a mother's son of them died of it. Polk brought on the war, and the Whigs helped to fight it to a finish. Clay's favorite son, Henry Clay, Jr., volunteered in this war and was made a colonel. The end came in the famous encounter of Buena Vista, when the three colonels, McKee, Clay, and Yell, fell in one charge. Clay deeply mourned the untimely loss of this son. The country, without regard to party, paid a well-earned tribute of praise to General Taylor and the brave boys who won on that bloody field.

The people of Morgan county have ever been watchful of their political rights, and faithful in the discharge of their public duties. They have differed in a most radical way as to what was right, and honorable, and practicable; but it was an honest difference backed up by the courage of their convictions.

The most amusing and mysterious campaign was in 1854, when the Knownothings pulled the wool over the eyes of both parties, and waked them up the day after the election, to show them that they did not know where they were "at." The most complete and exhaustive

campaign was in 1860, and the most dangerous one in 1862.

§17. ELECTION DAY.

For thirty years the voters of our county looked forward with much anxiety to the first Monday in August of each year, as it was the day fixed by law for the election of State and county officers in Indiana and many other States. Although there was a voting precinct in each township, for the convenience of the old and infirm, an elector could vote at any precinct he chose within the border of the county. This privilege brought from one-half to two-thirds of the voters to Martinsville on election day. If the day promised to be good, and not too hot, sunrise found the voters of the out-townships on the road to the county seat, some in wagons, some on foot, but mostly on horseback, for as yet buggies, phaetons, carriages, and road wagons, as well as good roads, were in the far away "good time coming." The men were smoothly shaven from chin to ears and robed in their Sunday clothes, consisting principally of yellow factory shirts and linen jeans breeches, home-knit "galluses" and cowhide shoes of the tan-colored "persuasion." In color, at least, they were in style, though perhaps unaware of it at the time. However, it is true that coming events still continue to cast their shadows before. The home-made straw hat, fashioned by the deft fingers of the good wife, sister, or daughter, was much in evidence. Many chip hats were worn, and now and then some ambitious youth sported a genuine Panama.

By 9 o'clock in the morning Martinsville was buzzing and humming like bees in swarming time. The citizens were obscured and ignored for the time being. The sheriff and constable were supposed to keep order, but they let school keep itself on election day. What could they do

with a thousand sons of Columbia, all chock-full of the spirit of '76 and wringing wet with sweat? Nothing at all. Many of these could not do anything with themselves by 4 o'clock p. m., and were pulled into the shade to await the return of their senses. Old King Alcohol paralyzed many a chap on every returning first Monday in August. However, the "blowers and strikers" managed to get these "babes and sucklings" to vote "before or after taking," whichever they could.

The east end of the courthouse was the storm center. Here from one hundred to two hundred men could be found standing around or lying in the dog fennel, talking, laughing, gesticulating good-humoredly or half-mad as circumstances might direct. The busiest men in the county, on that day, were on the election board at the county seat. From 6 a. m. until 6 p. m. they had to work like beavers, with only fifteen or twenty minutes recess at noon for lunch. If they determined to "count out" before adjournment, as was usual, they were on the job until 1 or 2 o'clock a. m. Much less restriction was thrown around the ballot box then than now. The board might be composed altogether of one party, though usually through courtesy two of the five members were selected from the minority party. Notwithstanding all this, there is good reason for believing that elections were much more honestly conducted then than later on. I was thirty years old before I even heard of any serious charges being preferred against an election board in Morgan county. True, there were individuals offering to vote who knew that they were not eligible, and sometimes they succeeded. They or some friend would swear the ballot through in spite of the board. Except here and there some ambitious youth, who desired to be born before his time, there was not much irregularity. Not until 1858 were the people startled by the misconduct of

an election board. This was in the case of John L. Knox, candidate for treasurer, who was surprised at the smallness of his vote in Monroe township. He contested the election of his opponent, and in prosecuting his suit, as well as we now remember, forty or fifty eligible voters of Monroe township were put on the witness stand, and they swore that they had voted for John L. Knox, whereas the tally sheets showed differently. About half as many from Clay township testified to having done the same thing. This astonishing fact caused the attorneys for the defense to withdraw from the contest, and Mr. Knox took his office.

It is a sad comment on republican institutions, that with our intelligence, our Christianity, and our high civilization, we should be compelled from year to year to coop up our election boards, line off a track with ropes fifty to a hundred feet long, for the voter to walk through, set guards on every side, padlock the mouths of the board and poke the voter into a box, in order to insure a free ballot and fair count. Every man who wilfully and maliciously defrauds an election, strikes directly and forcibly at the free institutions and good government, is the foe of human rights and is proper stuff out of which to make an anarchist. The life of a democratic or republican government can only be perpetuated by honest elections. When bribery, perjury, fraud, and duplicity come in at the door, democracy goes out at the window or people's necks go under the iron heels of tyrants. The ballot box will yet prove to be an iron cable or a rope of sand to the American republic. It is in our power to make it a cable, with each strand of double strength. Will we do it?

The old fathers were strong party men; oftentimes in needy circumstances, not worth buying as is sometimes said, but an attempt to buy their ballots would have been resented with fiery indignation, supplemented by a kick.

Men did not stand around in those days, saying as they do now in a half-jocular, half-earnest way, "We are going to vote for the man who has the money." The only approach to undue influence was in the practice of "treating." This was carried on to a scandalous degree, and led to grewsome disorder. From noon till night fisticuffs were freely indulged, and the fighting was fast and furious, but not to kill. While the rules of the Marquis of Queensbury were not strictly observed, if the "under dog" cried "'nough," the top cur was jerked off in a jiffy. Deadly weapons were seldom or never used in these combats. This ruling, which was generally accepted, gave strong men a great advantage over the weaker ones; but the battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift. What was called foul play was often shown when one of the combatants was short of friends. Many of the pending fights were fixed for election day, when the principals could have their seconds hard by. The stray pen was often used as the arena in which the battles were fought.

After having their heads shaven and soaped, the combatants stripped to the waist, tied their suspenders around their bodies and walked into the ring, while the crowd stood around the pen from four to six deep, to see the fight. Sometimes, just at this juncture, the friends of the fighters brought about a reconciliation and averted the battle; after which the belligerents washed off the soap, and put on everything as before, excepting their hair, while the crowd dispersed to reassemble at the courthouse. Here the polling booth resembled the ticket wagon on a show day. Men were poking their tickets under the nose of the inspector, faster than their names could be written. Ever and anon there was a dispute between the challengers, which, however, seldom resulted in violence. By a sort of common consent, no fighting was to be permitted near the polls.

Sometimes when the throng was so great that the voters were hindering rather than helping the election to a finish by 6 p. m. and giving every one a chance to vote, a sham fight would begin. This started the crowd on the run from the courthouse and gave the board time to breathe.

Tickets could be had anywhere for the asking. They were usually printed with the names of the party candidates in full. As there was likely to be more or less scratching, pasters were supplied for the use of the scratcher, or he could scratch the regular candidate and write his name above the erasure. Some men wrote the entire ticket with a pen, and would vote half a sheet of paper. Many will remember the late Robert Townsend, who sometimes voted in this way: Splitting a long stick, inserting the ballot in the split, and hoisting it in the window over the heads of the bystanders. Mr. Townsend was of a family of very early settlers, Simon-pure Democrats, warranted neither to "rip, ravel, nor wear out." Parties might change routes, go up or down, but the original Townsend never failed to plump a Democratic ticket in the ballot box on the first Monday in August. There were, in those old times, as there are now, floaters, sometimes called "ciphers," but it is noted that even ciphers count in times of elections if they can be placed on the right side of the right figures. The shrewdest local electioneers were engaged to watch these annual floppers, and turn them over into their respective camps. It was generally seen in the forenoon which party was capturing the largest number of the doubtfuls. But the greatest merriment was late in the day when "the last of the Mamalukes" were running the gauntlet arm in arm with the buttonholers.

As the respective parties gained a point they hissed and laughed like ganders at a goose fight. Let it not be understood from the foregoing sketch that any considerable

number of the old-time voters were drunken or disorderly. Such was not the case. Ten or fifteen rowdies, in the absence of a good police force, can keep an uproar going among a thousand civil men.

Remove the restrictions brought to bear upon the present election day, turn the saloons loose, let men vote anywhere and everywhere, dismiss the police, let the men carry concealed weapons, appoint the day in August, and you can duplicate the most disorderly election day in Morgan county for the first thirty years, and have one hundred per cent. of crime left over. That there was less suspicion of treachery then than now is shown by the fact that there were few, if any, contested election cases prior to the Knox case.

Grant Stafford was elected State senator in the '40's, over John W. Cox, by only two votes. Every precinct in the senatorial district was examined and recounted, to make sure of the right. Mr. Stafford was certified elected, and took his seat, the Democrats acquiescing. If such a case were to occur now, it would insure a long and bitter contest, for the dominant parties have little faith in each other's electoral honesty. They are like the old negro woman who was asked by her mistress to leave the Methodist church and unite with the Christian, and whose answer was: "Lors, missus, we knows too much about one anuddah to lib in de same church."

The headquarters of the Democrats were established at the Parks & Hite corner, while the Whigs, and later on the Republicans, met near the store of the firm of J. M. & S. M. Mitchell on the opposite side of the square. These two firms stood for many years as typical representatives of the dominant parties. Great changes occurred in the personnel of the parties from 1856 to 1861. After the Dred Scott decision, many Democrats left their party on account of their antislavery sentiments; while several Whigs took their places, for the opposite reason.

A still greater change took place in 1861, when hostilities began between the slave and antislave States. Then hundreds of what were called "war Democrats" espoused the war for the Union, and helped fight it through on the line of policy adopted by the Lincoln administration. This naturally placed them in the ranks of the Republican party, and assured it a greater or less majority from then till now.

§18. COUNTERFEITERS.

Fifty or sixty years ago no class of criminals was harder to convict under the criminal law than counterfeiters and horse thieves. Strange as it may appear, they nearly always had shrewd counselors who knew all the loopholes in the "Code Criminal," through which they could slip the scheming rascals who prowled about the country and lived off the earnings of honest people. No hole in the criminal practice of law is half so smoothly worn as "you shall give the benefit of the doubt to the prisoner." Almost every jury has its "doubting Thomas," who often hangs the jury, while in strict justice the jury ought to hang him. While Jonathan W. Gordon was a member of the House of Representatives we once heard him in private conversation say: "If they will let me frame a law and change the criminal practice of the courts, I can catch and convict nine-tenths of the criminals, who always keep the commonwealth in an uproar; under the present practice I can clear four-fifths of them."

Mr. Gordon's opinion is well worth considering, for he was during his life one of the foremost criminal lawyers in the State. But in all probability we will continue to have beggars in rags and rascals in robes as long as time lasts, for neither the law of life and love embodied in the Sermon on the Mount, though proclaimed for hundreds of years,

nor the "red-eyed laws" of men, which know neither mercy nor forgiveness, have as yet cut off the annual crop of rascals and ragamuffins.

In the spring of 1837, when work began on the canal, there appeared to be an unusual amount of counterfeit money in circulation. Indeed there had been more or less of it in circulation almost from the beginning of the settlements. The Mexican dollar, which then constituted the larger part of our coin, was made the stool pigeon of these financial foxes. Suspicion rested on certain individuals, but such proof as was required in the courts was lacking. Perhaps no gang of wrongdoers ever in the county were more subtle in their movements than the counterfeiter. They could discount the horse thieves and forgers in covering up their tracks. Everybody knew the animal was here, but could not trace him to his den. Honest men became indignant at this outrage on the character of the county and determined to ferret out the perpetrators. The more they worked at detection the more they became surprised and dumfounded at finding reputable citizens under a cloud. They discovered enough to convince them that there was an organized band of rogues in their midst, and, though no very large amount of counterfeiting was done here, yet there were plenty of distributors along the line in this county. They also found some dies and other counterfeiting implements not very far from Martinsville.

Not all engaged in this business were then known, nor will they ever be, for no convictions according to law were ever had, although summary chastisement was administered to two or three men with good results as the sequel will show. The strongest suspicion rested on a man named Prince, who claimed to be a resident of Missouri. He had visited this county several times since its settlement began. Just what business he had here was not clear to the "fer-

rets," as he had neither family nor relatives in the county. He never appeared to be doing anything but standing around or sauntering about like a gentleman of wealth and leisure. He was perfectly civil, genteel, and well-behaved; wore good clothes, neatly fitting, was polite and unusually intelligent in conversation. He was about sixty years old and "as mild mannered a man as ever cut a throat or scuttled a ship." He was fairly good looking, straight as an Indian, with hair white as wool. A writ was sworn out for his arrest, and William H. Craig, who was sheriff, began looking for him, but evidently some one had advised the accused of the situation and he was on his guard. He secreted himself in the west end of Clay township, among the thickets on Sycamore creek, about a mile north of what is now Bradford's sand mine. Meantime several citizens offered to assist in searching for him, among whom were Dow Cunningham, Robert Hamilton, Charles Butler, Anderson McCoy, Job Hastings, William A. Major, and several others, numbering in all ten or fifteen of the most substantial citizens. Dow Cunningham was a born detective, and therefore was chosen as captain. After several days' successful "mixing" he located the wily Missourian. It was in midsummer, and in order to avoid discovery they chose the last half of the night. They were all regularly ordered as a posse by the sheriff and armed with rifles, for Prince was not a man to trifle with. At break of day they had completely surrounded him. He happened to see the first man who came over a point overlooking his hiding place. Immediately he stepped behind a tree with his trusty rifle in his hand and his finger on the trigger. At this moment a signal was given by the leader to close in. Prince now realized the fact that there were a number of men in search of him, and he thought to save himself by flight. He paid no attention to the order to halt, but ran down a steep

ravine at full speed. Anderson McCoy shot at him, and just at this juncture he caught his foot in a forked stick and fell to the ground. Half a dozen men shouted, "He is shot," but the next minute he was on his feet running up the other side of the hollow. Just as he had nearly reached the top of the ridge he met Job Hastings, a man about his own age, who was as resolute as a tiger. Hastings shouted, "Halt or I will burn a hole through you in one second." By this time there were shouts all around. Prince took in the situation and stood still, panting like a horse from his running. His eyes flashed fire and he gnashed his teeth in rage as Hastings took his gun from his hands. The sheriff then took him to Martinsville and lodged him in jail. Prince employed half the legal talent of the county, which consisted of Attorney John Eccles, and the State engaged the other half, Benjamin Bull. These were supposed to possess the entire legal lore of the county at that time. Eccles was an old, nervous, fussy man who, when not asleep or talking to other people, was talking to himself. Perhaps his reason for so doing was that he liked to converse with a man from whom he could learn something. Bull was old enough to have a wife and eight children. He was dark, swarthy, and slender, with wit enough to fret a half-dozen men like Eccles. The case was tried before Squire Ellis, an honest old man of the English type, who usually could not see a point until it was nearly out of sight.

In those good old days circuit court convened but once in six months, and then only sat two weeks. Prince had no inclination to boarding with the jailor until his time might come, for he felt sure the State would fail to find sufficient evidence to commit him for trial in the higher court, so he demanded an immediate hearing before the justice. Sure enough, not a witness was found who could or would swear that he had known Prince either to pass or

possess a single counterfeit coin. Here the Regulators were foiled. They believed the witnesses kept back the truth and soon found there was nothing for them before the law, so they consulted together and determined for the time being to be a law unto themselves.

They managed to keep Prince in town until nightfall, which was a good time for the accomplishment of their purpose, when they escorted him westward toward the riverside, where, after tying him to a bush, they read to him the law lately passed in the interest of moral honesty and good citizenship. They also gave him "forty stripes save one" with very pointed instructions immediately to move on and out of the county of Morgan. This he most willingly did, to the peace of the county if not to the dignity of the State.

There was a man whom we will call "C" for short, who took quite an active part in the defence and who loudly denounced those who whipped the old fox. He had played "polly fox" to Prince while he lay in his den on Sycamore, by carrying him fried chicken, eggs, and other goodies. One night soon after the Prince episode the Regulators put a quietus on him by clothing him in a striped evening suit something like Prince wore. For a time there was considerable murmuring in low tones about the "whip crackers," and a feeble effort was made at prosecuting the "mob," but it all soon died out. Prince was never afterward seen in the county and "C" shortly moved away. While no doubt men have from time to time been passing counterfeit money in this county from then till now, it is certain that the first gang was thoroughly demoralized by the whip. So far as remembered, this was the first and only case of whitecapping in the county at an early day, except an attempt to lynch an old man by the name of Marlowe, who lived four miles north of Martinsville, and which

resulted in the untimely death of a young man named Redman, who received a fatal blow from an ax in the hands of Marlowe. Marlowe was acquitted, as he was defending his own domicile. Redman was buried in the woods, and many times in our boyhood days we passed his lonely grave still covered with the traditional "long pen" of a pioneer tomb.

§19. SHOWS.

Not least of the gala days of old was show day. It stirred the people from top to bottom. Both young and old were caught in the whirl. Among the amusements awarded the old settler, the show came first. It was the grandest, most exhilarating of all the past times. From the posting of the bills, on and up to the first glimpse of the "pole wagon," the show was all the talk. "Are you going to the show?" was in and out of almost every mouth, and the answer was, "If papa pleases and I can get the quarter, I am going."

Mamma might demur, but she was usually overruled, and put her time in overlooking the scanty wardrobe, for if the children must go, her motherly pride prompted her to show them in their best. Good soul as she was, she would put in two or three weeks washing, ironing, mending, remodeling, and trigging out a half-dozen bairns for the show, meantime denying herself of many little things which, before the show came, she intended to get with her pin-money; and then, if any one had to stay home on show day, it was mamma. Well! Well! there never was anybody as good as a good mother anyway; no, nor never will be. Papa is a good thing of the kind, but he is not of the kind that mamma is, at least not on show day. He seems to be made of sterner stuff and has to be bombarded sometimes with importunity, like the unjust judge of Holy Writ,

before he will surrender. But he usually has to strike his colors on show day. But the day of the old wagon show is gone forever, and with it the children's delight of hanging on the fence or drawbars and viewing the train as it went by, sometimes at early dawn, sometimes before day. They could at least see the camels and the big elephant and hear the animals growl. And then the dens and pretty painted wagons and well-harnessed horses were things well worth looking at by young eyes that seldom saw anything so grand in the backwoods. But one must have roamed around the streets of Martinsville fifty or sixty years ago to have got a show crowd of folks photographed on his mind that fades not away.

At an early hour they began coming from far and near to the county seat. A right motley crowd were they, of all ages, from three months to three score and ten years. Some came in wagons propelled by the fleet-footed ox; a large number came in two-horse wagons. A more select class was on horseback. Among the latter were lads and lassies in no small number who were experiencing a double portion of bliss—the show and the inexpressible enjoyment of making and using love aright, at the same time. Full many a well-matched pair were caught in the meshes on show day. Cupid was almost as busy as the ticket agent, darting his arrows here and there, “And full many an arrow at random sent,” hit a mark that “the archer never meant.” And there was the “foot brigade,” not to be despised, either for numbers or for enthusiasm. Some of them came six or seven miles. Some men and their wives carried their babies in their arms for the distance of four miles. And I will not undertake to say how many babies there were who were carried otherwise.

When a show struck Martinsville in the bygone days, when it was a limp little hamlet, overrun with jimson weeds

and dog fennel, law and order took to the woods and remained there until the dawn of the next day. The peace officers then consisted of a constable or two and a justice of the peace, who were almost as powerless as a police force. Drunks and disorderlies and obscene conduct were disgusting in the extreme. Fist fights were common. One of the saddest sights was to see a wife and mother and little children meet the husband on the ground after he had been engaged in a "scrap," and had his eyes nearly gouged out, his mouth smashed, his clothes all bloody and covered with dirt. I was walking across the public square one day during one of these carnivals when I met "Jim" Kelley leading his little boy, who was but eight years old. Kelley had, a few minutes before, been struck above his right eye with a brickbat which had cut a fearful gash in his scalp. The blood was running down over his face and bosom and some of it was falling on the little boy, who was looking up in his father's face and crying piteously, "O! papa, let's go home; let's go home; I don't want to go in the show; let's go home." But Kelley paid no attention to the wails of the little fellow, and kept hunting for Billy Wilson, whom he accused of "shying the brick." On these occasions the town was literally trodden under the feet of men and beasts. Here full many a stalk of dog fennel fell beneath a maiden's foot, to waste its fragrance on the show day air. The smell of dog fennel reminds me of a show to this day.

The sidewalks and alleys, as well as the public square, were covered with horses and wagons; and the hitching of horses continued out on every road to the woods, where it ended with swinging limbs—the best hitch racks in the world for the "pull-back" horses. There were few side shows in that day. The only one I remember contained wax figures of Napoleon, Josephine, Hortense, and Eugene. They were looked on with something of the awe of great-

ness. Napoleon's wonderful achievements were fresh in the minds of the middle-aged people of that day, and the average American's sympathies were with Napoleon in his wars with the crowned heads of Europe. The President and Congress of that day would no more have thought of sending a delegation to Britain to honor and witness the coronation than of burning the Constitution of the United States. It must be, surely, that John B. and B. Jonathan are much more in love with each other now than they were then. So mote it be. It will not hurt anybody.

The show auctioneer was a real quantity, with his razors, lather boxes and brushes, and castile shaving soap (there were no whiskers nor mustaches allowed to grow on Indiana soil in those days and every man was his own barber), together with his "Cheap John" jewelry and patent pills and nerve and bone liniment, needles, and pins, ribbons and hair oil, cinnamon drops, and cloves.

With all of these and a tongue that could wag two hours without resting, this poll parrot kept the groundlings roaring with his witticisms, while he gathered their "bits" and "picayunes" in a manner that fairly made them hold their breath when they came to their senses. Many a money purse went back home that day as empty as a fopdoodle's head. But who can measure young people's joys, emotions, sentiments, and love of romance on show day, with a money bag? Not I.

It appears that the first exhibition of wild animals in Martinsville was in 1832, nine years after its establishment as the county seat. About all that is known of this wandering menagerie is that it got here some way now unknown to the oldest inhabitant, paid a five-dollar show license, and proceeded to roar the lion, make the leopards jump over the broomstick, lead the elephant around the ring, and ride the pony with a monkey, to the inexpressible delight of the boys and girls then and there present.

Now, be it understood that all people in a show, for a certain purpose, are of the same age, from a graybeard to a spring baby. The pious and prudent may inveigh against the show or circus, but that enchanter looks them in the face, whether on the road or in the ring, as long as it is in sight. In shows all are juvenile again, with eyes and ears wide open. This was an animal show, with no circus performer, barring the monkey.

The children of the pioneers had seen bears, panthers, wolves and wolverines, wildcats and catamounts, dead and alive, but their eyes had never beheld the lion, tiger, leopard, or ponderous elephant, and for hundreds of children born in Morgan county this was the first sight they ever got of those tropical animals.

Allow me to digress long enough to mention a lion which was exhibited in Brookville, Indiana, about 1828, that created a sensation much above the average king. He was in all probability the first and greatest lion ever shown in the State. He was about twenty-five years old. It required six horses to haul the den from place to place. He was the only animal of importance in the show. But the most wonderful thing about this beast, aside from his enormous size, was his power of roaring and the readiness with which he obeyed his keeper when commanded to shake the heavens and earth with his voice. Children screamed, men stopped their ears, women fainted, while window glass was cracked in nearby houses. The curious thing about this roaring episode was that the keeper could command him at will, something seldom attained by a lion tamer.

This was not a roaring farce, as some may think, but a roaring fact which the Brookville people often referred to when talking about the king of beasts. But leaving the big lion, which was almost the whole menagerie, we come back to Martinsville, for by this time, 1833, showmen had

learned where to stick their posters and gather a crop of bits and picayunes.

Benedict & Eldred appeared this year with a moderate circus and a striped clown, paid a five-dollar license fee for their ring work and carried off a little more money than they had brought with them. But 1834 was the great show year of early times. First came J. D. Fogg, April 17, who paid ten dollars license. I do not know why the authorities charged Fogg ten dollars, unless it was to discourage circus performances, which in that day were thought to be immoral, especially when lady equestrians participated in the whirl. This show would have been frostbitten but for the kindness of the weather. We feel sure it found plenty of mud and dirt and high waters.

July 17, Miller & Company came along with a menagerie alone, and paid five dollars license fee. About an average number of people was said to be at the show. After that, August 11, came S. Butler & Co. with a mixed concern. Again the license was five dollars. Although the people of Martinsville and vicinity were always "kind and condescending" to shows and desirous of encouraging all educational institutions, they felt that they had seen about as many gymnastics and zoological specimens as were profitable in one year. Mr. Butler, however, got enough money to keep from being stranded in middle Indiana.

In 1835 came the Bailey Company circus and menagerie combined. It being the only exhibition that summer, it gathered a goodly lot of plums and scattered plenty of juvenile delight among the boys and girls and had some left for the children of larger growth. It went on its way to other plum orchards, notably Bloomington, then the Athens of Indiana.

In 1836, Frost, Husted & Company appeared on the dog fennel with an up-to-date circus. They also had a kangaroo,

an ostrich, and some tropical birds, for the old folks to look at. At this date the scribe, then a lad of thirteen, "began to take notice a little," and scraped together a quarter of a dollar to buy a ticket. Considering the backwoods, bad roads, and endless obstacles, the company gave the people the worth of their money. The horses were fine animals and richly caparisoned; the performers were no less gorgeously attired and the acting up-to-date for that day, while the string band has seldom been excelled in Martinsville.

At the close a beautiful girl and young man played "The Shepherd and Shepherdess." And I suppose about one hundred and fifty men and boys, more or less, fell in love with that girl in fifteen minutes, but not one of them ever saw her again after she rode out of the ring.

From the year 1836, shows appeared once or twice a year with great regularity, usually in midsummer. It required a great amount of animal strength, both of men and horses, to move a hippodrome through Indiana fifty or sixty years ago. The roads were muddy, stumpy, crooked, and sidling, with steep grading, while the fording places of the creeks and rivers were always bad for heavy loads. As to bridges, they were out of the question in the early days of settlement. The distance traveled each day, Sunday excepted, for the whole summer was from twenty to twenty-five miles.

Only the best of horses could have endured the hardships. Many new horses were bought during the run of the season. As soon as a caravan arrived, the blacksmith's hammer began to ring, for there were breaks to be mended and horseshoes to be adjusted and tightened up.

So it was, if a show driver of the backwoods, of good descriptive powers, had kept a complete diary of his work, it would be better reading than a dime novel. About fifty years ago there was a large menagerie and circus that

started early in the morning from Martinsville to go to Danville, Hendricks county. It had to ford the river about a quarter of a mile above where the I. & V. railroad bridge now stands. The bottom of the ford was soft near the north bank and the water rather deep.

We knew what was coming and were up betimes to see the dens and the big Roman chariot. Directly it came in sight, with the band comfortably seated inside of the showy vehicle. Several dens had been hauled over, but when the big chariot got about two-thirds of the way across, eight big horses tugging at it, it stuck in the sand. The driver made two or three unsuccessful efforts to start it. Every wagoner knows how difficult it is to start eight horses together in a hard pull. Meantime Old Hannibal, ten feet four inches high and strong in proportion, came up. After allowing him to splash the water awhile, his keeper, taking in the situation, took him by the ear and directed him to the rear of the chariot. When the driver tightened his reins and cracked his whip, Hannibal quietly boosted the band wagon out of the quicksands and away went the horses in a canter for Danville.

When I heard that Hannibal had gone insane, killed his keeper and himself would have to be killed, I thought of the thousand of times ten thousand had looked upon him, of the thousands of miles he had traveled in a land far away from his native home, of the many things he had done, and of the wonderful power and sagacity he possessed. He was indeed worthy to bear the name of the greatest commander who ever crossed swords with the Romans.

But the old-fashioned show on wagon wheels, pulling itself together at every county seat after a twenty-five mile haul through mud and dust, is like the bar-shear plow, the reap hook and flail, a thing of the past.

The Barnums, Baileys, Sellses and others have completely revolutionized the show business, and for order, precision, swiftness of movement, and overriding obstacles, they can give pointers to the best organized armaments in the world, to say nothing of economy. The rapidity with which they unload the caravan from the train, get in procession, hoist canvas, cook and eat meals, perform afternoon and evening, fold their tents and leave, is the modern wonder of business skill.

But the great shows of modern times afford no greater delight than the exhibitions of old, when the swains of the woods led their sweethearts, hand in hand, round and round, hour after hour, talking soft nonsense and regaling them on gingerbread and Billy Harvey's spruce beer. There was no lager beer in those days, nor were there any lunch counters and restaurants. The show people generally ate all there was at the tavern, and "barked for more." So the boys had to resort to "Hoosier bread" and sweet beer, cider not having got here as yet, and lemonade was as far away as the Ohio river. No show in those days came fully up to public expectation without Uncle Billy Hale and gingerbread. This inoffensive old man seemed to get more solid comfort to the square inch out of gingerbread than any person we ever knew.

About fifteen minutes before the show opened, the storm center was at the ticket wagon. Here men and boys jostled and jammed each other like pigs at a swill trough. Some of this scuffling looked like a modern game of football. Young men stationed their "best girls" a little way off to wait until they could get tickets, and each fellow wanted his tickets first. They hindered rather than helped each other.

The "snollygoster" from "Big Injun Creek," who had carried water for the thirsty camels and elephants until

he was "powerful hot" in order to get a ticket, and was not recognized by the ticket man, was madder than a yellow hornet and "jist wanted that cuss out of that wagon long enough to start a graveyard with him."

But the man was too busy taking in money to consider the proposition. After the rush for the ticket wagon had subsided, the "goster" got his ticket and in he went like a nursing calf through drawbars, and none laughed longer nor louder than the "Snolly" from "Big Injun." Such was a show sixty years ago.

IV.

PIONEER COMMERCE OF MORGAN COUNTY.

§20. EXPORTS AND TRANSPORTATION.

The first products for transportation in the county were furs, skins, and ginseng. On the river and large creeks, beavers, otters, and minks were numerous, while the black bear, deer, coon, panther, and wildcat ranged everywhere. There were plenty of wolves, but their skins were of little value.

A beaver skin was worth from \$5 to \$8, and an otter skin about half that sum. It took a skillful trapper to capture one of these animals. A green hand would not catch a beaver in three months. The trap must be completely secreted, and the scent of the human hand and foot removed from the trap, and a "patent bait" so arranged as to decoy the animal into it before any reward need be looked for. Even after they were trapped they would, sometimes, cut their foot off and escape the hands of the trapper.

The smaller furred animals, such as coons, foxes, minks, and wildcats fell an easy prey to the common hunter and trapper. The panther was a very shy animal, seldom if ever caught in a trap. He was usually shot by the hunter after being rallied by dogs. The deer were most sought for of the wild animals, because they furnished both food and raiment. If you could now sit down to such a savory pot of young venison as regaled the hungry stomach of a first settler, you would pity those city fellows who make so much ado over a "mess of pottage" made of an old, worn-out buck, shot in Wisconsin a fortnight before, and hauled a thousand miles in a freight car.

But the deer skins had a commercial value aside from their use for moccasins and buckskin breeches, which made a reliable part of the wardrobe of the men folks until something better could be provided.

The pioneers of Morgan county could not "fill the buckskin bag full of gold," but did better by filling them full of the pedal extremities of stalwart boys.

The surplus of deer skins was carefully packed and sold to the fur traders, together with all the other furs. Bear skins were used for covering old saddles, and, as housing for harness, and sometimes they were used for bed covering in cold weather.

Of all the animals roaming the forest, none were wilder or more difficult to capture than the American black bear. If aroused in the morning he would usually run all day, unless the hunter was lucky enough to give him a dead shot. When brought to bay by dogs, he was decidedly the most formidable antagonist of the woods. No number of dogs were ever known to take a full grown bear without the help of a man and gun.

"Sang," beeswax, furs, skins, feathers, and a few other commodities of light weight, could be hauled over the roads to the Ohio river at Madison, Lawrenceburg, or Louisville, where they found a ready market with fair prices, the wagons meantime returning laden with merchandise for the storekeeper. But when corn and hogs, the staple products of the county, arose above the home demand, other modes of transportation besides horses and wagons would naturally be sought after.

White river, though crooked and turbulent and abounding in snags, drifts, and abrupt cut-offs, was destined to be the great thoroughfare for Morgan county produce, and to convey on its restless bosom many thousands of dollars' worth of pork, corn, wheat, flour, mess beef, and lumber on their

way to the Southern markets—generally to the city of New Orleans, a city then of 150,000 inhabitants and one of the best markets in the United States. The distance from Martinsville to New Orleans is computed at 1,800 miles by water.

The rivers are all crooked, and none more so than White river. A trip to the Crescent City and return was usually made in about six weeks, though there were one or two trips made in less than four weeks. These short trips were made by running day and night after reaching the Ohio river. There were instances where the cables were never tied between the mouth of the Wabash and the landing at the City. At other times the winds were so high that the boats were drifted ashore and tied up for a day or two at a time. At the time of year (March and April) when the boats were on their voyage, they often encountered thunderstorms and fearful winds, which made it rather uncomfortable for a nervous boatman. Boats and crews were known to be sent to the bottom together by such warring of the elements, though the number was small considering the apparent danger, and none were lost in this manner from our county.

The greatest danger to the life of a flatboatman came from the sudden change that was made from the wintry winds of the North to the hot, sultry air of the South, which was brim full of malaria almost the entire year. This cause, together with the change of diet from the good and wholesome table comforts of home to the miserable makeshifts of an ordinary boatman as cook (who, heretofore, had never so much as baked a biscuit or made a cup of coffee), imposed such new and crude duties upon a decent stomach and bowels as to cause a stubborn rebellion all along the line. Not only so, but many thoughtless boatmen drank freely of the water of the Mississippi river, without so

much as attempting to settle or purify it, as should have been done. Indeed, I have heard some say, in a jocular way, that they had swallowed enough Mississippi water to form a sand bar within them. But these were men whose vital systems were so perfect that none of the above causes gave them any serious trouble. There were others who died the first trip.

That which was called the "Mississippi complaint" corresponded very nearly to the "camp diarrhoea" of the army, and when once fastened on a boatman was sure to give him trouble after, as well as before he returned home. Not many boatmen were drowned, though they were often knocked overboard, or accidentally fell in the water, and strange to say, some few men became boatmen who had never learned to swim. But the mode of transportation for heavy commodities from our county had other perils than those common to the boatmen.

The boat itself was liable to meet a snag, cleverly hidden beneath the waves in some sharp bend of the river, which would bore a hole in the bottom as large as a man's body, and sink her to the roof in thirty minutes. Many an enterprising pioneer has seen the little all of property he had go to the bottom of White river in this way, and turned from the wreck with a sad heart, and bent his steps homeward to meet and tell his young wife that all was lost. A little more than a half-mile north of where I write this sketch, there lies buried in the bottom of an old bed of the river, now entirely out of sight, the remains of a "stoved boat" which has been there more than fifty years. If in a thousand years to come there should be an excavation there, the question of the people would be: "How came this old hulk here and to what use did the inhabitants put it in the time out of mind?" The river in one of its characteristic freaks made a cut-off and has moved north half

a mile, and within a hundred years people will be cultivating corn above the deck of that old flatboat.

In a sharp bend in the northwest quarter, section 16, T. 12, R. 1 E., two boats were stove in more than sixty years ago. A little later one was sunk about a mile above these, and one a short distance below High Rock. Just how many boats were built and loaded in Morgan county from first to last, or how many were sunk and the cargoes lost to the owners, will never be known, as no records can be found which throw much light on the subject. Nothing more than approximation to the number is attainable. An old Indiana Gazetteer in speaking of our county enterprises gives the number as twenty boats per annum, when we were at our best. I think that number too high.

§21. FLATBOATS AND BOATING.

Mr. Cutler at this time was operating an all-round backwoods store at Martinsville, representing a capital stock of about one thousand dollars, which was decidedly the largest establishment in the county. As money in those days was about as scarce as moral honesty in a modern grain pit or gambler's den, Mr. Cutler must have bartered much of his goods for such commodities as corn and bacon, which, no doubt, gave rise to the flatboat enterprise that afterward grew to such large dimensions.

And again, we may be allowed to suppose that the first boats were comparatively small, perhaps fifty feet long and twelve feet wide, with a depth of two feet and capacity of 75,000 pounds of freight; whereas in the last years of boating many boats were built one hundred feet long, twenty feet wide, with a depth of three and one-half feet, and capacity of 400,000 pounds. The general average was not far from sixty by sixteen feet, with a freight bearing capacity of 170,000 pounds.

It was a law of compensation that the larger the boat the cheaper the freight. Furthermore, it was soon learned that lard, bacon, and bulk pork were the most profitable products to ship from Morgan county. Although considerable quantities of corn, wheat, flour, and lumber were shipped in an early day, not much of it was done toward the last. The reason is obvious enough, when a thousand pounds of the pork products would bring \$50 in New Orleans, while the same weight in corn would in no case bring more than \$8 or \$10. Morgan county was always, practically, the head of navigation on White river, and more so after the building of the feeder dam at Waverly.

True it was, in 1824, a little stern-wheel steamboat, firing with fence rails and driftwood, penetrated the wilderness by the meandering of the river as far as Indianapolis, but she had to "crawfish" back as far as main White river before she could "about face." This settled the question of steamboat navigation, and left it all one way with the "flats," and that was down stream. Thus we could export by the "flats," but we had to import by wagons over the dirt roads from the Ohio river. From 1840 to 1853 was the golden era of flatboats. During that period Morgan county stood third in the State for the production of corn and hogs. Farming was then pre-eminently the business of this county. No succeeding epoch ever proved more satisfactory to our enterprising farmers than this one.

The hog cholera, afterward so destructive to this branch of our industries, had not yet made its appearance. The hog, like King George's colonies, "grew by neglect." Never was there a time when there was so small a loss by death among hogs. The price fluctuated somewhat and at times was extremely low, owing principally to money panics and not to over-production. The annual market for fat hogs was between the 25th of November and the last half of

January. There were no summer packing houses then, and consequently no summer market. But there were always buyers for stock hogs throughout the year. Farmers with plenty of corn stocked up by breeding and buying all the year round, and hence it was no uncommon thing to find a large farmer on the river bottom fattening from two hundred to four hundred hogs. Smaller farmers and renters would feed anywhere from one to one hundred.

The time for fattening began about the first of September, by fencing off and turning on the corn in the field, at the rate of one hundred hogs to every five acres. Some men with large numbers of hogs fed them on the fields all the way through, while others finished up by gathering the corn and feeding near the "water-gap," enclosing the hogs in a small lot. Small porkhouses were located in various places, but the best equipped establishments were at Martinsville. Some winters as many as three or four thousand hogs were packed, the packers having made preparations in summer and fall months.

Large quantities of salt had to be wagoned from Madison. The cooperware was made in the cooper-shops near by. Lard and pork barrels cost about one dollar each, and lard kegs, fifty cents. They were made by hand from start to finish and were two-thirds bound in hickory and oak hoops. The cooper worked all summer at "blocking" the barrels, and last of all, hooping them in time for use. They were air-tight.

Flatboating—that is, running the boats on the waters—became a trade, or, more properly speaking, a profession. Although based on scientific principles, it was largely a matter of practice. Nowhere did the adage that "practice makes perfect" apply better than to a steersman, who, time and again, ran around the bars and bends and waverly the cut-offs of the several rivers leading from Waverly to the

Crescent City. A man might have studied flatboat navigation and "river navigators" until his hair turned gray, he might have been able to name and describe every island, cut-off, and shoot laid down in the books for pilots, and yet, without boat practice, he would have been as helpless as a sea captain without rudder or compass. There were steersmen in those days who made so many trips that they knew the way to the gulf as well as the average man knows the way to Indianapolis. Nothing but dense fog bewildered them and in that case one man knew as much about navigation as another, for often when the fog cleared they found the boat going stern foremost. A fog was a real element of danger, not only that boats were liable to drift ashore against falling-in banks, or run ashore on sand bars, but they were in danger of colliding with steamboats, which would send them to the bottom suddenly and unexpectedly. The ordinary headlight, used to warn steamers, availed little or nothing in a thick fog. A good tide was one receding after overflowing the banks. A boat ran much better on a falling than a rising current. When the waters were high and running swiftly into the bayous she wanted to "smell the banks" too much. Boats starting in February were sometimes frozen up before reaching the large rivers, and the crews would have to wait for a thaw-out. This condition of things was very annoying to the crew who had expected to return home early enough to engage in the spring work.

The magnitude of flatboating will be better understood by the following estimates which, I think, are within the bounds of reason. Counting an average of fifteen boats per annum from 1829 to 1853, we have a total of 345 for the twenty-three years.

There were not less than 4,500,000 feet of lumber used in constructing these boats, three-fourths of which were of the finest poplar trees that grew near White river. This

lumber was worth at least \$10 per thousand feet, or \$45,000; 345 boats at a cost of \$240 per boat, \$82,800. The cargoes, estimated at \$4,000 each, \$1,380,000.

It required at least sixty men per annum to run these boats to New Orleans, at a cost of \$2,700 per year, total \$62,000. The total amount of freight shipped was not less than 27,000 tons. If we take the cost of the boats and of the hands from the gross receipts, we will have left \$1,325,000, to which may be added the sales of the boats at the city at an average of \$40 per boat, \$13,000, making in round numbers, a grand total of \$1,248,000 brought into the county during this time through this system of transportation. This was, perhaps, a greater sum of money than came in from all other sources. A large per cent. of the returns was brought back in gold and silver. New Orleans bank paper, while perfectly good at home, was not current so far north as Indiana in that early day. Some men purchased drafts on Louisville or Cincinnati, while others went to the exchange office and bought gold and silver at the rate of three-eighths of one per cent. Large quantities of Mexican dollars found their way to our county through this channel of trade.

A novel way of bringing back hard money was by secret-
ing it in the bottom of old lumber barrels, filling in on top of it with the trumpery which belonged to the flatboat, such as pots, pans, and tools, cables and checkropes. Each deck passenger on a steamer was allowed one barrel as baggage. Most returning boatmen came on deck, the fare being from \$2 to \$2.50 without meals, while the charges for cabin passengers were from \$15 to \$20. The accommodations in the cabins of first-class steamboats were equal to the best hotels; but a "bow hand" who received only \$35 for the round trip could not afford to pay cabin passage, hence he came on "boiler deck." He cooked his own meals, or

bought them as he saw fit. The steamer furnished a few old cooking stoves for the use of deck passengers, who employed these by turns in making coffee and frying meat this being about all the use made of them.

Passage on deck of a New Orleans steamer fifty-four years ago showed the dark side of humanity in the most brilliant light we ever saw it. The trained gambler, the sneak thief and robber, the moderate drinker and the drunkard, the lecher and the "scarlet" woman, the "soiled dove" and the blackguard, were coming on board and getting off at every town and city where the boat landed. Gambling never ceased day nor night; and the roar of profanity was almost as regular as the rattle of the machinery. The towns and cities literally swarmed with saloons and dancehouses. Natchez "under the hill," exceeded them all, until a tornado blew the houses into fragments. It was at this place, an old boatman told me, a dead man was dragged out of a dance house one night and laid on the sidewalk, while the revelry went on at white heat as though nothing unusual had occurred. In truth, it was no strange thing to see dead men. Many, of course, died from natural causes while others were cut to pieces with bowie knives.

The spring and early summer of 1833 was a fearful time to visit the South, and particularly so for our boatmen. The cholera had reached New Orleans in the summer of 1832 and, though held in check for a time by the mild frost of a southern winter, broke out in the spring of 1833 with seemingly renewed energy. Men died like flies. Steamboats landed on the shores of the "Father of Waters" every three or four hours to bury the dead, whose shroud was the everyday clothing and whose coffin was a pine box. Quick and shallow they dug the graves and short was the funeral service. They who buried the dead to-day were, themselves, buried to-morrow. It was a time to try men's

nerves. Doubtless many invited the "angel of death" through fear alone. Our boatmen went through this fiery ordeal with comparatively small loss. Silas Drury, whose father's family lived near what is now known as Centerton, was stricken with cholera near Bloomington on his return home. The symptoms were present when he got off the steamer at Leavenworth. The whole town was in a panic. A runner was sent to tell his parents, who arrived at Drury's late in the evening. The mother insisted on going, although the journey had to be made on horseback. Her riding horse was hurriedly saddled and, in company with one or two of the family, she started a little before sundown and rode the twenty-eight miles in the night and in about five hours. She found her son at the very gate of death, but her coming seemed to be the turning point for him. She stayed by his bedside until all danger was passed and then returned home rejoicing although very much fatigued by the excitement and constant watching, as well as the hard riding. In due time young Drury came home. No spread of the disease followed this case, and the citizens of Bloomington were greatly rejoiced at their escape from the impending danger.

The following is a list of the names of those engaged in boating, either as owners and shippers, or as builders, steersmen, and bow hands. As we write entirely from memory we may have forgotten some names, and others there may have been from near Waverly and Gosport with whom we were not acquainted. The names are given in the order of the dates, if we had them, and somewhat in proportion to the business done. First, was Jacob Cutler, who sent two or three boats and then moved away. Dr. John Sims, of Martinsville, who from 1830 to 1843, the time of his death, was extensively engaged in farming and merchandising, sent many boats, sometimes going himself and at

other times sending a supercargo, or, as we would now say, a superintendent. William H. Craig, also a merchant, was for many years engaged in this business, sometimes alone and again as senior partner of the firms of Craig & Major, Craig & Hunt, and Craig & Sparks. James Cunningham, father of the late N. T. Cunningham, was engaged in shipping for a time. Jonathan Williams sent one boat about the year 1845; also a Mr. Greer, who died at Vicksburg. But the most extensive and successful owners and shippers from this county were the firms of J. M. & S. M. Mitchell and Parks & Hite. It has been estimated that these two firms sent as many as thirty-two boats to New Orleans between the years 1843 and 1853. At first their porkhouses were built in Martinsville, and when the tide and time came for loading the boats the product had to be hauled about a mile to the river, sometimes through mud half hub deep. To obviate this cost and delay, each of the firms built a porkhouse on the bank of the river, where they continued the business until the railroads were built and summer packing introduced, after which it was no longer profitable to ship on flatboats.

Samuel Moore, the founder and first merchant of Mooresville, was at one time extensively engaged in pork packing and flatboating. His boats were usually built at Waverly. Mr. Free, the Waverly miller, and John W. Cox, of the mills at High Rock, sent loads of flour and lumber to the Sunny South. Many more men were, probably, thus engaged in an early day, but their names have been forgotten. Following are the names of the pioneers who ran the first broadhorns from here to the "Gulf City": John Scott, George W. Olds, Samuel Scott, David B. Scott, Calvin Matthews, Alfred Matthews, James Matthews, George ("Doc") Matthews, Simeon Ely, John Rudicell, Paul Cox, Mile Drury, and Alfred Lyons. Most of the above named

were steersmen. John Scott was regarded as the most skillful steersman, and Andrew Wampler among the best on the big rivers. The following went as bow hands, sometimes as steersmen: Silas Drury, B. F. Stipp, Jonathan Lyons, John Cox, David Ely, Philip Gooch, William Gooch, John Gooch, Jesse Gooch, Dabney Gooch, Moses T. Lang, Tobias Peak, Kester Jones, William Jones, Gabe Paul, James Kitchen, Andrew Stafford, William Wall, Samuel Ray, and Thomas Ray. Most of the above named belonged to Clay township, many of them living in what is now known as the Centerton neighborhood. This was a great locality for boatmen. Jackson Record, at a later date, made many trips from this place, both as a boy and steersman.

Jacob Lee, the Cutlers, James Clark, Frank Dobson, William Fair, Dow Cunningham, Garret Cunningham, Moses Taylor, Lewis Coffey, Richard Nutter, J. Mason Worthington, and Gideon Lewis were the old-time boatmen in the vicinity of Martinsville, and most of them became steersmen. Later on the following names were added to the "marine" service: John Nutter, Clem Nutter, Thomas Nutter, Henry Sims, Samuel Graham, John Moffit, Thompson Hendricks, William Cox (our late marshal), James Cox, Relsey Wilson, John Eakin, Robert B. Major, John Bowser, William B. Taylor, Joseph Taylor, Andrew J. Wampler, Franklin Teague, Solomon Teague, Charles Parker, Ephraim Haase, James Coffey, Joseph Fry, Green Nutter, Robert Lanphere, William Tackett, Robert Berge, Joseph Elder, George W. Warner, Colonel Jeff K. Scott, and John Vincent. We think Allen Watkins and, also, the Crawford brothers, made a trip or two. We remember but a few who came from Waverly other than Jacob Peyton and Richard Lee. The latter was crushed to death while hewing a set of "gunnels" (gunwales) in 1854.

William and Robert Worthington, brothers-in-law of

Samuel Moore, made several trips. John Housan, of Mooresville, died on the return trip in 1844; so also did Lewis Coffey and John Martin. Later on Joseph Fry and Robert Lanphere died; one before reaching home, the other soon after.

Almost all of the above mentioned were men of large families, for in those halcyon days maids and bachelors were in the minority. On the eve of the departure of a boat the wives and children of the crew assembled on the bank for the farewell word; and when the good-bye kiss was given, the tears started in the eye of many a husband and father only to be suppressed by a strong will power.

Not so with the wives and children, who often gave full vent to their emotions and cried piteously as the cable was being cut and the bow of the boat was turned for the Crescent City, while their ears were greeted by the sound of the bugle horn as it reverberated over forest and field, playing the sad, sweet notes of "Old Quebec." And still they stood, listening to the rattling feet, the creaking oars and the shouts of the steersmen to "ease on the left, double on the right," until all was out of sight and hearing but not out of mind. Slowly they turned their faces toward their cabin homes, and again took up the day's work that ever returns to the good wife and mother and to which would now be added the husband's share until his return, which would be in about six weeks—Providence willing—when again there would be the joyous greetings and love and happiness unfeigned would reign in the log cabin homes, now past and gone forever.

Perhaps we have dwelt longer on boats and boatmen than is consistent with these sketches, but it seemed desirable in some way to perpetuate the names of these industrious, brave, and self-sacrificing men, who, sixty years ago, readily laid hold of the best means for transportation of the staple

productions of this county and literally began the work of making "the wilderness blossom as the rose."

But "Othello's occupation is gone." Steam and electricity have been tamed and most successfully harnessed to the chariot wheels of transportation, and the ox-cart and sled, lizard and flatboat have gone with the sickle and flail—all hidden away in the dim recollections of the past, while new men and new women, with new inventions, new ideas of life, new wants, a new literature, new politics, and sometimes a new religion or no religion at all, have come upon life's stage to play and be played until they too, fill their page in the world's history and pass away.

§22. THE OLD CANAL.

Each succeeding generation of men, barring war, pestilence, and famine, has about the same amount of the ups and downs of life, for "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

Sixty years ago the people of Morgan county were greatly elated over the seemingly certain construction of a canal along the valley of White river, on the east side, which would be a thorough outlet for the surplus products of the country, both north and south. Their expectations went up like a Roman candle and came down like an avalanche. So certain were some men of the ultimate success of all kinds of business upon the completion of the canal, that as soon as the survey was made they were ready to buy everything in sight, particularly real estate. They bought largely on credit, made good by what they were thought to be worth. They ultimately found to their sorrow that a man can load himself with more debts in one year than he can unload in thirty years.

The internal improvement system which was then being

developed in some of the Eastern States, particularly New York, began to buzz in the minds of our Indiana statesmen; and it is probably known by this time (if we read the papers) that about all the knowledge of political economy worth having belongs to these classes [statesmen] and their greatest desire is to serve (?) the common herd of mankind with the cream of their latest discoveries. In those days there were annual sessions of the Legislature, and we elected our representatives once a year. The stumps swarmed with orators, especially along the proposed lines of improvement. The more famous orators—and there were scores of them—honored many stumps in the early summer of 1835, dispensing knowledge to the farmers and workaday people, telling them of the prodigious quantities of butter and cream, poultry and eggs, that would be consumed by the men employed on these public improvements, and that money would creep into their pockets like flies into a sugar bowl. Some of the more sanguine said: "It is only necessary for the farmers' wives to raise an additional hen and chickens in order to pay the interest on the bonds, until the railroads and canals are completed and in operation, when the rents and profits will more than meet the demands." Ever and anon there was an old "hayseed" who mixed a deal of common sense with delightful nonsense and who shook his head as he said: "No doubt you are the people, and wisdom will die with you." But the more wise and hopeful ones looked at him with a strange commingling of pity and disgust. It seemed so strange that any one could be found to oppose "the development of our resources." These wonderful words are always used to padlock the mouths of the opposition. So "hayseed" shut up like an oyster shell and abided his time, which came in 1839. The members of the Legislature of 1835 felt warranted, by the trend of public opinion, to proceed

and lay out the proposed improvements, which they did in a way that was generally acceptable to the different sections of the State.

They proposed three railroads and three canals as follows: A railroad from Richmond to Terre Haute via Indianapolis, one from Madison to Indianapolis, and one from New Albany to Michigan City; a canal from Connersville down the White river to connect with the Miami Canal; the Wabash and Evansville Canal, and the Indiana Central Canal.* The whole length of the thoroughfares was something near 750 miles. If the State could have completed the work according to the original plan it would have been a grand success. As it turned out, it was a miserable failure. We say miserable because it added greatly to the panic through which the people were driven in 1840, and besides saddled a debt of ten million dollars upon the State which virtually made her a repudiator for thirty years.

The cause of this financial disaster is easily shown from the fact that the State had no money of her own, but had plenty of undeveloped resources which would induce capitalists to loan their money; but when they saw about ten millions of their funds expended and not a single railroad or canal finished or earning a dollar, and also saw the storm cloud of a panic hovering nearby, they began to "hedge" and would not buy another bond. So all was lost excepting what the State got back after a time by dickering with private corporations, who took up the work where the State left off. Two of the roads, the Terre Haute and Richmond, and the Madison and Indianapolis, were finished in a short time, and for several years were the best paying railroads ever in the State. The canals were never fully completed and about everything invested in them was lost.

*The writer is not accurate here. See the law itself, in *Laws of Indiana*, 1835, ch. 2; *Internal Improvements in Early Indiana*, in Ind. Hist. Soc. Pub., Vol. V, No. 1.

The history of this gigantic movement, based as it was altogether on paper, though quite an interesting study for borrowers and lenders of money, has nothing much to do with this sketch, further than to show our connection with the Indiana Central Canal, the southern division of which began at Indianapolis and was to have extended down White river to Newberry, in Green county, where it would have been connected with the Wabash and Evansville Canal.

Early in the spring of 1837 an engineering party started from Indianapolis to locate this division of the State's great enterprise. This work was intrusted to a couple of young men from York State by the names of Bonham and Wheeler. They were college graduates and fully equipped for work, having served under experienced engineers in the East, where the canal system was at its best. They had the requisite number of men, such as flagmen, bushwhackers, stake drivers, chain carriers, a tent keeper and cook, and a master of the commissary department. In short, they had whatever they wanted and paid good prices for provisions. They ate much more cream and butter, eggs and fried chicken than did the Irishmen who followed them with pick and shovel. They also attended the frolics and play parties along the line, greatly to the disgust of the "rural roosters" whose sweethearts' heads, if not their hearts, were turned topsy-turvy at the sight of their well-fitting store clothes, rings, and watch chains.

But the young men were rather prudent and never held out any inducements beyond the evening's entertainments. Other amusements there were, such as fishing and hunting, for there was yet quite a supply of wild game of the larger variety, which to the average young man was very enticing. The crack of the rifle and the rap of the paddle against the sides of the canoe were often heard in those days, on Sunday, for if there was a law against Sabbath desecration

there were no police to enforce it. As yet "the sound of the church-going bell these valleys and rocks never heard," but there were men who did "smile when the Sabbath appeared," and spent it in chasing deer and spearing fish.

The surveying party dragged its slow length along the valley, through weeds and woods plentifully interspersed with copperhead and rattlesnakes, nettles and mosquitoes. Whether or not the whole line was finished [surveyed] we do not know. We never saw anything more of the engineers after they passed beyond Martinsville.

Meanwhile times began to be lively at Port Royal, or The Bluffs, as it was sometimes called, which was the banner town of the county. It contained a tavern, blacksmith, wagon, shoemaker, and hatter shops, also a store and "dog-gery" [saloon]. There were about 150 inhabitants, some of whom wore "store clothes" and talked politics. The lawyers, legislators, and judges stopped off to stay all night or take a drink while going to and fro on business at the State capital. But after work began on the canal and feeder dam, and Waverly was lined up, everything leaned toward that center of gravity and left the Port to starve and dry up and go the way of Babylon and Nineveh.

The contractors came in due time with a small army of Irishmen with their carts and wheelbarrows, picks and spades. Shanties were hurriedly improvised near the line of work where beds and board were furnished the sons of Erin, with three "jiggers" of whisky per day. The whisky was intended to browbeat the malaria that was always lurking in the river bottoms, particularly in the summer and fall months. On Sundays the dose was doubled to make doubly sure the antidote, as it had long been known that malaria renewed the fight about once in seven days. Salve was kept hard by for the heads that were "peeled" during the hours of recreation. Shillalahs could usually be had

for the cutting on either bank of the canal, while Irish wit lent enchantment to the work. At Waverly the Irish brawn made the dirt fly out of muck ditch and canal, while the woodwork which was to take the place of masonry for the time being in the great feeder and locks, aqueducts and bridges was given to live Hoosiers, who knew how to swing the ax and broadax to perfection, while an Irishman was as awkward with these instruments as a woman. Farmers along the line were called in with their huge teams of three and four yokes of oxen to haul out the trees and grubbed stumps, preparatory to excavation. Every tree and stump for the width of one hundred feet was grubbed out and the muck ditches cut on both sides before the digging could begin. The roar of axes and the shouts of the teamsters fairly made the welkin ring, while the bosses were busy directing and urging on the rather slow movements on the running boards. More or less work was done in our county for a distance of nine miles. Some sections were nearly completed so far as the earthwork was concerned; and thousands of feet of large hewn timbers were strewn along the line for bridges, locks, and aqueducts, while many more thousands were left lying in the woods to rot after the work ceased.

Engineers looked after the work and made estimates once a month upon which the contractors drew their pay and "precedent" to pay off their hands. The pay was about 50 cents per day for unskilled labor and from \$1.00 to \$1.50 for the more skillful. Work continued until some time in 1839. The last section worked on in this county was under contract to a Mr. Schofield, and ended four miles north of Martinsville.

When the State could no longer borrow funds the contractors "threw up the sponge," and paid the men, if they had money—otherwise not. Everything was in chaos and

swearing went on until the atmosphere was as blue as the people. Our hopes were unceremoniously buried without the aid of a brass band. Then "hayseed" came forward and opening his mouth again, said: "Verily, ye are the people and wisdom will die with you."

§23. MILLS AND MILLWRIGHTS.

As mills for grinding grain and sawing lumber are absolute necessities to civilized people, the early settlers set about erecting them as soon as possible. In the very beginning there may have been a few corn mills propelled by horse power. We are inclined to believe there was one of this kind which stood about three miles east of Martinsville on the road to Morgantown, but we have forgotten the name of the owner. It had been abandoned before the year 1832.

Morgan county was well supplied with mill streams in those early days. Besides White river, which was a never failing source of water power, there was White Lick creek, accounted one of the best mill streams in the State, on which, fifty years ago, there were no less than five grist-mills, besides a few sawmills. Among the names of owners of mills in the early times were those of Colonel Lyons and sons, Harrison, Alfred, and Jonathan, who bought out Cuthbert at what is now Brooklyn, and proceeded to remodel the whole concern and make it an up-to-date mill, to which the old Colonel added a tanyard, distillery, and country store.

Taking it all in all, about the year 1833 Lyons's mill was one of the best business points in the county. James S. Kelly, then a young man, superintended the business affairs of the Colonel, and with the money earned at the place set up for himself and afterward became one of the prominent business men in that part of the county.

Samuel Moore, for whom Mooresville was named, owned a mill about a half-mile west of the village, which was remodeled and operated about the year 1846 by George W. Olds, who was one among the best millwrights and mechanics in the county. Coming from Mooresville to Brooklyn, when on the bridge spanning White Lick, if one will look west, at a distance of a fourth of a mile one will see the remains of Moon's old millhouse. This is the last remnant of the numerous water mills of the county, which prepared meal and flour for the hungry souls a half century ago. Between this mill and Brooklyn there were two other mills owned respectively by Moss and Sutliff and, at a later date, one of them was owned and remodeled by Mr. Paddock.

Passing from White Lick to Sycamore creek, we find that Daniel McDaniel, father of the late Ira McDaniel, many years ago built a mill on the little stream some three miles south of Monrovia. Coming on down this wet weather stream fifty years ago, we would find John Albertson's sawmill and corn-cracker, built originally by George W. Olds. This mill stood about three miles west of Centerton. Still farther toward the mouth of this creek, on what is now the Bradford farm, Mr. Olds built, about the year 1840, a sawmill and corn mill, which afterward was operated by William Wall. And now we must tell you of Daniel Reeves's little mill. It stood forty rods east of the last named. On Mr. Bradford's farm, then owned by Reeves, there is a fine spring of large dimensions. Mr. Reeves conveyed water from this spring through hollow logs and other contrivances, for a distance of four hundred yards to a bluff bank, where he turned it on a little overshot wheel. This mill was short-lived, for we often passed by its seat more than sixty years ago, and nothing much remained then but the ditch and the little "nig-

gerhead" mill stones, which were eighteen or twenty inches in diameter.

About the year 1837 William Story built a saw and gristmill on Burnett's creek, a short distance above where the bridge now spans the stream on the road between Martinsville and Gosport. It did not prove to be a profitable investment. However, Mr. Story kept it running for several years. Mr. Story was a native of Ireland and one of the most intellectual men who ever came to Morgan county. He had the best private library in the county and was thoroughly acquainted with it. There are few men now living among us whose minds are so well stored with the facts of history as was his. He died many years ago, leaving a wife, a daughter, and two sons.

There are many citizens still living who remember the Wilson mill, which was situated on Indian creek some two miles south of Martinsville. This mill was originally built by William Wilson, father of the late William W. Wilson, and maternal grandfather of Isaac and Robert Nutter. Mr. Wilson was a native of South Carolina, who, in company with numerous relatives, came to Indiana about the year 1816 and settled first near Brooklyn; thence he moved to Ripley county. From this fact he was called "Ripley Bill," to distinguish him from his cousins, "Cuffy Bill" and "Jockey Bill." He afterward received the title of "Hero Bill" because of his many adventures, both successful and otherwise. William Wilson (Hero Bill) came to this county about the year 1828 and purchased land around the proposed mill seat and at once proceeded to erect the mill which for so long a time went by his name. This was for forty years the most convenient and accommodating mill south of Martinsville. Mr. Wilson was a man brimful of energy and

resources, proposing to overcome all obstacles by persistent effort. This doubtless gave rise to the epithet "Hero." As a wagoner, he stood at the "head of his class." He was a good judge of horses and kept a fine team for many years. When on the road with his team he made it a rule to clean off the mud and rub every horse thoroughly dry before he went to bed. He was a first-class pioneer and lent a helping hand to the bread-winners of the long ago.

Mr. Stratton had a mill on Sycamore creek, near Monrovia, which did a good business for several years. There was also a mill at the old camp-meeting ground, but the owner's name is not remembered, and one at the Dewees farm. These mills were all running in the '40's, making six on Sycamore, five on White Lick, one on Burnett's creek and one on Indian creek. There may have been others of which we knew nothing in our youthful days.

We now turn to the river mills to which the people went during the summer months when the waters ran low in the little mill streams; for, no matter how dry the season might be, the river was a never-failing source of power.

John W. Cox, who moved from Ohio to this county in 1823, built the first river mill about two and one-half miles north and a little west of Martinsville. The reader will please pardon me if I linger too long around this historic mill yard, once so full of life and energy, now nothing but a dreary little corn field. Once the hum of machinery was heard from Monday morning till Saturday night, and in the dry summer months never ceased, day or night. People came from near and far, waited all night and two days for their turn, putting in their time fishing, for nothing pleased a "highlander" better than to drop his baited hook into deep water and wait

for a "bite." Sometimes there was nothing to do but wait, as the bass seemed to have gone on a picnic excursion.

It was here for many years that house and barn patterns were sawed out; here, also, was sawed the lumber for flatboats each returning year from 1830 to 1856. Here, too, the greatest boatyard in the county was established. Boats one hundred feet long by twenty feet wide were built and turned in the basin above the dam.

These boats were used for freighting pork, corn, and wheat to the city of New Orleans. They had a capacity of 400,000 pounds each and were manned by nine men. In the fall season you could hear the sledge and hammer of the boat builders for a distance of two miles. There was not a place in Morgan county that excelled this one in useful industry during the palmy days of these mills. Mill property often changed owners. Mr. Cox, however, held his property until 1848. Soon after the death of his wife and the marriage of all his children he sold his mills to his son, James, and son-in-law, George W. Clapper, and went in company with the late Andrew Wampler to California in search of gold. They went by sea, doubling Cape Horn, and after a long and tedious voyage arrived at San Francisco, where Mr. Cox soon after died, having taken sick on board the ship. Mr. Wampler returned overland and passed the remainder of his life in Martinsville.

Clapper & Cox made a most excellent firm. James Cox, both by nature and grace, was a born miller, while Mr. Clapper was equally gifted in the management of mill property. We are inclined to think that when the property passed into this firm's hands, it was encumbered for about all it was worth; but they proceeded to put everything in trim, and carefully "watched the corners."

They soon had a large run of custom, both for the grist and sawmills. They kept a splendid log team of oxen, which was in those days a very useful adjunct to a saw-mill. Timber trees, cut on the road leading to Green-castle, could be had almost for the asking. The times were more propitious for the boys than they had been for the father. He had passed through the panic of 1840 which had sent the bills of many business men and farmers to protest; but from 1848 to 1868 was a period of unparalleled prosperity in this county, and the firm of Clapper & Cox, at the time of its dissolution, could count \$18,000 each, saved up during its existence. This was the only real prosperous period in the history of those mills. At the dissolution of the partnership, the property passed to James Cox and William J. Sparks. They erected a large woolen mill in addition to the other mills. This added still more to the business stir about High Rock, as the mills were called. Soon after everything was in running order and doing a large business, the buildings accidentally got on fire and were utterly consumed. This was the third time that fire had swept away these historic mills.

The last effort to re-establish the mill business at this place was by Charlie Smith, son-in-law of Mr. Sparks. He rebuilt the gristmills at a large expense; but neither the man nor the machinery met the demands of the people. Trade had turned elsewhere and High Rock, as then known, dwindled away, died, and was shrouded in a mortgage.

I passed by this place one evening last summer, as the sun was gradually sinking behind the western hills and the evening shadows were growing longer. Silence reigned supreme. I thought of the long ago, and of those with whom I so often met and touched hands at

the old mill at High Rock, and of the enduring friendship of the owners which began more than half a century ago and continues to this day, never marred, never dimmed.

I thought of Father and Mother Cox, and of the time, 1823, when they pitched their tent in the wilderness; of their three interesting daughters—Mary Ann, who married Mat Graham; Harriet, the wife of the late Aquilla Jones, of Indianapolis; Martha Jane, the youngest, wife of George W. Clapper, and the only one of the daughters now living. I thought, too, of the sons, William and James—William, the boatman, and later in life our efficient town marshal, now dead; and James, one of the most popular millers in the State, and perhaps as good a fisherman as Peter. But nine-tenths of those who contributed to the busy scenes of life around this interesting spot of earth, lie mouldering in their graves. Some in far-away States, and some in nearby country graveyards, beneath briers and brambles, where the mocking bird greets the early dawn with his cheerful chirp. A few—just a few—sleep beneath marble shafts pointing toward the stars. All, alike, are in the “windowless chamber of the dead,” but none in a place more lonely and silent than the old millyard at High Rock.

The second mill built on the river in this county was by Joshua Evilsizer and was located not very far from the iron bridge near Paragon. It passed from Evilsizer to Ambrose Burkhart in an early day, who operated it a few years and sold out to a Mr. Pumphrey, who, we think, was its last owner. It probably went out of business about the year 1850. It was in the recoiling waves below the dam of this mill, one cold winter day, that the sad drowning of Leander S. Lankford and a man named Crocket occurred in the presence of half a dozen or more men who were unable to rescue them. They were cross-

ing the river above the dam, when by some mismanagement, they let the canoe drift over it and were caught in the surging waves below. A small boy, son of Crocket, clung to the canoe and was saved. This accident happened as many as fifty years ago.

Mr. Lankford was one of the best esteemed citizens of Lamb's Bottom, and his sudden taking off cast a gloom over the entire neighborhood.

Not very far below this mill, just in the edge of our county, was Mr. Myers's mill, completed and put in running order at a later date than the Evilsizer mill. This mill became noted for the wrecking of flatboats on its dam, there being no less than five boats more or less damaged within three days' time, while on their way to New Orleans. Some of the cargoes were worth \$6,000. The summer before these disasters occurred Myers raised the height of the dam from one to two feet and this, together with an unusually low tide, caused the boats to hang on the dam long enough to pull apart at the splicing. As cargoes were insured against accident, considerable litigation followed. The shippers had recourse on the insurance company and the insurance company in turn tried to recover off of Myers. The point raised by the insurance company was that White river, having been declared a navigable stream by Congressional enactment, no man had a right to place such an obstruction as a mill dam across it. But Mr. Myers's whole property would not meet one-half the loss caused by the wrecking of the boats. This mill, like all the water-power mills, ceased to be profitable and became dead property many years ago.

The Waverly mills were the outgrowth of the feeder dam and lock, built at that place in 1836 for the Central Canal, which was a part of the internal improvement

system adopted by Indiana in those days, by which the State squandered ten million dollars. But the dam and lock afforded a splendid mill power that was leased by the State to Cornelius Free, who, in 1837, proceeded to build and equip one of the finest flour mills in the commonwealth of Indiana.

The house was four and one-half stories high and of sufficient size for the equipment of four runs of mill-stones. To this was added a sawmill, a carding machine, and finally, a spinning jenny. People came to these mills from every direction, especially in the summer and fall months. An adequate idea is given of the business done here when we refer to a remark of Mrs. McKenzie, daughter of Cyrus Whetzel, that she had seen no less than one hundred wagons a day come to and go from these mills. At this place many flatboats were laden with flour, kiln-dried meal, and sawed lumber to be taken to New Orleans or the "coasts" this side of that city.

Cornelius Free was a man of towering energy and full of resources. For a time he was the leading man of Waverly, a typical business pioneer, brushing away all obstacles and developing the resources of the county to a marvelous degree. This splendid property, after changing owners a few times, went the way of all its predecessors. The dam wore out, the lock rotted, and the steam engine with its wonderful improvements stepped in and the old water wheel stepped out, never again to appear as a "motor" in Morgan county.

We have mentioned seventeen water mills—thirteen on the creeks and four on the river—that served the people well fifty years ago. To these must be added two horse mills mentioned by the Madison township correspondent of the *Mooreville Guide*. I am also indebted to my old friend, Milton W. Gregory, for the knowledge of

the horse mill east of Martinsville belonging to Benjamin Roberts in a very early day. Also the Elijah Dawson mill on Clear creek, which stood about forty rods east of Stine's mill. Mr. Gregory says it was the rule at the Roberts mill for the customer to furnish the horse and do the driving while grinding the grist. This was, probably, the rule of all horse mills. The contrast between building a mill to-day and one sixty years ago is indeed striking. Then all the work was done by hand at the carpenter's bench.

Everything was made and put together at the mill yard, excepting the mill spindles and a few journals and boxes and iron bands. It is probable that the buckets in the water wheels were, at first, made of wood by hand, as were the mouldboards of the Cary plow. A little later on, a cast iron bucket came in use. All the frame timbers, from the mill sills to the rafters above 4x4 inches were hewed in the woods and drawn to the mill yard by strong teams of oxen, and framed with old-fashioned tools. Sometimes the posts were thirty feet high, and a mill raising was a tedious and dangerous business. There was no block and tackle to facilitate the work and render it safe. Everything was done by "main strength and awkwardness," of which a plentiful supply was found with the sixty or seventy men in waiting. It was an exciting scene to look at seventy men pushing up a millhouse bent fifty feet long and thirty feet high and see the watchful eye of him who was chosen to manage the props and spar poles. What if a spar were to snap, or a prop slip out and let this mass of timber fall on the men? Yet there were but few accidents on such occasions, owing to the watchfulness of the foreman and the precautions taken to insure the safety of the lifters. There were giants in those days, whose sinews were like

coiled wires and whose backs were springs of steel. The modern athlete may be a better trained, all-round man, but the old "log roller" would have put his nose to the ground every time they "hitched" under a handspike. The pioneer was a lifter who will never again be duplicated. In those days all men, everywhere, considered it their duty to help raise mills; and went, day after day, far and near, to do so, asking nothing in return but their dinner.

Of the typical millwrights in those days we may mention Velorous Butterfield, late of Brooklyn, son of John Butterfield, who settled in Clay township in 1820; George W. Olds, son of Jared Olds, who came to the county about the same date, and Van R. W. H. H. King, long and favorably known as a minister of the Christian church, for be it known to all men now living that the pioneer local preacher could do anything any other man could do. He was often the foremost man at a log-rolling, house-raising or boat-turning. Many of them were carpenters, cabinetmakers, blacksmiths, as well as farmers. They worked all the week as other men, using the evenings and spare moments as best they could for preparation. It was sometimes "poor preach," always poor pay.

The business of the whole country has become so revolutionized that to write the plain truth will seem like fiction to our young people. The miller, like the ferryman, had the price of his work fixed by law. The miller was allowed one-eighth bushel for grinding, but was not allowed to give preference to any customer in regard to the time of grinding his grist. Each grist was to be ground in the order it came in. The miller was not bound to fan it through a wheat fan, though sometimes it was so dirty he did so. There were no smut

mills fifty years ago, and between the dirt and the poor mill work there was much bad flour. The corn meal was cleaner and superior to the meal of to-day. Hail to the hoe cake of the pioneer; it has never been excelled. With the improvement in mill machinery, the hungry world is treated to the whitest and best wheat flour that ever went through a bolting cloth. But the millers have it all much their own way. They grind no more by grists, though we do not think the law compelling them to do so has been repealed. They swap you flour for wheat, but are like the darkey's trap—"sot to kotch de coon goin' or comin'." They fix the grade and price of your wheat, and the price of your flour, "bofe for you, Dinah, now take your choice." A few years ago we sold some good wheat to a miller for 60 cents per bushel. With the last load we sent the request to exchange flour for wheat. He sent us one hundred pounds of flour for four bushels of wheat—twenty-five pounds of flour for sixty pounds of wheat, whereas a bushel of good wheat used to return us forty pounds of flour and ten pounds of bran, after paying the toll. There are now but few exceptions to this rule that we are aware of. Not long ago we sold wheat at 90 cents per bushel and were charged \$3.60 per hundred for flour at the same elevator.

Wheat may go down with a thud, like "Soap bubble" Leiter, but flour is slow to take the hint that a slight curtsy to the public would be in good form.

V.

THE LAW-MAKERS: SHORT BIOGRAPHIES OF
THE SENATORS AND REPRESENTATIVES
OF MORGAN COUNTY.

Since our last article, we have endeavored to collect the names of those who, from the time of the county organization to the present, have represented us as senators and representatives in the General Assembly of Indiana. We have not attempted to draw the line where the old settlers stop and the new ones begin—we do not know where to locate it. It is like the overlapping of two centuries. Neither can we claim always to be correct as to dates or incidents, because some of the Journals of the House of Representatives have been lost or mislaid. Perhaps this happened when the archives were moved from Corydon to Indianapolis. But we think enough of correct information on the subject of representation can be found in these sketches to be of interest to the many readers of the county papers, and especially to the descendants of those who, from time to time, have been honored with seats in the General Assembly of our State. We have grouped the members of the Houses together according to their respective terms of representation.

This senatorial district, from 1822 to 1826, was composed of the counties of Sullivan, Vigo, Parke, Montgomery, Vermillion, Clay, Owen, Putnam, Greene, Hendricks, and Morgan, and the senator was John M. Coleman. Of Mr. Coleman we know nothing personally. He was not a Morgan county man. Indeed, it was several years before this county had a senator chosen from among her own citizens.

At this time Greene, Owen, and Morgan counties were grouped together for a representative, and Hugh Barnes, Eli Dickson, and Daniel Harris were chosen in the order written. Of these we know no more than of Senator Coleman, but feel certain that they did not reside in this county.

THOMAS J. MATLOCK.

In 1826 Morgan and Hendricks, and all the country north of Hendricks to the Wabash river, formed a district, and Thomas J. Matlock was representative. Mr. Matlock was probably a Hendricks county man, as a large and influential family of that name lived in Hendricks county sixty years ago, and one, David Matlock, entered land in Clay township, this county, in 1820-'21, but we do not know that he ever made his home there.

JAMES B. GREGORY.

In 1826 the counties of Decatur, Shelby, Johnson, and Morgan formed a district, and James B. Gregory was senator. In 1829 the district was Shelby, Johnson, and Morgan, but in 1830 Decatur was again added, Mr. Gregory continuing senator until 1831. James B. Gregory was a son of William Gregory, the patriarch of whom we wrote in a former sketch. There is no record of the Lower House for 1828.

DR. CURTIS GOSS HUSSEY.

In 1827 the counties of Morgan and Hendricks were represented by Dr. Curtis Goss Hussey, and he seems to have been the first citizen of Morgan county chosen as representative. Dr. Hussey added to the practice of medicine, merchandising, pork packing and flatboating.

He resided for a time in Mooresville, then in Gosport, afterward going to Pittsburgh, where he amassed a fortune and lived to a ripe old age.

ALEXANDER WORTH.

In 1830 Alexander Worth represented Morgan and Hendricks, and the strip running north to the Wabash river. Mr. Worth came from Washington county where he had been a clerk in Booth & Newby's store, and where he had acquired a good knowledge of the mercantile business. He located in Mooresville about the year 1826, where he bought a large stock of goods for those early times. He also built and operated a woolen factory, which was of great benefit to the people. He was engaged in pork packing about the year 1840. In this venture he lost considerable money. He was a useful man to the community and a prominent member of the Methodist Episcopal church. In politics he was a Whig.

JOHN W. COX.

In 1831-'32 Morgan county for the first time was represented singly, John W. Cox being chosen. Mr. Cox was born in Pennsylvania, moved first to Ohio, in 1823 to this county, where he built mills on White river at what is called High Rock, but for many years known as Cox's mills. Mr. Cox was something of a politician as well as millwright; a pronounced Democrat who always took an interest in elections. In 1846, immediately after the call of President Polk for volunteers, a company was organized in Martinsville for the Mexican War. John W. Cox was chosen captain, but so rapidly was volunteering going on in the State that the company did not get in, although tendered within thirty days after the call.

In 1850, a few years after the death of his wife, Mr. Cox sold his property to his son James, and his son-in-law, G. W. Clapper, and went by way of Cape Horn to California to seek a fortune in the gold fields. He died soon after landing in San Francisco. He was an honest and respected man; in religion, a Universalist. He served two terms in the Legislature.

LEVI JESSUP.

In 1831-'32 our county was joined to Hendricks and Boone, and Levi Jessup was senator. Mr. Jessup was probably from Hendricks county, where the Jessups have been prominent citizens for many years.

LEWIS MASTIN.

Lewis Mastin was senator from this district in 1833-'34. Of him we know no more than of Jessup.

GRANT STAFFORD.

Grant Stafford was our representative for 1833-'34, and our senator from 1836 to '40. Mr. Stafford was born in Ohio in the year 1803, and came to Morgan county in 1821 or 1822. According to the best information given, he taught the first school in Brown township. He was twice married, his wives being half-sisters. He was the father of ten or eleven children. He was a successful stock dealer, and owned one of the best farms in the county. He held other important trusts and offices, besides being representative and senator. He was appointed to fill the unexpired term of Treasurer Roberts, after the death of Mr. Roberts in 1852. In those days the collector and treasurer visited different parts of the county in the discharge of his duties. On one of these

trips an accident occurred which came near ending his career. White river, which formed the north boundary of his farm, was bankfull, and as Mr. Stafford was crossing it, the ferryboat, by some mishap, began sinking. When the water reached the saddleskirts, his famous saddle mare stepped out of the boat in water ten feet deep. As she went out Mr. Stafford grabbed at her mane and both went to the bottom in an instant. But the mare popped up like a cork and started for the bank in gallant style, Mr. Stafford clinging to her mane. His son Wiley started to swim ashore, but seeing the saddlebags, which contained valuable papers, floating off, turned and swam after them and brought them to shore. Manuel, another son, pulled himself to the bank by the ferry rope. After all were safe on terra firma, though wet, muddy, and shivering with cold, Mr. Stafford patted his mare on the neck and said, "Now nothing but grim death shall ever separate you from me." And so it was. Nothing would have induced him to part with the plucky little mare that had saved his life.

Mr. Stafford was a Whig, and at one election succeeded by just two votes—his opponent being John W. Cox. He suddenly died about the year 1853, leaving a good estate to his wife and children. He and wife were members of the Christian church, and first-class pioneers, whose farm and abiding place was in the extreme northeast corner of Washington township.

WILLIAM H. CRAIG.

Our representative in 1835 was William H. Craig. The Craig brothers were among the first settlers in the county. William H. was elected sheriff in 1830, and again in 1837. He resided in and near Martinsville, and was a merchant, farmer, stock dealer, pork packer, and

flatboatman as well as politician. Mr. Craig was by nature an intellectual man. He had a common-school education, which he very much improved by historical reading. He was what some people call peculiar. He cared little for amusements. I never saw him with a gun, a fishing-rod, or a pointer dog; never knew him to read a novel, or go to a play-party or a "shindig." Yet he very much enjoyed a social chat in the company of friends. He was correct and punctual in his business, reducing everything of importance to writing, and carrying his high hat full of memoranda. He was almost painfully correct in his manner of speech.

He was four times married. His first wife was Miss Whitaker, who died in a year or two, leaving a little daughter, who, at an early age, became the wife of the late Clement C. Nutter. His second wife was Miss Gray, who also died in early life, leaving two small children. The third wife was Miss Burton, who at her death left three little ones. The fourth wife was Mrs. Isabelle Clark, a widow with six children. In due time three more were added to the foregoing group, making nine of his own, among whom there was but one son, James Craig.

There was a period in Mr. Craig's life, principally through his own action, when his feet well-nigh slipped from under him. He was greatly embarrassed with debts; however, through heroic efforts he overcame all losses and crosses, and died in 1862, leaving a good property to his fourth wife and all his children. He was a Kentuckian, a Whig and, later on, a Republican, a member of the Christian church and the Sons of Temperance, to whom he owed much for the recovery of his once lost position.

HIRAM MATTHEWS.

In 1836 Hiram Matthews represented Morgan county. He came from North Carolina about the year 1820. He was in at the county's organization and was one of the four justices of the peace elected in the beginning and commissioned by Governor Jennings, May 22, 1822. From this time on Mr. Matthews was associated with the county and township affairs almost to the day of his death. As executor and administrator he settled many estates and was often guardian. He was a man to be fully trusted at all times, under all conditions. He was of a sedate turn of mind, generally keeping his own counsel. He made agriculture his principal business, and his farm three miles south of Mooresville is still known as the "Judge Matthews Place." He was twice married and brought up a family greatly respected. He was a Whig, a Republican, and a valuable citizen. He lived to the ripe age of eighty-three years.

DR. JOHN SIMS.

In the year 1837, Dr. John Sims was elected to the Lower House of the General Assembly, having prior to that time served as county treasurer. He was an honest and efficient officer. Dr. Sims was not a politician; the bent of his mind was in another direction. Up to his time no man in our county had a more checkered career than he. He was from New Jersey, where he had acquired a good education and received a medical diploma. If not the very first, he was among the first educated physicians to practice in this county. He came to Martinsville in 1823 and at once stepped into a good practice. The same year he began to keep tavern; also a general store, on a small scale, to which he added a larger stock

of goods each succeeding year. He soon had a tanyard going, then bought the Graham yard and ran both of them.

In 1829, he was in partnership with a Mr. Drake in the mercantile business, but he soon cut loose from him, preferring both to steer and paddle his own canoe. At that time, he was also buying land and farming on a large scale. He owned most of the ground from the west border of the town to White river, on which he produced large quantities of corn, oats, and hay, feeding it to hogs, cattle, and mules, with good profit. He also had a porkhouse, and bought and packed thousands of hogs, sending the produce in flatboats to New Orleans.

The boom of '36-'37, born of the Internal Improvement System, caused him to branch out still farther, so that when the crash came and lowered property values 50 per cent. his assets were not half equal to his liabilities. He tried to stem the tide by borrowing money. His credit had always been good and his business transactions straight, consequently he had plenty of good indorsers who believed in his ability to weather the storm if reasonable time were given. But in March, 1843, he suddenly sickened and died, leaving his business in a chaotic state. At the time of his death his son Henry was on the way to New Orleans with a boatload of pork. As there were judgments in court hanging over him, it was said that he in some way transferred the boat and lading to his son to prevent levying on the cargo. When his son returned, he refused to turn over any part of the proceeds.

Dr. H. R. Stevens, Grant Stafford, William A. Major, and Jonathan Williams, four of the heaviest indorsers in the bank, were appointed administrators. They brought suit against Henry for the value of the load of pork, but were finally beaten, and, it was said, the estate

lost \$5,000. The estate went into court in 1843 and lingered there for ten years before final settlement. The inventory is the largest on record in the Morgan circuit or probate courts. After ten years of grinding between the upper and nether millstones of courts, lawyers, and litigants, a 28 per cent. dividend was declared and the books closed.

Dr. Sims came to Martinsville with little more than his good young wife and three small children. He had no bad habits, was industrious and frugal, and soon came to be one of the leading men of the south half of the county. Near the close of his life he and his wife became members of the Christian church. Politically he was a Whig, though politics with him was a matter of secondary consideration.

His wife, Mrs. Ann Sims, lived many years after the death of her husband, highly esteemed and well beloved by all who became familiarly acquainted with her. Two of their children, Calvin F., and Mrs. Sylvanus Barnard, are still living in Martinsville, where they were born. Others of their descendants are in the Far West. The doctor and his faithful wife sleep side by side in Hill Dale Cemetery.

JONATHAN WILLIAMS.

In 1838 Jonathan Williams, Sr., was elected to the Lower House. Here is an instance of two large and influential farmers of different political parties, and whose farms joined, holding seats in the General Assembly at the same time, Mr. Stafford as senator and Mr. Williams as representative.

Mr. Williams came to the county in 1820 and was a prominent man from the beginning. He was appointed to fill a vacancy on the board of commissioners in 1822,

was elected sheriff in 1834 and again in 1836. He also had the mail and stage route from Indianapolis to Bloomington during the thirties. He was a man of determined will, backed by great energy; a successful farmer and stock raiser, and a good log-roller in the woods, or in politics.

He was born in Tennessee, February 17, 1795, and died September 15, 1845, in the prime of life, leaving a wife and eight children, with a large and well-stocked farm, free of incumbrance.

He was a soldier under General Jackson, and gloried in the election and re-election of that famous old "war horse." Only two of his children are now living—William and John—and they have resided in the county continuously for eighty years.

JOHN ECCLES.

John Eccles, who represented the people of Morgan county in 1839, was a lawyer. He was the second attorney to locate in Martinsville, and the first to gain a seat in the Legislature. He was among the first to stump the county in the interest of elections. He was the State's attorney for one or two terms in the thirties, but was not a very great terror to the evil-doers, inasmuch as most of his indictments were quashed and but few convictions were had during his official career. He did better in the justice's court, where he had no one but Benjamin Bull, the other local lawyer, to contend with.

Mr. Eccles and his two sons-in-law, Drs. Huff and Matheny, came to Martinsville from Nashville, Brown county, but were originally from Kentucky. Mr. Eccles moved away early in the forties, leaving the impression that he was as honest and sincere as he knew how to be.

In this he stood at the head of his profession. He was a Methodist and Democrat—a thing common in those days, but rare enough now.

PERRY M. BLANKENSHIP.

Our representative in 1840 was Perry M. Blankenship, who sprang into notoriety that year when the Whigs were looking for a mouthpiece to stand as the candidate of the party. They were fortunate in their selection, for young Blankenship proved to be a good expounder of "Whiggery," a ready speaker and debater, and a fairly good "mixer," as it is called to-day. He was a charter member and elder of the Christian church at Martinsville, and here he began his career as a public speaker, his first effort being made in old Brother McNaught's dwelling house one hot summer afternoon at 4 o'clock. He was not a little embarrassed, for news of the appointment went throughout the neighborhood, about three miles north of Martinsville, and filled the old log cabin from wall to wall with men, women, and crying babies, curious—all but the babies—to hear what "this young babbler" would say. His effort was not a success and none present felt it more keenly than himself; but the four years intervening between this and his nomination had wrought a marvelous change in his ability as a speaker.

Elder Blankenship was somewhat handicapped because many people expressed the opinion that ministers had better be fenced in their pulpits and not allowed to trail their ecclesiastical robes in the slime-pit of politics where mud-slingers had free tickets. But Elder Blankenship was not a man to take fright at bogies. He was ambitious and went in to win, and whatever he did he did

with all his might. He was a man of whom it might truly be said: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." He was frank and open at all times and harbored no secrets.

A man of his makeup cannot be neutral in anything, even if he wishes to be; hence, as the slavery question became more and more intensified, he became more interested in national affairs and took part, though not as a candidate, in almost every campaign so long as his health permitted. Perhaps his most notable speech was made on the public square in 1856, in answer to Colonel May, who was stumping the State for Buchanan.

It was in August and he was in his shirt sleeves, all dirty and begrimed with sawmill grease and road dust, for he had just driven an ox team and heavily laden wagon from Paragon, where he then lived and owned a sawmill. He went to the speaker's stand in time to hear most of the Colonel's speech, but not, I think, with the intention of replying. There were several new-fledged Republicans present, and when Colonel May concluded they began to yell for Blankenship. He leaned his long-handled ox whip and lash against a shade tree and mounted the box in hot haste, all accoutered, as it were, in his unbleached cotton shirt and linen jeans trousers; and from the way he fired into the Colonel, one would judge that he was heavier loaded than his ox wagon. I will not say who got the worst of it in that war of words, but could, if I would, tell who got mad first and stayed mad the longest.

When the Civil War began and President Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers, Blankenship attended the first or second meeting in Martinsville and made one of his characteristic war speeches for the encouragement

of enlistment, and this he frequently did until the close of hostilities.

One forenoon in August, 1861, he came riding into town at the head of a procession of about thirty wagons and forty or fifty horsemen, mostly from Ray township, the object being to raise a company of volunteers "on the double quick." He was commissioned major of the Seventy-ninth Regiment, but did not serve long in that capacity.

After the war was over he engaged in the real estate business at Indianapolis. His first venture proved profitable enough, being on a small scale and before the bubble burst. His second deal proved most disastrous, involving him hopelessly in debt, against which he struggled until the close of his life.

He was born in Jennings county, Indiana, December 6, 1811. His parents died while he was quite young, and he was apprenticed to John B. New, father of John C. New, to learn the trade of cabinetmaker. His first marriage, which was to Miss Boner, occurred when he was nineteen years of age and his bride, seventeen. Soon after this event he came to Martinsville, where his wife died in 1843, leaving him with three small children. His second marriage was to Miss Basheba Hodges, daughter of the late Philip Hodges. To them were born eight or nine children most of whom continue to reside in the county—notably, Quincy A. Blankenship, our representative in 1897-'99.

Mr. Blankenship was cabinetmaker, minister, contractor and builder, sawmill man, farmer, and stock feeder. In the '40's he was the best known minister and revivalist of the Christian church in the county. He died at his old home in Paragon, March 11, 1880, surrounded by wife and children. He sweetly sleeps beneath the gran-

ite shaft erected to his memory in Hill Dale Cemetery. The Perry M. Blankenship Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, was named in honor of this distinguished "old settler."

PARMINTER M. PARKS.

Parminter M. Parks followed Grant Stafford as senator in 1841, and was twice re-elected, serving six consecutive years. The Democratic party of Morgan has had few men the equal and none the superior of Mr. Parks as a pillar of democracy. His popularity as a politician did not lie in his ability as an orator, though he was an average good "stumper" for his time, but in his personality. He made and kept friends wherever he went, seemingly without effort. He was a prudent man and studied men and things in their relation to each other to a degree that enabled him to form a correct judgment. He was seldom deceived and never more than once by the same individual. His success as a business man has never been surpassed in Martinsville.

It was as a merchant and trader that he appeared at his best, and this was undoubtedly his calling. He was swung into politics by the party because he was a proper man, and not that he desired to engage in statecraft. He came to Martinsville in 1835 with not more than a thousand dollars in capital and began merchandizing. A great commercial crash was just a little ahead of him, but not yet in sight of the shrewdest trader. His first deal in pork was, I think, to the amount of \$800 worth of hams, bought of William A. Major in 1836. This venture lost him some money but he perhaps gained an equivalent in experience. He was one of the few men in Morgan county doing much business in 1840, whose credit stood at par during the whole storm and whose

obligations were promptly met. From this time on to the close of his life his financial success was all that ought to be desired.

In company with his brother-in-law, Milton Hite, he combined pork packing, farming, and flatboating with their general store business, handling thousands of dollars' worth of goods every year. In 1860 they established the first bank in the county, with \$50,000 capital, under the Indiana banking law. Mr. Parks was president and James Deakin cashier. In 1865 this was merged in the present First National Bank, with Mr. Parks, president; M. Hite, vice-president, and H. Satterwhite, cashier. As a business man Mr. Parks was well known beyond the confines of his own county. He was a prominent man in the State, and his advice was often sought by those in official position on questions of State finance. Besides being State senator, he held at various times positions of trust and honor. In politics he was a conservative Democrat, supporting Mr. Douglas in 1860. As he was opposed to secession, he stood by the administration in its endeavor to perpetuate the Union, but he never affiliated with the Republican party for party purposes.

Mr. Parks was born in North Carolina in 1807, and was a son of the late James Parks, who walked about the streets of Martinsville after he had passed his one hundredth birthday. James Parks came to Indiana in 1814, and to Monroe county in 1816, where young Parks remained until he came to Martinsville. At about the age of twenty-two years, Parminter M. Parks was joined in marriage to Miss Lucinda Hite, sister of Milton Hite, Sr. To them were born nine children, seven of whom lived to adult age. Four are yet living and are residents of the city of their birth. Mr. Parks was a lover of music, and soon after his arrival in Martins-

ville was engaged, Sunday afternoons, in leading an old-fashioned singing school in the old courthouse, using the Missouri Harmony as a textbook. He bought for his daughter Marietta (now Mrs. Simpson) the first piano ever shipped to Martinsville, and, I think, the first in the county.

Mr. Parks and wife were members of the Christian church, Mrs. Parks becoming a member soon after its organization and taking great interest in the discussions that took place at that time between the so-called "Campbellites" and their opponents. She was an unusually intellectual woman and soon became thoroughly conversant with the arguments used by the "Reformation," and hurled them at the heads of the heresy hunters of Martinsville, with the nicest precision. Mr. Parks was one of the most substantial members of the organization, a regular attendant, and liberal contributor. His interest in and love for the cause was shown in his bequest of \$5,000 to the church, the interest of which was to be used in payment of ministerial salaries. But in 1870 the church wrangled itself into great disorder over the choice of a pastor, and the Parks heirs, supposing the church had gone to pieces, brought suit in court to set aside so much of their father's will as related to this endowment. The church refused or neglected to set up any defense against this proceeding, and judgment went by default.

As a man of business affairs, Mr. Parks was second to none, and of the prominent and influential men of the county, from the beginning of its settlement to the time of his death, he stood among the foremost.

His death occurred July 24, 1867, in the sixtieth year of his age. He and his wife lie side by side in Hill Dale Cemetery, beneath the marble angel that points to the "beautiful beyond."

DR. FRANCIS A. MATHENY.

Dr. Francis A. Matheny was elected representative in 1841, '42, and '43. He was in partnership with his brother-in-law, Dr. Huff, in the practice of medicine, and this was the first medical firm in Martinsville. Dr. Huff may be remembered by the very old citizens of the town as the "blue doctor." He had been an epileptic and had taken such heroic treatment that it turned his complexion almost as blue as an indigo bag. He confined himself mostly to office work, while Matheny did a large practice, riding near and far. Dr. Matheny was no respecter of persons, but treated the high and low, rich and poor to the best of his ability, and seemed to take no thought about the payment of bills. He early won his fame as a physician by treating Mrs. Delilah Parker, a patient who had been given up to die by Dr. Sims. At that time Mr. and Mrs. Parker were very poor people, not at all prepared to nurse the sick after modern methods. Indeed, nobody was. They, with their four children, lived in a round log cabin, in the midst of a tract of river bottom land where, on account of the thickness of weeds and underbrush, the sunlight seldom touched the ground; where malaria and mosquitoes flourished like a pestilence at noonday. Under these conditions, Mrs. Parker was stricken down in midsummer with a complication of diseases. Dr. Sims made a few visits and then gave up in disgust. Matheny took the case and visited the patient once during each twenty-four hours for about two weeks. By this time she showed signs of improvement and finally recovered her health, and lived sixty summers after this fiery trial, dying at the age of ninety-five years.

Dr. Matheny was an aggressive Democrat, who

walked into the political arena with considerable coolness and cudgeled the old Whigs with antibank arguments and taunted them with President Tyler's veto, until they wished him "in Halifax," where old settlers were wont to send all their troubles. The Whigs pronounced him a "blatherskite," but the people pronounced him their representative for three consecutive terms, after which he moved from Martinsville, we know not where, but surely not to Halifax. He was a member of the Methodist church, an honest, blunt, straightforward man—something of a diamond-in-the-rough type.

ALEXANDER B. CONDUITT.

Alexander B. Conduitt followed Dr. Matheny as representative, being elected in 1844 as a Whig, and in 1848 he was chosen senator; again in 1856 he was honored with a seat in the Lower House. He is the oldest living representative of Morgan county, it being now nearly fifty-seven years since his first election. If we rightly remember, he was never beaten for any office for which he was nominated. Though some of his majorities were quite small, he always managed to win.

Mr. Conduitt was born in Bedford, Kentucky, October 6, 1818, and came with his father and family late in the '30's to Indiana, finally settling in or near Danville, Hendricks county, where the father soon after died, leaving the wife with six small children, Alexander being the oldest. The mother was so prostrated with sorrow and grief at the sudden and mysterious death of her husband that the care of the family in the matter of providing devolved principally upon the oldest son. But few people nowadays can appreciate the situation of a mother left in the wilderness with a houseful of little children, to beat off the wolf as best she can until they get self-sustaining.

Mr. Conduitt started in life as an errand boy for Samuel Moore, of Mooresville, with nothing more than his own willing hands, a level head, and a suit of plain clothes. But it is a matter of history that a large per cent. of the most successful men and women in literature, law, journalism, merchandising, and so on, have thus started. Our subject was no exception to this rule. He soon won the confidence and esteem of his employer and was taken in as a partner in the mercantile business in the then thriving town of Mooresville. Pork packing, flatboating, and farming were soon added, and he was as busy as a bee from this time on, until age bade him call a halt. "The spirit is yet willing, but the flesh is weak."

In 1838 he was joined in marriage to Miss Melissa Hardwick, daughter of the late John Hardwick, who was a very early settler and also a Kentuckian. The newly married couple soon moved to a fine farm one mile east of Mooresville, where they continued to live until after their nine children were born.

In 1860 Mr. Conduitt moved to Indianapolis, where he enlarged his business and was very successful. His business partners at various times were Moore, Reagan, Tarkington, Landers, and O. R. Dougherty.

Like most Kentucky and Hoosier boys of the long ago, Mr. Conduitt had to pick up his education in bits—here a little and there a little—sometimes in the old, cold, windowless, log schoolhouse for sixty days in mid-winter, with a teacher endowed with plenty of good muscle and with little else. But he pressed into service good books, tallow dips, and hickory bark, and, so far as he could, made amends for the lack of trained teachers and star lecturers.

In his prime he was among the best informed men in

the State on trade and finance. As a speaker he was more logical than persuasive, seldom indulging in anecdote or story. One incident in his life shows he never forgot his sorrow-stricken mother. It was in the days when there were few easy conveyances for travel in Indiana—when every one went in a wagon—when everything for a general store had to be hauled from the Ohio river. He fitted up a wagon so as to make the trip as comfortable as possible, and took his mother back to Bedford, Kentucky, on a visit, to see if the trip and the visiting old friends and scenes of childhood would not wear off some of the gloom. He returned by way of Madison, bringing such dry goods as he could conveniently pack in the wagon.

Mrs. Conduitt, who was a most estimable wife and mother, and a veritable helpmate to her husband, passed to her rest and her reward a few years ago. The venerable husband and children can never forget the one who so faithfully “guided the house” for many years in that common-sense way of the good wives and mothers of the West.

Mr. Conduitt at present is not in good health, but as the shades of the evening of life are pressing nearer each succeeding day, he can look back through a long, industrious life, well spent in close connection with those who transformed Morgan county from a rich, undeveloped spot of earth into a beautiful habitation for man.

ISAAC W. TACKITT.

Isaac W. Tackitt was elected by the Democrats in 1845, and was again elected in 1854, in connection with the Know-Nothings, and afterward affiliated with the Republican party, having changed his politics during the great upheaval of the slavery question in the early fifties.

He was born in Allegheny county, Virginia, in 1807; came to this county as early as 1840, settling in Harrison township, where he followed farming as the principal business; was also a cabinetmaker and joiner, as well as something of a lawyer, which stood him well in hand, as he was often guardian, executor, administrator, and justice of the peace.

He was fond of politics, an intelligent, broad-minded, and useful citizen, who earned and kept the respect of his neighbors to the close of life. His death occurred in 1863, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

Mr. Tackitt was twice married and the father of eleven children, of whom only three are living.

OLIVER R. DOUGHERTY.

Oliver R. Dougherty represented our county in 1846-'47. He was a Whig in politics and afterward a conservative Republican. He was born in Marion county, this State, in an early time of the settlement of central Indiana, his parents being among the first settlers and perhaps from the State of Ohio. Of his early life and school days we know but little; however, of this we are assured that while a resident of Indianapolis he read law with the firm of Wick & Barber. He came to Martinsville about 1842 and immediately began the practice of his profession, but soon took a position as deputy with James Jackson, clerk of the circuit court. Here is an instance of a Democrat appointing a Whig, and so faithful was Mr. Dougherty in his deputy service that he received the nomination by the Whigs and was elected as the successor of Mr. Jackson. His whole official record was without spot or blemish. As attorney and advocate he stood high, was very attentive to his trusts, and moderate in his charges.

Part of the time he resided in Martinsville he engaged in farming and merchandising. In or about 1870 he moved to Indianapolis, where he became for a time a partner of Alexander B. Conduitt in the wholesale grocery business. Here in 1872 his estimable wife died. Before marriage she was Miss Katherine Sims, daughter of Dr. John Sims, of Martinsville. To them were born four or five children, one of whom, Claude, a very bright boy of twelve years, was accidentally drowned while bathing in White river. This sad calamity cast a gloom over the family that was not dispelled for years.

He married for his second wife Miss Pope, of Franklin, a teacher in the city schools. To them were born three children. The family now all reside near Pasadena, California, where Mr. Dougherty owns good property. Although nearing life's setting sun, we are glad to learn that he still takes a lively interest in the moral and intellectual progress of humanity.

ALFRED M. DELEVAN.

Of Alfred M. Delevan, who was representative in 1848-'49, a senator in 1850-'52, we know little more than that he came from the State of New York to Indiana about 1840, and settled on a farm in Adams township, where he soon became known as a man of considerable intelligence. He had all the thrift and energy of a well-trained New Englander. He was a carpenter by trade and a minister in the Christian church. He took a lively interest in public affairs and made a clean canvass on the Democratic ticket. He was married and had an excellent wife and children. About 1855 he sold his Adams township farm and moved to Missouri, where soon after he died. The world is always bettered by the life of such a man as Alfred M. Delevan.

WILLIAM P. HAMMOND.

William P. Hammond, elected to the Lower House in 1850, was born and brought up in Brookville, Indiana. When quite young he married a Miss Woster, whose father was considered wealthy for that day. Mr. Hammond acquired a good education; this was supplemented by reading law. About 1848 he came to Martinsville, and in the firm name of Woster & Hammond, set up a general store on the corner of what is now the Cunningham block, in the old frame house then owned by William Shearer. In connection with his other business he practiced law. But the results were not satisfactory, at least not to Mr. Woster. The goods were removed and the unpaid accounts put into the hands of James Cunningham for collection.

Mr. Hammond was something of an orator, and this, perhaps, more than any other qualification, won his nomination and election by the Whig party. His stay in the county was quite short for a representative of the people.

ENOCH S. TABOR.

Enoch S. Tabor was the first representative elected under the New Constitution as it was then, 1852, called. Under the old constitution representatives were elected every year, on the first Monday in August, and senators every third year, but after the adoption of the new constitution the time was extended to two years for representative and four for senator, the session beginning Thursday after the first Monday in January. Hence we have had only half as many assemblymen under the new as under the old constitution.

The time, also, for the election was changed from the first Monday in August to the second Tuesday in Octo-

ber. Mr. Tabor was, as is seen, a member of one of the most important Legislatures ever convened in the State, there being much new legislation required to fit us to the conditions of the new organic law. We may pause here long enough to show how groundless were the fears of even the wisest and bravest men, and how race prejudices can lead them astray from the law of inalienable right. That convention, which was rightly esteemed as wise, just, and honorable a body of men as had ever assembled in the State, deemed it imperative to incorporate the thirteenth article prohibiting negroes and mulattoes from coming into the State and imposing fines from \$10 to \$500 on all persons employing, harboring, or otherwise encouraging them to seek homes in Indiana, and making it the duty of the Legislature to enact laws that would leave the black man completely at the mercy of the white man. If a black man of Indiana married a black woman coming into the State after the adoption of this constitution, he was heavily fined and imprisoned; if he could not or would not pay his fine, the marriage was declared void.

In that day the negro was a great bogie—the negro equality and amalgamation being greatly feared. Yet it remains true that the greatest harvests of “amalgamation” were reaped when slavery was at its zenith; and as for negro equality, it is as far away, both North and South, as it was when the Thirteenth Article was adopted. It is a law of the human mind to stigmatize, slander, and abuse those whom we have injured. A man “must be born again” before he willingly rights a wrong he has committed against another; and so must a nation.

Mr. Tabor was one of Morgan county’s most respectable representatives. As a speaker he was dignified and courteous, but earnest and combative. He was a fairly good

debater and kept his opponent on the lookout. Long before and at the time of his election he was a Whig, but when that party "bit the dust" he walked henceforth with the Democrats. In sentiment he was proslavery; in religion, Calvinistic; a minister of no mean ability in the Two-Seed Baptist church. He farmed for a living and preached without remuneration. He began his ministry quite young and continued it to the close of his life.

He was born in Mead county, Kentucky, May 10, 1807. His ancestors were Irish and German. He was four times married and father of eight children, five of whom are living. To Mrs. William Radford we are indebted for the family record and other items in this sketch. She is a daughter of his first wife, Miss Sarah F. Dugan, to whom he was married October 16, 1834. He came to Morgan county in August, 1849, where he continued to reside until his death, which occurred at Martinsville, September 9, 1878. He was an honest, sincere, and conscientious man who had, at all times, the courage of his convictions.

ALGERNON SIDNEY GRIGGS.

Algernon Sidney Griggs became our State senator in 1854 and joint representative in 1868. The political cauldron at that time was a seething hodgepodge. The South was measurably united in the interest of slavery and its extension into the Territories, while the antislavery people, notably in the North, were divided.

The Abolitionists were for knocking the shackles off the slaves at once and forever. But this following was so small that little hope of success was entertained by the most enthusiastic partisan. Their leaders were the ablest and most stormy advocates this country has ever produced. Next came the Emancipationists and Colonizationists, with the Liberian scheme. They would buy and ship the negroes

to Liberia—that miniature Tophet from whence no traveler returns, or very few of them, and to which the negro would not go if he could, preferring to “endure the ills he had to ‘sailing’ to those he knew not of.”

The largest number of antislavery men fell in with the idea of the Free Soil party. “No more slave States” was the slogan of this organization, and it caught the ear of many a voter who responded with his ballot in 1856. Meantime, the old Whig party was shriveling up like the barren fig tree. The attempt to “carry water on both shoulders” did not prove a success, so far as slavery was concerned. Even that great light and pillar of the Whig party, Henry Clay, could no longer compromise the difference between the North and the South. The slave owners had snapped a ring in the Democratic party’s nose and rendered it quite docile for a time. Foreign immigration had been pouring in at a great rate for ten years, and it was noticeable that a large per cent. of foreigners voted the Democratic ticket, particularly the Irish, who, on election days, were said to yell: “Oorah for Martin O’Brien, the first; three jiggers of whisky and a dollar a day for wages, and no more hangin’ for st’alin’.” For the most part, they were as ignorant of the demands of free institutions and good citizenship as they were of astronomy.

This state of affairs provoked a good deal of comment, especially when they were led to the polls and voted by party manipulators as soon as the ink was dry on their naturalization papers. This, with the general upheaval of the politics of the times, led probably to the organization of the American party, commonly called the Know-Nothing party. There were Know-Nothing lodges in which their campaign plans were matured, and they moved with such celerity along the line of battle that the staid old Whigs and staying Democrats were unhorsed in the first onset.

They gained a complete victory in 1854. But this movement was like the seeds which fell upon the stony places where they had not much earth, and when the sun was up they were scorched. No secret political order will bear the sunlight of an intelligent republic. While it is true that hundreds of Whigs and Democrats in this county had a flirtation with Miss Know-Nothing in 1854, yet the glory went glimmering in the next campaign.

Judge Griggs had been a Whig prior to 1853. The American party was principally merged into the new Republican party in 1856. The Judge, though not a candidate at this election, took a lively part in the canvass, stumping the county for Colonel Fremont and the whole Republican ticket. From this time on to the close of his life he was a stalwart Republican.

Judge Griggs was born in Baltimore, Maryland, September 22, 1815. He was left an orphan at the tender age of four years. He was quite young when he came to Indiana. He was a graduate of Hanover College and well read in law when he came to Martinsville in 1837, where he immediately began the practice of his profession, which he continued so long as he remained with us. He held many positions of trust besides senator and joint representative. He was judge of the probate court in the forties.

Later, when the Civil War broke out, he became actively engaged in the enlistment of troops for the Union army, and made many ringing speeches for the boys in blue.

In 1844, he was joined in marriage to Miss Phœbe Hutchinson, of Plymouth, Jennings county, Indiana. To them were born eight children, four of whom are now living, Mrs. Kate McBride, Mrs. Viola Grubbs, Mrs. Ida Parks, and Mrs. Phoebe Smith, the others dying in infancy. He was a Royal Arch Mason and a member of the Methodist church. He was a man of polished manners, and his

domestic and social qualities were of a high order. He was a good conversationalist, as well as a fluent public speaker.

After the death of his most estimable wife in 1873, he made Washington City his home, where he closed his earthly life December 17, 1887. His remains were brought back to the old home and placed by the side of his companion. "They softly lie and sweetly sleep" in Hill Dale Cemetery.

CYRUS WHETZEL.

Cyrus Whetzel was elected to the House of Representatives in 1858. He was the most distinguished pioneer of Morgan county and probably the foremost backwoodsman of the General Assembly of Indiana in this or any other session.

He was born in Ohio county, Virginia, December 1, 1800. At eight years of age his father moved to Boone county, Kentucky. In 1811 the family came to Franklin county, Indiana, and settled on the Whitewater river, where the beautiful and picturesque little village of Laurel now stands.

Here the family remained until 1818, when the father, who was of a roving disposition, concluded to go to Old Vincennes and for that reason went to Chief Anderson, of the Delaware Indians, at their village where the city of Anderson now stands, and got permission to cut a trace from the Whitewater to White river. The route was due west across the counties of Rush, Shelby, and Johnson, and the distance on a straight line about sixty miles. This was the first line marked out for travel by a white man from the border settlement of the east to central Indiana and was for a long time known as "Whetzel's trace." It would be interesting and instructive to know how young

Cyrus and his father performed this arduous task while as yet the Indians and ravenous wild beasts held undisputed sway in the unbroken forest.

When the elder Whetzel arrived at the Bluffs of White river and cast his eyes whither he would, he was so charmed with the many advantages, present and prospective, that the Vincennes project was abandoned altogether, and he set about staking off sixty acres of land in the valley a few rods below where Waverly is built. Here Cyrus Whetzel worked and won and remained during life.

After the pathway had been blazed and the party had returned home, preparations were made for returning to White river camp early in the spring. Cyrus, his father, and a young man whose name is forgotten, traveled the narrow path again in the spring of 1819, bringing such things as were absolutely necessary for starting a home in the very heart of a wilderness. They built a primitive cabin and began clearing ground for corn and a truck patch, and in due time the corn and vegetables were planted. The season was propitious, and in the fall there was enough provision assured to warrant the moving of the family to the new home. The elder Whetzel went back to his White-water home in April, where he remained until fall, when he brought his family to this county for permanent residence. Young Cyrus, then eighteen years old, passed the summer previous to the coming of his father's family, with a Delaware Indian and his faithful dog.

He established the first ferry across White river in the southern part of the county, in 1827, and owned and operated it until 1862, when he sold it to George Shaffer. He turned his attention to farming rather than to hunting, as was the custom of his forefathers. At the age of fifty years he was in possession of one of the best farms in Harrison township, with a good dwelling and a large, commo-

dious barn. At his hospitable home many a weary traveler enjoyed a good rest as he was going to and from the State capital. Mr. Whetzel had good social qualities, and these, together with his almost inexhaustible fund of backwoods lore, made him a welcome guest wherever he went. Near the close of life he often appeared in the circuit courtroom at Martinsville, where he found amusement in the tangled witnesses, the tilts of the lawyers, and the "sitting down" of the court upon some young scion of Blackstone.

Bending under the weight of years, which had been made heavier by the hardships of pioneer life, he passed away December 16, 1871, his wife and most of his children preceding him to the grave. They rest in the old country graveyard near Waverly.

Though not a church member, he was a liberal contributor to, and a well-wisher of the church in all branches of its work. He was a conservative Republican from 1856 to the close of life.

JOHN W. FERGUSON.

John W. Ferguson was elected to represent the people of Morgan county in the State Legislature in 1860. The campaign of this year was the most intensely earnest and exciting political contest that had ever occurred up to that date. At least four-fifths of the people were radical and deadly in earnest. The days of compromising the question growing out of slavery had passed, never to return.

All parties were well organized and equipped with telling speakers. Perhaps it was the most intellectual battle ever fought for free institutions in the world's history. I mean in the Free States, not in the South; for there free speech was but a dream. There it took a man like Cassius M. Clay, with an armful of revolvers and a gizzard full of sand, to give full expression to his views. There, the hot-headed

ruffians who prowled around the speaker's stand had to be overawed or shot. It was not so here in Morgan county. We had free speech, and plenty of it. Political padlocks and dog collars were not much in evidence yet with us. We have heard something of late years about campaigns of education for the purpose of teaching people how to coin money and what to coin it of; how to spread on the tariff, to expand commerce, to beat trusts and combines over the head with a fly-brush, and "damn civil service with faint praise." Not so in 1860. The money question was hardly referred to in the platform, or from the speaker's stand. The question was: "Shall we be a pure democracy or a slave oligarchy?" The Republicans of that day would have brooked the very devil to have held their places in the Declaration of Independence.

We have the opinion that the voters of 1860 were the best informed men on the main issue, pro and con, that ever went to the polls before or since; for a continued discussion had been kept up for five years by the papers and the people, in season and out of season. Such men as Davis, Tombs, and Benjamin, of the South, and Sumner, Phillips, and Greeley, of the North, had sounded the keynotes of the coming campaign for four years, and their respective followers took up the arguments and hurled them at each other like prize fighters.

Mr. Ferguson was chosen by the Republicans as their standard bearer, and made a determined canvass, personally. He had considerable experience in politics before he came to this county, having been chosen by the citizens of Greene county to represent them. Whether he was a Republican then we do not know, but we do know that Greene county was reliably Democratic at that time. We are inclined to think, however, he was Republican from the beginning. He was a minister in the Christian church in

early life, and his first appearance in this county was in that capacity. He was three times married. His first wife was Miss Stone, sister to Judge Stone of Greene county. To them were born three sons and four daughters. Some time after her death he became acquainted with Mrs. Frances Stafford, widow of Senator Grant Stafford. The acquaintance resulted in their marriage about the year 1854. They had four children. The second wife died about 1877. He subsequently married a lady of Indianapolis.

Soon after his second marriage he moved to this county and engaged very extensively in farming and stock feeding. Late in the '50's, having an enormous corn crop growing, he arranged to feed about five hundred hogs. In August he went to Monroe and adjoining counties to buy the stock hogs, and with them came that indescribable pest, hog cholera, the first to appear in the vicinity of Martinsville. For a time it was no unusual thing for him to find twenty dead hogs in a day. The loss was appalling and paved the way to his financial ruin, as it afterward did to many other big farmers. Many a man with less will power would have utterly despaired. Not so with Elder Ferguson. He redoubled his efforts and manfully fought against adversity to the last. "Prosperity begets friends; adversity tries them." Sometimes when weighed in a balance they are found wanting. This was his experience.

About 1880 he gathered up the fragments of his property and moved to Kansas. After shifting his base a few times, he finally landed in Wichita, where at one time he owned property valued at \$17,000. It was probably somewhat encumbered, as that was the way they generally did business in the Far West at that date. The property depreciated and slipped away and left him penniless and all broken down in health. From this last stroke he never recovered, but died about three years ago almost an object of charity. He

was about eighty years of age when the welcome summons came. The people of Centerton and Brooklyn will remember John W. Ferguson as a very live man, working night and day for the Union army, making speeches for enlistments and thundering anathemas against secession, throwing in Sunday sermons gratuitously to level up spiritual things. He was a patriotic and respected citizen, an honest man, a good neighbor, faithful husband, and almost too indulgent a father.

DR. JARVIS J. JOHNSON.

Dr. Jarvis J. Johnson was elected representative in 1862. He undoubtedly represented the good people of Morgan county during the most critical period of the State's history. The session of 1863 was stormy beyond comparison. The administration had been handicapped; and, taken altogether, the Union army had been beaten oftener than it had won.

The blood already spilled was horrible to contemplate, to say nothing of the enormous debt piled up and the treasure lost. The antiwar party of the Legislature was in the ascendant, and led by such men as Brown and Packard, maintained a formidable opposition to Governor Morton, who had already sent thousands of troops to the front, and was fast making Indiana a banner State in the war for the Union. After wrangling away half the time of the session and doing nothing, not even making the necessary appropriations for the benevolent institutions, and interest on the State's debts, the "anti-warriors" undertook to tie up, hand and foot, the great War Governor of Indiana, by passing a bill relieving him of the command of all the military forces of the State, and placing it in the hands of the minor State officers—a thing wholly without precedent or reason. This was the last straw that "broke the camel's back."

D. C. Branham left forthwith, taking with him seventeen other members to his home in North Madison, where they stayed the remainder of the session, thus breaking quorum and leaving things much the same as if there had been no Legislature.

Dr. Johnson, who had always been a very active Democrat and influential man in the party, suddenly called a halt, when the Charleston battery opened fire on Fort Sumter, declaring he was for the Union, right or wrong, first, last, and all the time, and he showed his faith by his works, for he took an active part in organizing Company G, Twenty-seventh Indiana Regiment, the company being mostly made up of Jackson township boys. He was appointed captain of the company and soon after their arrival at Indianapolis was appointed surgeon of the regiment. In August, 1861, he was captured by the Confederates near Winchester, Virginia, during General Banks's retreat. After his release, and while in Richmond, he became possessed of the skeleton of one of the famous John Brown's sons, which he shipped to Martinsville and kept in his office; but when the Brown relatives began to search for it, he willingly returned it to them. He was in touch with Governor Morton and kept him informed of all the great movements of the opposition in this county until that notable day at Indianapolis, in the fall of 1863, when they threw up the sponge and their revolvers down in Pogue's Run and "cut out" for a safe retreat like a scared coyote, never more to "poke sticks" at Governor Morton. War Democrats, like Dr. Johnson and thousands of others, turned the tide in Indiana and saved the State from a baptism of blood.

After his election to the office of county clerk he moved from Morgantown to Martinsville, where he resided at the time of his death. He was born on a farm near Bedford, Indiana, on the 4th day of March, 1828—the day General

Jackson was inaugurated President, first term. He chose the medical profession as a calling, and after a good common-school education and a course of reading, he attended the medical school of Louisville, Kentucky, where he soon became a popular student and was graduated with honors. In the spring of 1849 he located in Morgantown, this county, where he began what proved to be a very successful practice of his profession which he continued through life.

March 29, 1851, he was joined in marriage to Miss Catharine Griffitt. To them were born four daughters and three sons—one daughter and one son dying in infancy. The third and youngest son, Jarvis J. Johnson, Jr., who recently died at Martinsville, had chosen his father's profession and for a time was connected with the Home Lawn sanitarium. The other son, Goldsmith Johnson, and Mrs. J. G. Bain and Mrs. J. P. Baldwin, reside in Martinsville, while the youngest daughter, Mrs. Harry Askew, and husband, reside on a farm near Bedford, where the father was born.

In 1887 the doctor's first wife died, and, in 1894, he was joined in marriage to Miss Jennie Moran. She and their daughter Helen are also survivors.

Dr. Johnson was a good business man, attending strictly to the minutiae of things; hence he was the most successful pension agent in the city, and pension examiner for eighteen years.

At one time, he was associated with Lanbough in the Antimorphine institute. Dr. Holman and also Dr. Andrew J. Marshall were once his partners in practice. He was an attentive reader and a good thinker, with a mind well stored with practical knowledge. He was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic and of the M. E. church, and a regular attendant when health permitted.

FRANKLIN LANDERS.

Franklin Landers was elected senator for the counties of Morgan and Johnson in 1860. He was a lover of politics in the best meaning of the word, from his boyhood days. He was nominated and elected by a large majority by the Douglass wing of the Democratic party in that memorable contest, and while a senator dissented from the views of such antiwar Democrats as Brown and Packard. He favored the prosecution of the war for the preservation of the Union, and upon all questions tending to establish the supremacy of the United States his voice was in the affirmation. He was a candidate for presidential elector on the McClellan ticket in 1864.

In 1874 he was elected to Congress, where he took a lively interest in the financial questions which were engrossing so much of the attention of the people at that date.

In 1875 the Greenback party nominated him for Governor of Indiana, but the Democratic convention, before which his name was presented for endorsement, finding the contest between Mr. Landers and Congressman Holman to be so warm as to preclude the possibility of harmony, the names of both were withdrawn and a compromise effected upon James D. Williams. Over his protest, his many ardent friends in 1876 nominated him again for Congress, and, though defeated, he ran ahead of his ticket some eight hundred votes. In 1880 he led the Democratic hosts as their candidate for Governor, but the majority of the voters at this election were found with the opposing party.

Mr. Landers at his best stood very near the head of the list of the largest farmers and live stock dealers in Indiana. He owned several fine farms, well stocked with cattle and mules, and kept a personal supervision over all, to which he added merchandizing and pork-packing at Indianapolis. He accumulated property rapidly and was liberal in gifts

and donations for the benevolences and church work which was going on all around him in the '60's. One of his first movements was to buy a large farm upon which Brooklyn now stands and plat it for that pretty little village—one of the most beautiful in the county—and stipulating in the titles that no ground should ever be used for saloon purposes, and the people have earnestly striven to carry out Mr. Landers's wishes.

He was born in Madison township, this county, March 22, 1825. His father, William Landers, was a pioneer of pioneers. Born in Virginia in 1789, he came when a child with his parents to Kentucky. In 1820 he settled in Madison township, where he became the owner of a large farm. He was also a man of affairs, having been county commissioner, associate judge, and justice of the peace. He was twice married and father of fourteen children, Franklin being the second born of the second wife. William Landers died December 10, 1851.

The Landers family have been prominent citizens of Morgan and Marion counties for eighty years. The subject of our sketch moved to Indianapolis in 1864, where he continued to reside until his death. He had been twice married. His first wife was Miss Mary Shufflebarger, by whom he had six children, and who died in 1864. In 1865 he was married to Mrs. Martha Conduitt, by whom he had five children.

Mr. Landers was blessed with one of the most perfect physical organizations to be found, never having been indisposed a day in his long life until his recent fatal illness. This fact enabled him to perform an immense amount of physical and mental labor, and contributed no little to his useful career. The world is the better for the example of such a noble life.

COLONEL SAMUEL P. OYLER.

Colonel Oyler, of Franklin, won the senatorial honors of Morgan and Johnson counties in 1864. He was Mr. Landers's competitor in 1860. But the heavy Democratic majority of that day in Johnson county could not be overcome by the Republican party. The time intervening between 1860 and 1864, in consequence of the war and the questions growing out of it, had so changed public opinion that the Republican nominee was easily elected. The dark clouds that continually hung over the administration and Republican party during 1862 and '63 were lifted, and victory was perching on the banners of the Union army along the line. The fighting for a twelve-month had been fast and furious, and the terrific blood-letting at Gettysburg demonstrated that the finish must needs be on Confederate soil. Gunboats and batteries commanded the Mississippi river, while a close blockade was kept along the seaboard.

Sherman was "marching through Georgia," while Grant was pushing Lee to the wall. It began to look like the god of war, if there be such a god, sure enough was on the side of the heavy battalions. The resources of the Confederates were growing less and less each day, with the wear and tear of their army, while the North lacked much of being exhausted. Indeed, we were just learning how to make guns, mold bullets, and fight, when the end came, but we were glad to quit this bloody work when we could honorably do so.

Mr. Oyler went into the army at an early date and won his way up to the office of colonel, but a bodily infirmity compelled him to resign, after which he returned to Franklin and resumed the practice of law. He never lost his interest in the war and questions growing out of it. He was a good advocate, both on the stump and at the bar.

He was an influential member of the senate. Like Mr.

Landers, he was a home-made man of substantial qualities. He was a house plasterer by trade and was at one time a Universalist preacher. He was an Odd Fellow of the highest degree, to which fraternity he was very much attached until his death in 1898. He was married in early life, but no children were born to the union. The Colonel will long be remembered as one of the leading politicians and barristers of Franklin.

EZRA A. OLLEMAN.

Ezra A. Olleman was elected joint representative for Johnson and Morgan counties in 1864. He was a citizen of Madison township, this county, and a man of affairs from the time of his coming into the State until the infirmities of age and disease rendered active life impossible.

He was born in Kentucky in 1828. His father died when Ezra was fourteen years of age, and soon after he came to Indiana and for a time was employed as a "tame" cowboy, to drive cattle from Indianapolis to the Atlantic seaboard; sometimes to New York and Baltimore. His wages were six dollars a month.

He next apprenticed himself to a cabinetmaker in Cincinnati for three years. Soon after this he came to Mooresville, where he set up a cabinet shop of his own. About three years later he sold his shop and furniture and invested the proceeds in a general store at Waverly. Not far from this time he was joined in marriage to Miss Amanda Kelly, daughter of James S. Kelly, who in his day was one of the foremost business men of the county.

Mr. Olleman became possessed of one of the finest farms in Madison township and was greatly interested in high farming and stock breeding. For a time he was principal editor of the *Indiana Farmer*, and, in company with James Buchanan, established *The Sun*, the first paper in the West

edited in the interest of the Greenback party. He was the first chairman of the State Central Committee of the National Greenback party, and also chairman of the executive committee.

In the spring of 1863 he enlisted in Company D, Seventieth Indiana Volunteer Infantry, but was soon discharged for physical disability. He was elected as a stalwart Republican and continued to support that party until the financial questions became acute over the retention of the greenback system of currency. It was then he espoused the cause of the National Greenback party.

He and his wife passed away about two years ago, leaving five children to mourn the sorrow which came to the parents in their last days.

NOAH J. MAJOR.

Noah J. Major was elected to represent Morgan county in 1864, as a Republican. At this election Governor Morton and the whole ticket received a majority of 540 votes in this county, the largest majority ever polled by any party before or since. He was again elected as an Independent Republican in 1870, and as a Greenbacker in 1878, by nominal majorities. This ended his official career.

He was born in Brookville, Indiana, August 14, 1823. His father, William A. Major, came to Martinsville with his family in the fall of 1832, and bought and improved a large farm three and a half miles north of this city, where he died in 1847. The son owned and remained on part of the old homestead forty-eight years. For the last twenty years he has operated Elmwood Farm, five miles northeast of town. He has been a farmer and stock feeder for fifty-seven consecutive years. He has been thrice married and is the father of six children, only two of whom are now living. His first wife was Miss Hannah Hastings,

to whom he was married in 1844. In little more than one year she suddenly died, leaving an infant son a few days old, who followed the mother in nine months. In 1846 he was joined in marriage to Miss Mary E. Rudicell. To them were born five children, one dying in childhood. The mother departed this life in 1872. November 4, 1875, he wedded Mrs. Margaret A. Piercy, widow of the late Joseph W. Piercy.

He has been a member of the Christian church fifty-nine years and an elder in the same forty-nine years. He has been a total abstainer from tobacco and strong drink—a legal Prohibitionist—for eighteen years.

He graduated from an old log schoolhouse, under one of Eggleston's "Hoosier schoolmasters." This was supplemented by a five months' course under Professor Edmonson, in the old County Seminary.

His political hobby is: "Make laws so it will be easy to do right and hard to do wrong."

JOHN E. GREER.

Captain John E. Greer was elected representative by the Republicans in 1866. The nomination took place in William Hardwick's barn, near Centerton. In August, 1862, the President called for 300,000 more volunteers, and Captain Greer raised about thirty-five men, who were assigned to the Fifth Cavalry. After the war he returned to his home in Green township and resumed farming and stock feeding. He was a stalwart Republican and trustworthy member of the Legislature of 1867.

Captain Greer was born in Scott county, Kentucky, December 10, 1827, and came with his parents to this county in 1838. In 1848 he married Miss Mahala Petre, of Decatur county. To this union were born eleven children, eight of whom are living and reside in Kansas. Captain

Greer moved to Kansas in 1880, where he engaged principally in buying and shipping mules to the South. He died suddenly at Independence, Kansas, January 17, 1896. His wife survives him.

The Greers are of Irish descent and seem to be endowed with the military spirit, as several of their ancestors served in the Revolutionary War as well as in the War of 1812. Most of the older Greers settled in Ohio, but John A. Greer, father of Captain Greer, settled in Kentucky. In 1842, four years after he came to this county, he started with a flatboat, laden with farm products, to New Orleans, but when nearing Vickburg he died and was buried on the bank of the Mississippi river. Grant Stafford was appointed administrator of the estate and some time elapsed before the settlement was completed.

JAMES V. MITCHELL.

James V. Mitchell was elected to the House of Representatives in 1868, as a Republican. Before and up to 1860, he was a Democrat. He worked and voted for Senator Douglass for President in the memorable struggle of 1860. But, when the war was actually begun, he readily allied himself with the Lincoln administration and Republican party. He continued his support of that party until the session of 1869, when the question of the Fifteenth Amendment came before the House for adoption or rejection. He spoke and voted against adoption, and was, we think, the only Republican who did so. Of course, after this, that party gave him his passport, and he returned to his first love, for which he has worked in his own way ever since. Mr. Mitchell's political career would seem to indicate that he possesses an element of independence quite a good way above the average, and has the courage of his convictions.

In 1871 he was elected by the Legislature trustee of the

Wabash and Erie Canal. He is a native of this county, having been born in Martinsville, October 15, 1842. His father, James M. Mitchell, came to Martinsville early in the thirties and began the mercantile business; he was soon associated with his brother, Samuel Moore Mitchell, under the firm name of J. M. & S. M. Mitchell. They sold goods, farmed, packed pork and boated it to New Orleans for nearly thirty-five years, and at the dissolution of partnership in 1867 each had made a handsome fortune.

Giles Mitchell, the grandfather of James V., came to southern Indiana in 1810, and to Martinsville in 1832. He was a bricklayer by trade and built the first brick courthouse in our town.

After going through the schools of Martinsville, the subject of this sketch became a student and graduate of Indiana University at Bloomington, after which he began the study of law with Barbour & Howland. Later on he formed a partnership with Alfred Ennis and afterward with James B. Cox. He still practices his profession, to which he adds farming and stock breeding. Mr. Mitchell is a dear lover of a fine horse.

He has been thrice married. First to Miss Addie Draper, in 1863, who died in San Jose, California, in 1869, leaving two children—May Pearl, now Mrs. Warrington, of Cincinnati, and Richard Draper, who resides in our city. April, 1871, he wedded his second wife, Mrs. Lawson, of Cincinnati, who died suddenly. He was united to Mrs. Alice Newby, widow of the late John S. Newby and daughter of John Thornburgh, of Mooresville, June 1, 1898. Mr. Mitchell is domestic by nature and a model husband. He has also been exceedingly fortunate in his choice of help-mates. They were of that class of women who truly make and maintain a "sweet home."

EBENEZER HENDERSON.

In 1868 Ebenezer Henderson was chosen joint senator for the counties of Johnson and Morgan, and probably has had the largest experience in politics of any citizen in Morgan county.

In 1856, John L. Knox was elected county treasurer, and re-elected in 1858. Mr. Knox was an honest and very popular member of the Democratic party, but his qualifications, taken altogether, were hardly equal to the responsibilities of that office, which has proved to be the Waterloo of so many incumbents.

Mr. Henderson was chosen deputy, although but twenty-three years of age, and so well did he manage the office that in 1860 he received the nomination of his party for that office, and was the only man elected on the Democratic ticket. His majority was twenty-five, while some of the Republican candidates received a majority of three hundred. He took an active part in the election contest of 1858. When it finally appeared that Mr. Knox had been counted out by the irregularities of the election boards of Clay and Monroe townships, Knox owed much to Henderson for winning the case.

While in the Senate during the session of 1871, he became the author of the fee and salary bill which passed the General Assembly at that time, but which was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. It embodies the same principles as does the present law. That is, it fixed fees and salaries according to population. The constitution has been so amended as to make this permissible.

In 1874 Mr. Henderson was elected State Auditor and re-elected in 1876. During those campaigns he was most of the time "in the saddle," and left nothing undone that would contribute to the success of his party. Perhaps the Democratic party in Indiana was never more healthy or

better organized than when he was chairman of the State Central Committee, to which position he was chosen in 1884 and again in 1886. In 1887 he was appointed deputy commissioner of internal revenue, which office he held until the close of President Cleveland's first term. He has always been a farmer as well as a politician, sometimes on a large scale.

In 1873, he, in company with T. H. Parks and W. R. Harrison, built and equipped the largest and most up-to-date porkhouse ever in or near Martinsville. It stood on the ground now occupied by the woodenware factory. It had a capacity of several hundred hogs per day. It was a good thing for the farmers nearby—much better than for the owners, as the sequel proved. They ran it for about ten seasons, during the winter only, when the weather was cold enough to freeze the ground of nights. The winter of 1882-'83 was one of the warmest ever experienced in this climate. There were thirty days and nights, mostly in January, that the ground never froze. During this period the company and others had nine thousand hogs in the pens, mud deep to their knees. They bought and fed hundreds of bushels of corn that were a total loss, as the hogs were continually shrinking in weight. Much of the meat that they packed that winter was damaged, and had to be sold at a reduced price. And to cap the climax of ill luck, the price kept on the down grade to the end.

The summer packing houses in the large cities soon put an end to the smaller concerns in the country towns, and Henderson, Parks & Co. closed up their house in 1883, and that ended pork-packing in Martinsville.

In 1888 Mr. Henderson established the Home Lawn Sanitarium, with which he did considerable business until 1893, when it accidentally burned. He immediately set about rebuilding, and soon had the second adventure going ;

but it did not prove to be profitable, and he closed out all his holdings in Martinsville and returned to the farm where he was born, and which his father purchased in 1831, when as yet it was but a wilderness. Excepting the four years when he was State Auditor, during which time he resided in Indianapolis, he has made his home in and near Martinsville. Years ago he erected the fine residence which now forms part of the Home Lawn Sanitarium.

Mr. Henderson was born June 2, 1833. His parents, James C. Henderson and Mary Piercy Henderson, were natives of Shelby county, Kentucky, and were married in July, 1831. They came to Morgan county the following fall, where James Henderson entered eighty acres of land about four miles northeast of Martinsville. Here he built the pioneer cabin and began clearing land and farming. So successful was he that at the time of his death, January 8, 1867, he owned 360 acres of land. The mother died in Martinsville, October, 1879, at the home of her only son and child.

Ebenezer Henderson attended the common country schools until he was eighteen years of age, when he entered the Indiana University, where he took a two years' course in the scientific department. Returning home he assisted his father in farming and stock feeding. In 1856 he was married to Miss Anna C. Hunt, daughter of Jonathan Hunt, ex-sheriff of Morgan county, and merchant, pork packer, and boatman to New Orleans. To this union were born seven children: Frances (Mrs. Parks), Ella (Mrs. Dr. Cook), William, Magdaline (Mrs. Piercy), June, Howard, and Courtland. All are living but Mrs. Cook and the youngest daughter, June.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson have always been equal to the responsibilities and requirements of the positions in life which they have occupied, and have accommodated them-

selves to the varied fortunes and misfortunes of the affairs of this life. They are genial, social, and sensible; at all times showing themselves true neighbors and faithful friends.

JAMES MAXWELL.

Following Mr. Henderson as senator was James Maxwell. He was not so much given to politics as his immediate predecessor. But he has always been in line and sympathy with the Democratic party. He has seldom been a candidate. The nominations have sought him much oftener than he the nominations, but when named by the party for an office, he was not slothful in the business of the campaign. He served with diligence and credit the senatorial term for which he was chosen. But Mr. Maxwell is much more of a farmer than a politician. He and his wife own about seven hundred acres of fine land several miles southwest of Martinsville, and a commodious residence in town. They have a goodly hold on terra firma and know how to hold it. Mr. Maxwell was born in this county, the 27th of February, 1839, and is the son of John and Catherine Maxwell, natives of Ireland. The grandfather of James J. was an Englishman, who emigrated first to Ireland and thence to America in 1805, settling first in Germantown, New York. About 1813 he moved to Lebanon, Ohio, thence to Dearborn county, Indiana, and finally to Morgan county, where death came to him and his wanderings ceased. He was by trade a weaver, and that was his lifelong business. His family consisted of seven children: Robert, James, William, Henry, Nancy, Ellen, and John.

John Maxwell, the father of our subject, was born in County Down, Ireland, July 24, 1805, and was married in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1837, to Catherine Graham, who was born in 1812. After marriage, Mr. Maxwell located in

Lawrenceburg, Indiana, and in 1838 he finally located in Washington township, this county, where he died, February, 1872. He was the owner of a good little farm at the time of his death. His family was as follows: Susan, Jane, Susanna, John, Robert F., Catherine, and James J. The mother survived the father several years.

Senator Maxwell attended the common schools until he was eighteen or twenty years of age, then he went to school in Cincinnati. February 14, 1866, he was joined in wedlock to Miss Cynthia A. Hodges, daughter of John and Lucy Hodges, pioneer settlers in the southwest corner of this county. To them were born eight children, five of whom are living. They are bright, intelligent, educated children, of whom the parents may justly be proud. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell are members of the Christian church and highly esteemed citizens.

DR. HARVEY SATTERWHITE.

Dr. Harvey Satterwhite was elected representative of Morgan county in 1872. This was a year for heaping honors on Martinsville, for, besides Dr. Satterwhite, William S. Sherley and James J. Maxwell were chosen—Mr. Sherley being elected joint representative of Morgan and Johnson counties, and Mr. Maxwell, senator.

Dr. Satterwhite hails from the commonwealth of Kentucky—the land of beautiful women, fine horses, and hot-headed revolvers. He was born on a farm near Bedford, Trimble county, January 15, 1832. His ancestors were Virginians.

He came to Indiana in November, 1846, locating for a time in Johnson county. After studying dentistry in Franklin he changed his location to Martinsville, coming here in February, 1856. He continued the dental business five or six years—"a workman that needeth not be ashamed." At

that time gold was principally used for plates, and a full set of teeth cost one hundred dollars. Dr. Satterwhite became a banker at the time of the organization of the First National Bank of our city, owning stock in it as well as in an Indianapolis bank several years later. He was in the banking business about thirty-two years. He is a man of fine business qualities, and at various times has held official positions on the town boards of education and corporation, and his books are remarkably free from errors.

Some time in the '70's he had a little experience in chasing a couple of bank debtors, who cut the biggest figure of the kind ever noted in this county. Presley Buckner, son of John Buckner, one of the most respected and substantial old settlers in the south part of Washington township, had been dealing in live stock, using the names of his father and father-in-law as endorsers. Young Buckner had borne a good name, and was counted one of the rising farmers and stock dealers in the south part of the county. He had associated his brother-in-law, William Wiley Baker, in business, and the two made a lively brace of traders. Buckner had been a heavy borrower at the First National Bank, keeping his father and father-in-law on the bills as endorsers. The old gentlemen had become somewhat neglectful about endorsing, having all confidence in the boys' honesty. Finally Buckner and Baker bought a large drove of horses and mules, some on time, and of men with whom they had heretofore honorably dealt and who had no suspicion of what was coming. They had borrowed heavily in bank and from private individuals. Bidding their families good-bye, they started South with the mules and horses.

Sufficient time elapsed for their return, but no word was heard from them; even their wives did not know where they were. Considerable excitement prevailed and people

began to conjecture as to the fate of "Pres" Buckner and "Bill-Wile" Baker. Some thought they had been foully dealt with, as it would likely be known that they had money about them. Others hinted that they were engaged in some "self-sharpening" speculation, and would turn up all right. However, their long absence and profound silence were omens of no good and finally it became apparent that they had absconded, leaving their wives as much dumfounded as their creditors. The most remarkable thing about this heartlessness was that Baker's wife was Buckner's sister. So far as known there had never been any trouble or domestic infelicity in either family. Why they should have so cruelly deserted their wives no one can tell.

Meantime Dr. Satterwhite got an inkling of their whereabouts and started after them. He located them in Texas and caused their arrest, but by reason of some technicality of law—a loophole worn slick by rogues—they were released, and before proper papers could be prepared they again "skipped." The Doctor gave up the chase as a bad job on Texas soil, and returned home. Whatever became of these two evil-doers is not known to the writer.

In politics, Dr. Satterwhite is and has long been a straight Republican. He attended the extra as well as the regular session of 1873, acquitting himself acceptably to his party and with honor to himself.

His first wife was Miss Sarah Ellen Thomas, daughter of Isaac Thomas, who for many years conducted the principal hotel in Martinsville. She died, leaving no children. He was married the second time to Miss Harriet E. Stevens, of Lebanon, Ohio, who has been a helpmate in the highest sense. They have one daughter, Mrs. Frank Rudy, now living in Ohio.

Dr. and Mrs. Satterwhite own two or three good farms, besides the home residence and other property in Martins-

ville, and notwithstanding the reverses which they met a few years ago when an Indianapolis bank collapsed, are in comfortable circumstances. In religious belief they are Methodists.

Dr. Satterwhite has been long identified with the business interests of Martinsville, and has contributed largely to its growth into a city of beautiful homes and health resorts.

WILLIAM S. SHERLEY.

As before stated, William Sherley was elected joint representative in 1872. Always taking part in elections, and often giving much time to campaigning, and while an earnest and conservative Democrat, through all the ups and downs of that party he has not been much of an office-seeker, preferring the remunerative certainty of the law practice to the whimsical nature of politics. He is self-respecting and dignified, whether in court or the Legislature, and commands the respect of those whom he addresses. As an attorney he is diligent and painstaking as well as successful. He is a safe counselor, often saving his client much cost and vexation when he sees he has no case, by advising him to compromise. He has been more or less engaged in farming and stock feeding for several years, but has made the practice of law a specialty, and is still a prominent member of the Martinsville bar.

Mr. Sherley was born on a farm in Oldham county, Kentucky, September 6, 1836. He worked on the farm and attended the country schools as was the custom in those days, completing his education at Lagrange College in Lagrange, the county seat of Oldham. After his college course he attended the law school at Louisville, Kentucky, where he graduated in March, 1858. He was county surveyor of Oldham for two years.

Being now well equipped for his life's work, he deter-

mined to try his fortune among live Hoosiers, and selected Martinsville as the beginning point. He arrived here in November, 1858, finding about seven hundred inhabitants. He soon found plenty of lawsuits, present and prospective. In time he formed a law partnership with G. M. Overstreet, a good lawyer of our neighboring city, Franklin, and thus glided smoothly into a permanent practice. His next partner was W. R. Harrison, of our city. This firm began in 1862 and continued until 1874, doing a very large per cent. of the practice of Morgan and adjoining counties. Succeeding Attorney Harrison as partner was Judge John C. Robinson, of Spencer, from 1874 to 1876. From this date until the fall of 1895 he was practically alone. At that time he and our present judge, M. H. Parks, formed a partnership which continued until Judge Parks took the bench, November, 1900.

Mr. Sherley has been twice married. His first wife was Miss Martha J. Meginnis, of Bloomington, Indiana, to whom he was married November 28, 1861. She was a daughter of Rev. William Meginnis, a prominent minister in the M. E. church and a member of the Indiana conference. Mrs. Sherley died November 20, 1867, leaving two daughters, Anna (Mrs. Howard Prewitt), and Margaret. January 14, 1869, he wedded Miss Sarah N. Conduitt, daughter of Hon. A. B. Conduitt, of Indianapolis. To them were born four children—Mabel (Mrs. J. W. Rose), Bernice, Georgia (Mrs. Ed Kriner), and Richard.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherley have been fortunate and reasonably successful in the affairs of life, but in nothing more so than the training and education of their children. The Sherley home is a model of parental training and filial devotion—a home that will never be forgotten by those who first saw the light therein.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherley have a valuable farm joining our

city border and a handsome residence on North Jefferson street, where the "old folks," in all probability, will be at home to their many friends until life's labors are over. They are members of the Methodist Episcopal church and highly esteemed citizens.

DR. JOHN KENNEDY.

The Republicans in 1874 nominated and elected Dr. John Kennedy to represent Morgan county. Although not a professional politician, the Doctor enjoyed the canvass and his seat in the House very much. During the session he offered six bills, five of which were passed, and, as we suppose, remain on the statute book yet. He is to the manor born a Morgan county Hoosier, coming into Jefferson township on the 30th day of September, 1833. He was the second born to Luke C. and Jane (Blackford) Kennedy, who were natives of Kentucky, and of Irish, German, and Welsh descent. The father came to Lamb's Bottom with his young wife, October, 1830, where he entered eighty acres of land which formed the nucleus of the old Kennedy homestead of 220 acres, whereon the parents closed out their useful lives, the mother in 1850 and the father several years later.

The Doctor's great-grandfather was a Revolutionary soldier. He was twice married and the father of ten sons. Peter Kennedy, grandfather of our subject, was born in 1769. When twelve years of age he was stolen by the Indians, and remained nine years a captive, then escaped and returned to his parents in Hardin county, Kentucky. He was afterward employed by the government as a sentinel on the Kentucky frontier. He was the father of seven children, Luke C. being the fourth.

Our representative began the activities of life on his father's farm, as soon as he could wield a hoe and hold

a plow. He attended the winter schools a good part of the term of sixty-five days, until nineteen years of age, when, in 1852, he made a trip to New Orleans as a bow-hand on one of J. M. & S. M. Mitchell's flatboats, which was steered by the late William Cox, ex-marshal of Martinsville. This was the twenty-ninth trip down the river for that veteran boatman. As the Doctor remembers, there were ten boats from Martinsville that spring, five for the Mitchell firm and five belonging to Parks & Hite. Of the men composing the crews at that date, only a few are remaining. He remembers Mike Haase and Oliver J. Glessner, as yet being among the living—Haase afterward being a surveyor, and Glessner a judge of the circuit court. When those guides of the old broadhorns meet there is a genuine greeting, and immediately a recital of incidents and accidents begins and lasts until parting hands are shaken.

The winter following this trip the Doctor taught school in his home neighborhood. In 1854 he attended the summer term of the Belleville Academy, in Hendricks county, and the following winter taught school in Ray township. In 1855 he attended the summer term of the Edinburg high school, then under the management of Professor J. R. Woodfill, and was retained as assistant teacher for one or two terms. Following this he taught a winter school in the Drake schoolhouse west of Edinburg. In 1856 he began the study of medicine under Dr. Clark, of the above town.

Some time after this he returned to his father's farm in consequence of ill health, where by sensible work and careful diet he soon regained his health. At this time he was learning how to grow strong and how to keep so, and putting in all spare time in studying his chosen profession. He next taught in Sangamon county, Illinois, because the

wages were better there, teaching two terms of five months each, returning and working on the farm during summer.

The Doctor knows all about farm work, having begun it when it was a hand-over-hand business, from hoeing corn and potatoes, mowing grass, and cradling wheat, to rolling logs and plowing new ground with oxen. He says he could cradle four acres of wheat or five of oats in a day. This was an acre or an acre and a half above the average man. In the early spring of 1859 he decided to quit teaching, although he had been quite successful, particularly in mathematics, for which he has a fine faculty and great liking. In this branch, if so minded, he could have reached the top. His early training by Professor David Anderson, an Irishman, and one of the best mathematicians in the United States, was of much advantage to him in his teaching.

At this date he returned to Gosport, and, with Dr. H. S. Osgood, continued the study of medicine. Following this, he attended a course of lectures at the Eclectic Medical Institute, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

In June, 1860, he began practice in Paragon, within cannonshot of the old homestead wherein he was born, nursed, fondled, and spanked into boyhood, and then taught to rough it into manhood; all of which was no mean part of his solid education. His large practice and success entitles him to front rank among the first physicians of the county. He still loves and clings closely to his practice, and fires pills and potions at microbes as of old.

In April, 1862, he married Angeline, daughter of Richard and Matilda Farr Laughlin, of Owen county. They have had ten children, five yet living: T. C. Kennedy, a teacher by profession; Mrs. W. W. Washburn, of Goodland, Indiana, whose husband is a stockholder and manager of the Western Telephone Company of that city; W. E. Kennedy

is a dentist of Indianapolis, with a branch office at Paragon; Frank Kennedy is in the senior class at the Indiana Medical College, and John, the youngest, is in the Paragon high school. Dr. and Mrs. Kennedy are members of the Christian church, of which he is an elder. Few families have contributed more, or as much, to the moral and intellectual advancement of Paragon and vicinity as the Kennedys. Their motto seems to be, "No excellence without labor."

JUDGE G. W. GRUBBS.

In the year 1876 Major Grubbs was chosen representative of Morgan county, and in 1878 was elected to the Senate, thus serving six consecutive years in the General Assembly of Indiana. Morgan county has seldom been honored in the Legislature with a brighter or abler member than the Major. His known ability as a lawyer brought him to the mind of the Speaker as a most suitable member for chairman of the judiciary committee, to which he was appointed, and served with marked ability. The same honor was conferred on him in the Senate, and at the close of his senatorial term he was justly recognized as one of the foremost members of that branch of the Legislature.

Although a strong partisan and decidedly positive, he never forgets to be manly and mannerly, and respectful to an opponent. His election to the Legislature for six years, and seat on the judge's bench for eight years, with increased majorities at each re-election, attest the high esteem in which he is held by his constituency.

His military record is equally marked by his advancement from the ranks to that of major. He was born in Franklin, Indiana, September 26, 1842. He was the second son of Richard L. and Louisa (Armstrong) Grubbs. His ancestors came from Pennsylvania. His grandfather Arm-

strong was a soldier in the War of 1812. It was the Major's good fortune to have been born in a town of superior schools at the time of his school age. It was his good sense that prompted him to take the tide at its flood and secure a good education. After going through the common school training, he entered Franklin College, from which he graduated in June, 1861. He was principal of the Franklin Academy one year. In July, 1861, he entered the military service, enlisting in Company I, Seventieth Indiana Volunteers, and was soon promoted to second lieutenant. In June, 1863, he was promoted to first lieutenant and assigned to command of Company F, same regiment. His next promotion was to assistant adjutant general on the staff of General Benjamin Harrison, commanding the First Brigade, Third Division of Twentieth Army Corps in the Atlanta campaign. He was in all the battles in which his regiment took part.

In November, 1864, he was commissioned major and assigned to command the Forty-second United States (colored) Infantry, stationed at Chattanooga. He was in the Nashville campaign and for a time commander at Huntsville and Decatur, Alabama. He was mustered out of service March 12, 1866.

What memories come to him as he calls to mind the inevitable scenes of those four years and eight months of army life! The monotony of army diet, the humdrum of the drill, the weariness of "masterly inactivity," the petty jealousies of the high and low, the camp snarls—all these were bravely borne by the true soldier and are no small part of the hardships which he must needs undergo. Besides, there was the long, swift march toward the bloody field, where military honor and glory are to be won or lost and where many a brave and generous boy is made to give up his life, with thoughts homeward speeding as on wings

of light, while the heart is emptying out his body's blood. Perhaps his last thought is, what will mother do when she hears of this?

What of those who are detailed to gather up the wounded and bury the dead? What sickening sights are presented to view! The horse and his rider are overthrown and mingle with the debris of a silenced battery, while blood and iron, for the moment, are amalgamated. When will it be that

"To plowshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning hooks, their spears"?

Never, no never, until the golden rule bears universal sway.

But now let us go back thirty-five years to the time Major Grubbs came home, and, after a short rest and happy greetings of friends and relatives, he entered the law office of Porter, Harrison & Fishback, of Indianapolis, than which a stronger firm could not have been found in Indiana. Here he applied himself with his usual industry to the study of law. Next he entered the Indianapolis Law School from which he graduated. In May, 1868, he came to Martinsville, where he began practice. He has been associated with the following attorneys under the firm names of Griggs & Grubbs; McNutt, Montgomery & Grubbs; Grubbs & Montgomery; and Grubbs & Parks.

In addition to his career in the Legislature, he was presidential elector of the Seventh Congressional District in 1872, and his bridal trip was interrupted by a call to Indianapolis to cast his vote for General Grant. He was also a delegate to the Republican convention that nominated General Grant, and also a delegate to the convention that nominated General Hayes. He was the Republican nominee for Congress in 1884, but was defeated by Colonel C. C. Matson. In 1888 he was elected judge of the Fif-

teenth Judicial District, and re-elected in 1896 by a largely increased majority.

November 28, 1872, he was married to Miss Viola Griggs, daughter of Judge Algernon S. Griggs, and twin sister of Mrs. Judge Parks. To them have been born four children: George Earl, who at the time of his death was a promising young attorney; Donald Roy, now married and in business in Indianapolis; Daisy I., the loving daughter and companion of her invalid mother, and Sidney D., who is yet in school.

Judge Grubbs and his excellent wife have for many years been prominent members of the Methodist church, and the judge has been Sunday school superintendent for fifteen years. He takes a high interest in the things that tend to the moral, spiritual, and intellectual elevation of the people. He is loyal to his country's flag, honorable in his business relations, and a devoted, faithful husband and father. The friends of Judge and Mrs. Grubbs are always sure of a welcome at their pleasant home, 610 East Washington street.

CAPTAIN DAVID WILSON.

In 1880 Captain Wilson was accorded the honor of representative from Morgan county, which office he filled acceptably to his constituents during the session of 1881. He was chairman of the committee on fees and salaries.

He was born in North Carolina, December 10, 1835, but at an early date of the settlement of Monroe township, his parents came from his native State and located in or near Monrovia. Here young Wilson grew into manhood, attending the common schools in winter and working in summer at whatever was to be done.

He was one among the very first men in the county to join the Union army in the war between the States, having

enlisted on the 19th of April, 1861, six days after the firing on Fort Sumter by the Confederates. He enlisted first in the three-months' service, and afterward in the Eleventh Indiana Regiment where he served three years.

He saw plenty of hard service, having participated in the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson. He was also in the battle of Shiloh, the siege of Vicksburg, and with General Banks in the Gulf campaign. The regiment re-enlisted as veterans in 1864, served in General Sheridan's division, and was afterward on duty at Fort Henry. This regiment was on duty in Georgia at the time Jefferson Davis was captured.

Captain Wilson was slightly wounded at Cedar Creek. He was mustered out with the rank of captain in 1865. Returning home he again began the pursuits of civil life. Always taking great interest in the public questions of each returning campaign, he soon became a leader of the Republican party in Monroe township. He served three years as school trustee, and, as before stated, was nominated by his party and elected in 1880 by a majority of 310 votes. Meantime he had given considerable attention to the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1870.

In 1888 he was elected clerk of the Morgan circuit court, and served acceptably for four years. At the close of his term he took up his residence in Martinsville for the remainder of his life.

August 8, 1867, he was united in marriage to Miss Samantha Johnson, daughter of Gideon Johnson, one of the founders of Monrovia and for many years the leading merchant, farmer, and stock feeder in Monroe township. To them were born two children. The surviving one, Otis G., is living in Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Soon after Captain Wilson's retirement from public life and its harassing cares, and while looking forward to "This

is the end of earth, I am content," he received a paralytic stroke which almost obliterated his memory. He lingered a few months, soothed and sustained by his faithful wife, until the summons came to go from this to the next stage of existence.

Captain and Mrs. Wilson were communicants in the Methodist Episcopal church, and held in high esteem by their many friends and acquaintances.

GEORGE A. ADAMS.

Mr. Adams was first elected to the House of Representatives in the fall of 1882, and re-elected in 1884, and again elected in 1888. He was a prominent member of this branch of the General Assembly from the beginning of his first term to the close of his last term. He was appointed on several committees and spoken of as good timber for Speaker by several Republican members.

He was born on a farm about two miles north of Morgantown, this county, June 4, 1849. His father, Jacob Adams, moved the following March to the farm adjoining town, where young Adams spent his boyhood days, as most country boys do, in working, hunting, playing, and "hardening their meat."

As usual in such cases, he began his education in the common school of the village, afterward becoming a student in the Martinsville high school, where he was soon noted for his close application and good morals, and bid fair to make a man of mark. He next attended Indiana University with the view of qualifying for the practice of law. Here he spent two years, graduating from the Law School in 1872.

He was principal of the Morgantown high school one year, after which, in April, 1873, he began the practice of his profession in Martinsville and has ever since made law and politics a specialty.

The law firm of Adams & Newby; while it remained, did a full share of the legal practice in this judicial district. Mr. Adams was one among the leading young attorneys of his day, and, being fearless and free in speech, his sailing was not always smooth over legal seas; however, his success in both law and politics is well-known.

He moved to Lincoln, Nebraska, October 22, 1889, and immediately began the practice of his profession, in which he is well established both in the city and judicial district. He is also prominent in political meetings as chairman of conventions and committees, and has lost none of the interest he has always taken in the success of the Republican party, even though he is a dweller in Colonel Bryan's State. He is a stalwart Indiana Republican with a Nebraska finish.

Mr. Adams comes of good, solid stock. The Adamses of Jackson township were among the first to let sunlight into the dense forests. They were choppers and log-rollers, grubbers and rail-splitters. The women were true helpmates for their pioneer husbands and fathers. They could hum the wheel, crack the reel, dart the shuttle, and bang the loom from dawn till dark, and then get supper by torchlight. You might as well have looked for a telephone office in Jackson township fifty years ago, as for lily fingers and diamond rings on the hands of an Adams. They were record breakers at the pioneer work of that day.

The elder Adamses were Kentuckians, and of Irish and German descent. In religion they were Baptists; in politics, Jackson Democrats until the war, when Jacob Adams, Sr., father of George A., allied himself with the Republicans, and, for his fidelity to the party, was rewarded with the office of county treasurer two terms, being elected in 1862 and re-elected in 1864. His official career was without a blot.

December 28, 1876, Mr. Adams was married to Miss

Mattie Bennett, of Brazil, Clay county. She had been for some time a very efficient teacher in the primary department of our city schools, and it was here that Mr. Adams formed her acquaintance. To them were born two children, the elder, deceased, and Roy B., now a bright, intelligent student at Lincoln University.

Mr. Adams is a member of the Masonic order, and also of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity. He and his estimable wife are active and influential members of the Methodist Episcopal church and prominent in social circles. Mr. Adams has remembered the home and friends of his early years by a liberal contribution to the church at Morgantown, which has been recently remodeled.

ALFRED W. SCOTT.

Our representative in the session of 1887 was A. W. Scott. With the exception of W. P. Hammond, his was the shortest stay in the county of any of our assemblymen. He was born in Fayette county, Indiana, on the 8th of November, 1856, and was raised on a farm near Connersville.

After the ordinary course in the country schools, he for a time attended the Spiceland Academy. He next studied law at Indianapolis, afterward taking a four-years' course at Indiana University, graduating with honor in 1881. The same year he came to Martinsville and began the practice of law, his partner for a time being the late F. P. A. Phelps. In 1882 he was deputy prosecuting attorney for this district. His ability as a speaker, as well as his affability, polished manners, and stalwart Republicanism, won for him his nomination by the Republicans in 1886 for a seat in the House of Representatives. He was elected by the usual majority of the party, and was a distinguished-looking as well as an intelligent member of the General Assembly of 1887. He was an honor to the party that chose him to represent its principles.

While attending the University at Bloomington he made the acquaintance of Miss Alice Long, of Columbus, Indiana, who was also a student in the same institution. Their marriage followed later, and was a well-ordered and happy union. With unmeasured devotion to each other, the cares and burdens of life were made lighter, while hope pointed to the realization of their fondest and most ambitious desires.

About the year 1889, Mr. Scott moved to Lincoln, Nebraska, where he was for some time associated with George A. Adams in the law practice. Here he made hosts of friends and was winning his way to success, when in the summer of 1899 his wife was taken seriously ill and after weeks of intense suffering, passed away. Mr. Scott, who was somewhat given to despondency, and who was much worn by incessant watching at the bedside of his suffering wife, was completely unnerved by his irreparable loss, for Mrs. Scott had always been his stay and counselor in all the affairs of life. After her death he was shrouded in gloom from morning till night, and worse still, from night till morning, so that sleep, "tired nature's sweet restorer," did not come to his relief.

From the death of his wife to his own decease he seemed to take little interest in business affairs, but to be dead to all things terrestrial. July 18, 1901, he was found in an unconscious condition in his office in the Burr Block, Lincoln. Physicians were called, but too late, and Mr. Scott died in a few moments. One child survives, an intelligent and interesting son, who inherits, if nothing else, a good name.

ELDER W. H. BROWN.

Next came William Harvey Brown, of Adams township, who carried off the honors in 1890. He was elected to the

House of Representatives by the usual Republican majority and served acceptably in the session of 1891. He was an industrious and painstaking member, especially so on the lines of moral and economical reform. He soon had the esteem and confidence of the members with whom he was associated in committee work.

But it appears that his life was not to be spent on the stump, but in the pulpit, a place much better suited to his social and genial nature than the warring elements of politics. Our subject comes of good ancestors on both sides of the house. The Brown and Trowbridge families were in at the very first settlement of Owen county on its eastern border and near Alaska, Morgan county.

Elder John Brown, the father of William H., owned land in both counties seventy years ago, and was as good an all-round pioneer as ever swung an ax, cracked a whip, or preached a sermon. Like "Ossawatomie Brown," he opposed slavery, but not in an unlawful way, as did the hero of Harper's Ferry; but when the Civil War broke out he loaned four sons to the Union army, and was much interested in that struggle to its close.

About the year 1850 he and John H. Phillips, of Hall, and Butler K. Smith, of Indianapolis, were employed as county evangelists by the thirteen Christian churches of this county. It was then we became acquainted with Elder John Brown, and heard him relate some of his experiences as a first settler in the woods of Owen and Morgan counties.

As is well known, all merchandise was then hauled from some point on the Ohio river to the interior settlements in Indiana. Elder Brown was a thorough, trained wagoner; he loved a good horse above all domestic animals, and had owned scores of them. He told me he once owned and drove a five-horse team consisting of a mother and four of her colts, the mother being the best fifth leader

he ever cracked a whip over. She was of the celebrated Cherokee stock of horses.

Elder Brown was a man of affairs, taking special interest in the common school system which was inaugurated long after the days he could have been benefited by it. He stood for positive Christianity, morals, and good citizenship.

William H. Brown was born on a farm near Alaska, this county, September 14, 1855. He is the oldest of three sons born to John Hume and Malinda Trowbridge Brown. His mother died August, 1860. His father enlisted in the army in July, 1862, and died in the service the following December.

To one who looks at an orphan of only seven years from a human standpoint, it seems a calamity; to Him who notes the fall of a sparrow it is an opportunity. The Good Shepherd keeps watch over his lambs, as well as the more mature ones of his flock.

We lose sight of this little Brown boy for almost ten years, when in 1871 he appears in view as a hand employed on a farm near Paragon. Here he spent three summers guiding the plow, driving the planter and harvester, the last one on Mr. Samuel Smith's farm. Mr. Smith was so well pleased with the skill and fidelity of the young granger that at the close of his summer's work, when he handed him his wages, \$75, he also gave him a silver watch in evidence of his respect and good will.

In the fall of 1875 he taught school in Harrison township, Owen county. Keeping a close watch over his earnings and living economically, he was enabled to continue his studies, first in the Spencer schools, then at Valparaiso, and finishing up at the State Normal, Terre Haute. He is, in the best sense of the phrase, a self-made man, self-reliant, self-examining, and self-educated, for the reason

that he earned with his own hands the money wherewith he paid his own way through the above schools.

Elder Brown entered the ministry of the Christian church some twelve years ago. He is a strong pastor, but a more excellent evangelist. We quote from the Greencastle *Banner* a report from Fillmore, Indiana, at the close of his ministry there: "The work of God in all this part of the country has been nobly fostered and blest by his timely ministry. His natural ability, together with his untiring zeal and love for his work, has won for him an honorable place among the ministers and churches of western Indiana, and none rejoice at his success more than the brethren and citizens of Fillmore. He has touched all sides of our life, the social, the business, the educational, as well as the moral and religious."

During his stay with the Fillmore church, one hundred and ninety-four persons were added to the congregation. At the time when the thoughts of young men are turned to love, his were centered on Miss Lucella Bourn, the charming daughter of Henry Bourn, a leading farmer of Adams township. They were married August 19, 1879. Mrs. Brown has been a true helpmate, and Elder Brown frankly acknowledges that much of his financial, educational, and ministerial success is due to her indomitable will and physical endurance. They now have four children, and live in their own beautiful suburban home at Greencastle.

In politics Elder Brown was a staid Republican until 1896, when, "learning the way of the Lord more perfectly," he espoused the principles of the Prohibition party—a political sect everywhere spoken against.

JAMES F. COX.

In 1886, when the Democrats of the senatorial district composed of Johnson, Brown, and Morgan counties, were looking for suitable timber for nomination, they centered on James F. Cox, of Martinsville, who was then practicing law in company with James V. Mitchell. As Mr. Cox was "looking a little out" for the lightning, he was not seriously hurt; and as the district was Democratic beyond doubt he had an easy walk over his opponent. Notwithstanding all this he worked like a beaver for the whole ticket. He was one of the boys who became a politician before he was a voter. Indeed, the whole family liked to work for "Uncle Sam," his brothers having held county offices at different periods of time.

In the political uproar of his party in 1872, he cast his first vote for Horace Greeley, and is exceedingly proud of it. He came before the Democratic convention as a candidate for prosecuting attorney of the Fifteenth Circuit. But after being nominated over three prominent competitors of this county, he was defeated by a meager vote by a coalition of Greene and Owen counties, the latter receiving the judge and the former the prosecutor. In 1878 he was made deputy prosecuting attorney for this county, in which capacity he served eighteen months.

After leaving Martinsville he located in Columbus, Indiana, where he continues to practice his profession and indulge his love for politics. In 1900 he was elected to the House of Representatives by the voters of Bartholomew county.

James F. Cox was born in Monroe county, this State, May 15, 1852, and is the son of Rev. J. Bridgeman and Martha (Mosier) Cox. Rev. Mr. Cox was a minister of the Baptist church. James F. was reared on a farm, attended the country schools, and when fifteen years old

began his own support, dividing his time between labor and school. At nineteen he became a teacher, and attended the Indiana University three years, after which he taught during the winter and studied law in summer.

In 1878 he matriculated in the law department of the University of Michigan, whence he graduated in 1880, and returned to this county and resumed the practice of law.

August 1, 1877, he was joined in marriage with Mattie E. Armstrong, daughter of Robert Armstrong, of Brown county, a sensible and estimable young lady. Her death occurred unexpectedly February 14, 1880, leaving one child, Leon J.

His second marriage was to Miss Lilly Tarleton, of Maysville, Kentucky, who is quite well known and has many friends in Martinsville.

WILLIAM DAVISON BAIN.

Following W. H. Brown comes Will D. Bain, our representative in the session of 1893. Mr. Bain had not aspired to this honor. He had steadily declined to allow his name to go before the convention up to the morning of the assembling, when, pressed by several friends, he finally yielded to their wishes. In the election that followed, his strength was shown by his receiving the largest vote for any candidate on the local Republican ticket at that (1892) election.

This was one of the years that the frost came too late to bite the Democrats, and they harvested a good crop of offices in both State and nation. As they had a full, working majority in both branches of the Assembly, Mr. Bain says that he had nothing much to do other than answer roll call, help kill bad bills, tear foolscap paper, sit with elevated feet, look dignified, and draw his per diem. He was appointed on the committees on labor and reformatory insti-

tutions; however, he did not see any of the former legislators while visiting the aforesaid reformatories.

Something happened while he was in the political arena that has always puzzled Mr. Bain. That was in 1894, when a Republican convention turned him down and Adam Howe up. Howe may know how it was done, as he afterward had a bite from the same "dorg"; but Mr. Bain cherishes none other than the kindest feelings toward Mr. Howe. Political conventions feed on tricks and partake of the nature of their food.

William D. Bain is a pure-blooded Scotchman. His father, Donald Bain, and his uncle, John Bain, left Scotland and came to America about the year 1839. They kept moving westward from the seaboard, until they came to Jefferson township, this county, where in 1841 they located and remained to the close of life. They were farmers and men of solid worth, bringing with them the Scotch thrift, industry, and love of books. Their descendants are remarkable for education and general intelligence.

Three or four of the sons were soldiers in the Union army. At the present time, there can be found among the Bains a lawyer and postmaster, an ex-postmaster and editor, an ex-auditor, as well as representative. The other side of the house is equally well equipped, some of the granddaughters ranking high as teachers.

The subject of our sketch, like the Republican party, was born in 1856, not in a convention, however, but in Jefferson township, Morgan county, Indiana—as great a place to come to light in as the Highlands of Scotland.

He is the youngest of a family of seven children, all of whom are living except the oldest, who died in youth. One sister is living in Owen county, this State, and one is near Bolivar, Missouri; the other members of the family reside near the old homestead. His mother died in 1864, and his father in 1896.

Mr. Bain was brought up on a farm, and has been a farmer all his life. But he is much more than a granger. He ranks as a first-class teacher. After attending the district schools during the winter months until the age of nineteen, he borrowed the needful funds and entered the Valparaiso Normal School, completing the commercial and teachers' courses.

He has taught in district schools for several years, and as principal of the Hynsdale and Centerton graded schools made an enviable record as instructor. He helped organize the Morgan County Teachers' Association, wrote its constitution, and served as its first secretary and afterward as president.

He is a member of the I. O. O. F. and has represented the local in the Grand Lodge. In faith he is a Presbyterian, though not a member of church. He is modest and unassuming, reticent and observing, keen-eyed but close-lipped. He has no wife to sew on buttons, arrange ties, or darn socks. He still clings to the delusion of single blessedness.

WILLIAM E. McCORD.

In 1894 William E. McCord was elected joint senator for the counties of Johnson and Morgan. He has held steadily to the principles of the Republican party from the time of his majority until the present, and while giving liberally of his time and means for the promotion of its interests and the election of its candidates, has not cared much for the loaves and fishes so much longed for by the empty stomachs of "jack-pot" politicians.

The senatorial honor with its per diem is about all the sop he has had, so far as we remember. His course in the two sessions, 1895 and 1897, was dignified and acceptable to his party. He was industrious and felt the responsi-

bility of his position, and was regularly in his seat. The district which he represented has generally been Democratic, and his election indicates a vigorous canvass and popularity on his part. Mr. McCord was a good speaker, presenting his views with clearness, and seldom indulging in anecdotes or witticism.

He was born in Centerville, Wayne county, Indiana, March 21, 1850. His father, Rev. Elam McCord, was joined in marriage to Miss Jane Freeland, whose father, in 1822, entered a large tract of land in the river bottom, a little southwest of Martinsville. This tract was long known as the Freeland farm. It was afterward owned by Dr. Sims. We are not certain that Mr. Freeland ever lived on it, as he disposed of it in an early day. The Freelands were first-class pioneers.

Rev. Elam McCord came to Martinsville in 1840, and remained until 1847. He organized the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in this place, and became its pastor and elder, and was the first resident pastor ever in Martinsville. Among the charter members were Isaac D. and Mrs. Sheppard, James Maxwell and wife, Robert Hamilton, Mrs. Frances Wilson, widow of "Hero Bill" Wilson, and Mrs. Ann Williams, a widow, of Clear Creek. These and others among the most substantial citizens formed the nucleus of the present Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

During Rev. Elam McCord's pastorate the members built the old brick house recently pulled down to give place to the new Baptist church now in process of erection. While in those early days it did not take as long to build a church as it did to build a temple, yet it was long enough to be a weariness to the flesh, and solicitors made several round trips before they could rightly sing "Since I can read my title clear."

In his boyhood young McCord changed localities several

times. He came with the family from Centerville to Bainbridge, Putnam county, and from there to Gosport, Owen county, and next to Clayton, Hendricks county. Between these moves he was kept in the common schools, and at eighteen years of age entered Indiana University, from which he graduated with honor in 1872. After leaving college he obtained employment as teacher in the schools of Marion, Indiana, where he remained one year. In April, 1873, he came to Martinsville, where he read law in the office of Harrison & Sherley, then attended the law school of the State University, graduating in 1876. Being now fully equipped for practice, he returned to our city, where he has been anchored ever since. At first he formed a law partnership with William R. Harrison, one of the foremost lawyers of the State. This firm had a large practice for ten years, since which Mr. McCord has been practically alone in his profession. He has also, at various times, been engaged in farming and stock breeding.

In October, 1883, he chose as his wife Miss Mary Callis, and time has but confirmed the wisdom of his choice. She is the youngest daughter of E. W. and Ellen (Orner) Callis, natives of New Jersey.

Mr. Callis came to Martinsville in 1855, and bought of T. J. Worth the *Morgan County Gazette* and converted it into the organ of the Republican party, in whose interest it was run until 1870. Probably no man in Morgan county exerted a greater influence in recruiting soldiers for the Union army, and staying their hands and hearts in the darkest days of the struggle, than Edwin W. Callis, of the *Gazette*. The old numbers of this paper, from 1861 to 1865, abound in calls and demands for war meetings, speeches, and reports, and with brilliant paragraphs, that, taken altogether, will be found to contain the real history of Morgan county during the war between the States.

Mr. and Mrs. McCord have a well-ordered and happy home. Two bright little boys gladden their lives and furnish relaxation and recreation for the father after a hard day's work in the courtroom, amidst the discordant elements of suits at law, and the vexations of "wicked witnesses and crooked lawyers." They are prominent and influential members of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and regular attendants at its services. Mrs. McCord is an enthusiastic and brilliant member of the Martinsville Woman's Club, a first-class literary institution.

ADAM HOWE.

In 1894, in the middle of Cleveland's administration, Adam Howe came to the front in local politics. He had always taken part in political discussions, private and public, but was not a seeker for official honors or profits.

As his views were always against the single standard, against the demonetizing of silver, and in favor of the greenback currency, he could never be a "stalwart" member of either of the dominant parties who, time and again as policy seemed to dictate, have nursed, fondled, and spanked the "rag baby," according to the mood they were in. Mr. Cleveland, an honest man, who would have all honest debts paid in "honest money," and Mr. Pierpont Morgan, another stickler for honest business transactions, "had a time." The President found a lean and leaky treasury bequeathed to him by the outgoing administration, which he desired to replenish with gold. As fast as he filled it, Mr. Morgan emptied it with "rag babies." Here is an object lesson worthy of all consideration. The thing would be funny if it were not quite so humiliating. One corporation playing a game of finance with the President and Congress, and "skunking" them to a finish, ought to bring a "maiden blush" on Uncle Sam's phiz. If Adam

Howe had been President he would have loaded J. Pierpont to the guards with coin without discrimination, and "trumped" his trick. This is exactly what any President would have done thirty years ago. But the real question with the President was that of expediency and not of law. Many things are lawful which are not expedient, and this may have been one of them.

Adam Howe was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, in 1835. His parents emigrated to Kentucky in 1842, with a family of seven children. They remained in that State until 1845, at which time they moved to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. After two years' stay in the Smoky City, they returned to Kentucky, arriving in Covington about the middle of June, 1847. The cholera was raging on the big river at that time, and in July both his parents died of it, and, as well as we remember, two of the children were also victims.

The family being thus shattered by that great destroyer of human life, young Howe, then a lad of thirteen years, shipped as cabin boy on board a steamer then plying the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Here he learned much he would never have learned elsewhere. In 1850 he apprenticed himself three years to learn the blacksmith's trade, after which he roamed awhile as a journeyman, working in various shops in the towns and cities to perfect his knowledge of the trade. He came to Martinsville in 1856, when he immediately began work at his trade and where the roar of his bellows and ring of his hammer have been heard for forty-five years.

In 1860, the Democrats among other things declaring in favor of annexing Cuba, upon such terms as would be honorable to all parties, he supported the Douglass wing of that party. From that time on he has acted independently of all parties, with an eye single to the currency

question. In 1864 he supported the Republicans because they strongly favored the greenbacks, which the Democrats denounced as "Lincoln money." In 1868 the Republican platform seemed indifferent on the currency question, while the Democrats were getting quite friendly with the treasury notes, 10-40's and so on, as being good enough for everybody. He voted the Democratic ticket. In 1872 the Greeley platform declared in favor of specie resumption. He voted for General Grant. In 1873 somebody slipped a paragraph into a sort of omnibus bill which demonetized silver. The Republicans were blamed for this act, but they protested a dovelike innocence for a time. Then Mr. Howe arose and flew over into the Greenback camp and supported Peter Cooper. In 1880 he thought the difference between the two parties was the difference between "tweedledum and tweedledee," so he voted for Tweedle D. In 1884 he again joined hands with the Republicans, and continued to support the party until 1896, when, after much wrangling and loss of sleep, the National Republican Convention adopted Mr. Cleveland's gold plank in its platform. When the Republican county convention met in 1896, Mr. Howe withdrew his name, and proceeded to stump the county in favor of William J. Bryan and "16 to 1."

Mr. Howe was nominated and elected by the Morgan county Republicans in 1894. He was a fearless, honest, and candid member of the session of 1895. He created some friction by his opposition to the bill to redistrict the State for senators and representatives. Although a layman, he contended such an act would be unconstitutional and he was thoroughly vindicated by the subsequent decision of the Supreme Court.

Mr. Howe has the distinction of being the only blacksmith that ever represented Morgan county. He can hammer iron as well as a political opponent. As between the

drones and working bees, he is for the workers, and knows full well what it costs to earn a hundred dollars with hammer and tongs. He has studied the vexed question of capital and labor, but he is not likely to solve it before the undertaker is called in.

He regards the country as far greater than any party, and a party far greater than any man in it, and only to be used as a means to an end. He regards loyalty to convictions as the pillar of patriotism, and political grafters as the jackals of politics.

September 11, 1860, he was united in marriage to Miss Leah Saylor, daughter of Harrison Saylor, who has been a faithful wife and mother, and a true helpmate. She comes from pioneer stock, her grandfather, Alexander Cox, having bought a farm and moved into the Centerton neighborhood in 1824.

Mr. and Mrs. Howe are possessed of good social qualities and have many friends who wish for them the best that earth can give, a happy and peaceful old age.

Q. A. BLANKENSHIP.

Quincy Adams Blankenship was nominated and elected by the Republicans of Morgan county in 1896 and re-elected in 1898. In 1840 his father, P. M. Blankenship, was elected representative by the Whig party. This is the only instance of father and son being chosen as assemblymen for this county during the seventy-eight years of its organization. Many changes had occurred between the election of the father and son, and the Whig party had gone to seed wrestling with the slavery question.

The Know-Nothings had only a mushroom existence, while the Democratic, the most aged and venerable of parties, had a furious attack of "yellow jaundice" early in the sixties, and seemed almost "tuckered out" for twenty

or thirty years. From the central time of the Civil War to 1884 the Republican party dominated national politics with a will which would not be balked. Its unmeasured success in prosecuting the war to an honorable close brought to its support a very large per cent. of the surviving soldiers of the North, who have steadily supported it without question ever since.

Quincy A. Blankenship was nourished on Whig milk in the beginning, but finished up on strong Republican meat. He was born in Paragon, Morgan county, Indiana, November 15, 1851, and is the third son of Perry M. and Basheba Hodges Blankenship. He had eight brothers and sisters and two half-brothers and one half-sister.

The Hodgeses and Blankenships have been conspicuous citizens of Lamb's Bottom for many years. Philip Hodges and wife were among the foremost pioneers in this county. Philip Hodges was not only the first land owner in the county, but was the first in the New Purchase, as it was then called. He and his estimable wife (whose maiden name was Gross) lived to a ripe old age and were greatly honored and highly respected by all who were thoroughly acquainted with them.

Young Blankenship was brought up in an industrial atmosphere. His ancestors were not only a workaday people, on the farm and in the shops or sawmill, but were keenly alive to the educational, moral, and religious development of the best that is in man. Indiana has made rapid strides in these particulars in late years by means of the common schools, the churches, and the higher institutions of learning.

The subject of our sketch passed his boy life on his father's farm. I imagine he was a clever boy at planning, especially how he might get the other fellow to hoe the potatoes, not that he had so much aversion to work, for he

is by his very makeup very industrious, but that he might have more time to play, which most lively boys prefer to do.

After the schools in Paragon he attended the high school at Martinsville for a time and then entered the Northwestern Christian University, now Butler College. In 1879 he entered the county clerk's office as deputy during Henry Hodges's term. He remained in this office about four years, reading law meanwhile, and was admitted to the bar in February, 1883.

In 1874 he began farming near the village of his birth, and has ever since been closely identified with the interests of the agricultural class of our citizens. He has fed and marketed large numbers of hogs and cattle, from his own fertile fields of Lamb's Bottom, a valley unsurpassed for its richness and beauty.

But Mr. Blankenship is much more than a farmer and stock raiser. He is very much alive to public questions and the consequent political maneuvers they engender.

As between the taxpayer and the taxeater, he is for the payer. This tender sentiment brought him, while in the Legislature, in collision with some of the blind pigs of his own party who desired a law enabling them to "milk the cows" three times a day. The "third house" is like a horse leech, always crying, "Give, give." It insists that the salaries are too low, while the taxpayers are wondering why there are from three to sixteen candidates for nomination where the nomination is equal to election.

In the session of 1897 Mr. Blankenship was chairman of the committee on claims. He set his face as flint against exorbitant charges and trumped-up claims against the State. He was quite ready to allow just and reasonable claims. But this committee is often puzzled to find out the whole truth concerning an old claim, and sometimes it acts very much like we do when a tramp claims a square meal. We

know we do not owe it to him, but we all allow it in order to be rid of him.

During this session there was a bill the purport of which was to allow county offices to retain certain fees. It was not strictly a party measure, but politically the majority would have been held responsible for its passage. As we remember, neither the Governor nor the Speaker was in favor of it, but on counting noses it appeared almost certain that it would pass, if its friends could get it to a vote before final adjournment. Those opposed could only compass its defeat by parliamentary tactics. This job was given into the hands of Mr. Blankenship. The result was no vote on the bill could be had in time to submit it to the Governor. After this the cold shoulder was turned to him by several of his own party. Nevertheless, he was nominated and re-elected in 1898.

He was appointed chairman of the committee of ways and means in the House of 1899. The most interesting measure of this session was a bill to reform the doing of county and township business. He took an active part in support of this bill and was again on the winning side.

While in the Legislature he became acquainted with many Republican politicians of different localities in the State. On the floor of the House he was soon an observed member and gave that august body to know that he was not a silent partner of the firm.

When the woman's suffrage committee was looking for a member who would offer their petition, they were told to go to Quincy A. Blankenship, of Morgan; that like John Quincy Adams, for whom he was named, he firmly believed in the right of petition, though the petitioners were sure of nothing but empty honor. When the petition was offered there was a general call for Blankenship. He arose, and after recognition said, in part: "Mr. Speaker—There has

not arisen before this House so great a question as woman suffrage. Ought they to have the right to help choose citizens to make laws, and citizens to administer laws, or not? Ought Suffrage to be based on sex or sense? What should be the qualifications of a voter—brawn or brain? Is Bob Fitzsimmons a better elector, in the true sense, than May Wright Sewall would be? Is taxation without representation any more righteous now than it was in '76?

"Mr. Speaker, there are members on this floor whose wives are their superiors—morally, religiously, intellectually, and politically. I am one of them, and you would be another if you were not a fearful old bachelor [the Speaker *pro tem.* was unmarried]. I occasionally see a medieval mossback who is dreadfully afraid of a woman. He wishes her to keep strictly in her 'spear,' washing dishes and babies' faces, and the dirty linen of dirtier men. Poor man! I pity him. He is a laggard born too late; small loss if he had not been born at all.

"We are told that suffrage will degrade our women, drag them down to the beastly level of the ward bummer. Not so. The reverse would happen. At the polls men would be respectful and decent for once in their lives. Why do we allow our wives and daughters to attend political rallies if it is degrading? Instead, their very presence has a refining and elevating influence on the meeting. It is only when men and men only stalk together, that they go to the lowest level; only in the stag dance they lose all manners. No, sir; when the time comes, if it ever does, when civil rights and equal suffrage bear sway, our citizens will move on a higher plane than ever before. Equal and exact rights to all women as well as to all men, is the righteousness that will exalt the nation."

I am by no means certain that I have quoted Mr. Blankenship *verbatim*, but if not, I am sure he has the grace to

wink at my ignorance. At the close of his second term he received the appointment of assistant collector of internal revenue for the Sixth District of Indiana. He attended the Philadelphia convention and worked with a will for Governor Roosevelt's nomination. He is a thorough Republican—could not be anything else—but he fights shy of ring rulers and kicks dog collars to the four winds.

April 17, 1883, he was joined in marriage to Miss Fannie Miller, a very estimable young lady of Martinsville. She is an earnest worker in the W. C. T. U. organization. She is a helpmate who helps, and her liege lord has to hustle to keep up. They have an only child, Gail, of whom they are justly proud. They have a neat and commodious home in Martinsville in which are stored and for ready use their sweetest joys.

JOSEPH J. MOORE.

Our joint senator in 1890, for the district composed of Johnson, Morgan, and Brown counties, was Joseph J. Moore, a native of Johnson county, who was born in Union township, April 29, 1831.

His parents, who were from Ohio, located in this township at an early date of its settlement. The subject of our sketch has experienced the marvelous development of a "babe of the woods" climbing into the senatorial chair. He tells me that he went fifty-four days to school in the primitive log schoolhouse and one term at Franklin College; the balance of his education he superintended himself. He is another self-made man, and it appears that he has turned out a good job.

He resides in Trafalgar, and is a very successful merchant, farmer, stock dealer, and miller. He is familiar with all the modern improvements of farm implements and the modern modes of living. He keeps in the procession

and, if not in the "band wagon," is better still in one of his own. He is a rail-splitter but never split his party. He is a steady going Democrat whose motto is, "The greatest good to the greatest number."

While in the Senate he bent his energies in favor of good roadways. The statute that now provides, "That when any community shall construct a gravel road one mile long, acceptable to the board of county commissioners, the same shall be kept in repair as are the free gravel roads of the county," was one of his favorite measures.

He was chairman of the joint standing committee on the State Library, and member of the committees on roads, on public printing, on rights and privileges, and on legislative apportionment.

November 23, 1856, he was joined in marriage with Miss Ermena Forsyth, an estimable young lady whose parents were also very noted and influential pioneers of Johnson county. They are blessed with two children, F. F. Moore, who resides in Indianapolis and is engaged in the practice of law, and Mrs. Alice French, who is quite an artist and was educated in Boston. She is well known in art circles.

Mr. Moore is a member of the Masonic order. Although not a church member, he is a liberal contributor and quite friendly to all church and Sunday school work, himself having taught in the Sunday schools of the village. Mrs. Moore is a member of the Baptist church.

By a long life of neighborly kindness and usefulness Mr. and Mrs. Moore command the love and respect of their many friends and acquaintances.

FREDERICK A. JOSS.

When we were divorced from Johnson and married to Marion county for senatorial representatives, Frederick Augustus Joss floated to the top and was nominated and elected by the Republican party in 1898.

He is a citizen of the capital, a young, enthusiastic stalwart, who had the honor in the Senate of putting in nomination Albert J. Beveridge—the fleet-footed orator of Indiana—for United States senator. After the election of Charles A. Bookwalter to the mayoralty of Indianapolis, Mr. Joss was made city attorney, which position he now holds. He is a lover of politics and a useful member of the Republican organization, and has a bright future before him.

He was born in Centerville, State of Michigan, May 5, 1867. His father, John C. Joss, was a manufacturer at one time and was clerk of St. Joseph county, Michigan, for sixteen years. He was born in Antwerp, Belgium, of German parents, who were forced to leave there for political reasons. He came to this country just before the Civil War. He served four years in the Union army and was promoted to captain. He lost his left leg on the third day of the Battle of the Wilderness. He was killed in a railroad accident at Niles, Michigan, the point where he left the cars upon coming to America before the war. The mother of Senator Joss was Mary Moore Merrell, of New York State.

Senator Joss received his early education in the common schools and high school of Centerville, the Ann Arbor high school, and the preparatory department of the University of Michigan. He entered the university in 1885.

After spending a year in a mining venture in Canada, Mr. Joss came to Frankfort, this State, and read law with the Hon. S. O. Bayless. He practiced law in Frankfort until July 12, 1892. On an offer of employment by his present law partner, Ovid B. Jameson, he came to Indianapolis. In January, 1895, the present law partnership of Jameson & Joss was formed.

In 1891 Mr. Joss was married to Miss Mary Q. Hub-

bard, of Wheeling, West Virginia. They have two children, Mary Hubbard and Luciana Hubbard Joss. Mr. Joss is a member of the Dutch Reformed Church of America.

GABRIEL M. OVERSTREET.

In 1882 the Republican party of the senatorial district of Morgan and Johnson counties found a popular and efficient candidate in the person of Gabriel Monroe Overstreet, of our neighboring city, Franklin. Although there was a Democratic majority against him, he was elected, and served with marked ability in the sessions of 1883 and 1885.

Mr. Overstreet was never much of a politician. He was once elected prosecutor by the Democrats, but during the heat of the discussion of the slavery question he became a Republican and has steadily adhered to the politics of that party ever since. During the Civil War he shouldered his musket and marched with the One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Regiment, Indiana Volunteers. The study and practice of law has been his life's work. In this he has been pre-eminently successful. The law firm of Overstreet & Hunter, of Franklin, has been one of the most remarkable in the State. For ability and business it has seldom been surpassed, and for continuance, never equalled. It was formed on the 21st day of February, 1849, and continued until the death of Mr. Hunter more than forty-two years afterward. Nature had given to these men the qualities of mind and heart out of which lasting friendships are made.

Mr. Overstreet is of good English stock. His ancestors, probably, first settled in Virginia and about the first of the nineteenth century moved to Kentucky, where the subject of our sketch was born, May 21, 1819.

In 1834, his father, Samuel Overstreet, moved from Oldham county, Kentucky, to Johnson county, this State, where

he purchased land near Franklin and proceeded to carve out a home in the green woods of Indiana. Here Gabriel, a lad of fifteen years, took the first lessons in a backwoods education, such as chopping and rolling logs, grubbing and picking brush, plowing and hoeing corn around stumps, and stumping toes against unforeseen obstacles. So it was he learned how to grow strong and how to keep so.

At about twenty years of age his father, who was a well-to-do farmer, gave each of his children a portion. Gabriel took his \$600 and used it in obtaining an education that would fit him for a profession. His bringing up, to this date, differed little from that of other boys who worked nine months in the year and went to school the remaining three, until they had attained their majority. He spent the first year in the Franklin Labor Institute, preparatory to his entering Indiana University, where he took a four-years' course and received his bachelor's degree in 1844.

It may be well here to note how much more an Indiana student of fifty years ago got out of a dollar than a Princeton or Yale student gets out of it to-day. One of the "smart set" would now spend \$600 in six weeks and account to his father that he had practiced the most rigid economy. The moral is, "A fool and his money are soon parted."

But it must be admitted that \$600 is not a large sum to carry a student through college, even in Mr. Overstreet's school days. On one occasion at the end of a term when the books were balanced he had just twenty-five cents left. He then walked from Bloomington to Franklin, forty miles, without his dinner.

During the vacation he worked at anything he found to do. One time he took the job of clearing ground and earned \$50. But success usually crowns the level-headed worker wherever found, and Mr. Overstreet's life demonstrates it.

In November, 1849, he was united in marriage to Miss Sarah L. Morgan, daughter of Rev. Lewis Morgan. To them were born seven children, all living to adult age. His son, the Hon. Jesse Overstreet, is the present representative in Congress of the Seventh District of Indiana.

In religious faith Mr. Overstreet is a Presbyterian, and was a ruling elder in that church for many years.

For many of the items contained in this paper I am indebted to the "Bench and Bar of Indiana," by Judge Banta.

J. M. BISHOP.

With this paper we now close our sketches of the members of the General Assembly of the State of Indiana who were elected as senators and representatives of Morgan county, beginning with John M. Coleman and Eli Dixon, elected in 1822, and ending with Hon. J. M. Bishop, chosen in 1900. Mr. Bishop has the distinction of being the last member elected in the nineteenth century.

He is a lifelong Republican, having begun making speeches as early as 1876 in the interest of the principles of that party. He has steadily held to his political integrity during all the ups and downs through which that organization has passed since his advent into the political arena. As far as we know, this is the only official position that has been awarded to him by his party.

Mr. Bishop was born in Hamilton county, Indiana, May 31, 1850, and is one of eight children born to Joseph and Nancy (Chew) Bishop. His parents were Virginians, of English descent, and closed their lives in Mooresville, Indiana. Mr. Bishop's faithfulness and kindness in the evening of their lives, and to the close, will ever remain the brightest pages of his history. He is a lawyer and attends to much of the legal business of his native town and its vicinity. He is a prominent member of the Methodist Episcopal

church, and a highly respected citizen of Mooresville, which has been his home for a quarter of a century. Like Mr. Bain he has never been married. They are the only bachelors among the fifty-three names in these sketches.

POLITICAL SUMMARY.

Perhaps we can not close these sketches more profitably than by recapitulating.

For nine years after the county organization we were joined to several other counties for representation in the General Assembly.

From 1822 to 1831, the names of the senators were John M. Coleman, James B. Gregory, Levi Jessup, and Lewis Mastin; and the representatives were Hugh Barns, Eli Dixon, Daniel Harris, Thomas J. Matlock, Dr. Hussey, and Alex Worth. The two last named were citizens of Mooresville at the time of their election.

Under the old constitution the elections were held once a year, on the first Monday in August for representatives and every third year for senators. The Legislature met once every year—generally in the fall season—until 1852, when the present constitution was adopted, changing the election to once in two years.

The date and order of their election from 1831 is as follows:

John W. Cox, R., 1831-'32; Grant Stafford, W., 1833-'34, senator, 1836-'40; W. H. Craig, R., 1835; Hiram Matthews, R., 1836; Dr. John Sims, R., 1837; Jonathan Williams, R., 1838; John Eccles, R., 1839; Perry M. Blankenship, R., 1840; P. M. Parks, D., 1841-'47; Dr. Francis A. Matheny, R., 1841-'42-'43; A. B. Conduitt, R., 1844, senator, 1848-'56; Isaac W. Tackitt, R., 1845-'54; Oliver R. Dougherty, R., 1846-'47; Alfred M. Delevan, R., 1848-'49, senator, 1850; William P. Hammond, R., 1850; Enos S. Taber, R., 1852;

Algernon S. Griggs, senator, 1854, joint representative, 1868; Cyrus Whetzel, R., 1858; John W. Ferguson, R., 1860; Dr. Jarvis J. Johnson, R., 1862; Franklin Landers, joint senator, 1860; Colonel Samuel P. Oyler, joint senator, 1864; Ezra A. Olleman, joint representative, 1864; Noah J. Major, R., 1864-'70-'78; Captain John E. Greer, R., 1866; James V. Mitchell, R., 1868; Ebenezer Henderson, joint senator, 1868; James J. Maxwell, joint senator, 1872; Dr. Harvey Satterwhite, R., 1872; William S. Sherley, joint representative, 1872; Dr. John Kennedy, R., 1874; Major George W. Grubbs, R., 1876, senator, 1878; Captain David Wilson, R., 1880; Gabriel M. Overstreet, joint senator, 1882; James F. Cox, joint senator, 1886; George A. Adams, R., 1882-'84-'88; Alfred W. Scott, R., 1886; William Harvey Brown, R., 1890; William Davison Bain, R., 1892; Joseph J. Moore, joint senator, 1890; Adam Howe, R., 1894; Quincy Adams Blankenship, R., 1896-'98; William E. McCord, joint senator, 1894; F. A. Joss, joint senator, 1898; and J. M. Bishop, R., 1900.

From the beginning until 1854 the voters were divided into Whigs and Democrats, and the party lines were strictly drawn from 1828 to the last named date. The Democrats were Cox, Williams, Eccles, Parks, Matheny, Delevan, and Tackitt. The Whigs were Stafford, Matthews, Sims, Craig, Blankenship, Conduitt, Taber, Hammond, Dougherty, and Griggs. After the Republican organization, Craig, Blankenship, Matthews, Dougherty, and Griggs espoused the Republican cause, while Taber and Conduitt affiliated with the Democrats.

Of the last named forty-three members, sixteen were of the Methodist Episcopal church, twelve of the Christian church, three Presbyterians, three Universalists, one Baptist and one member of the Dutch Reformed Church. There were five doctors, fourteen lawyers, one miller, one black-

smith, one pastor and evangelist, four ministers, six farmers who followed no other business, and sixteen who connected farming with merchandising and other callings. The general character of the foregoing fifty-three men would compare favorably with that of any delegation sent to the State capital during the eighty years past since the county's organization.

We cannot yet lay claim to the birth and education of any great man, as men count greatness, but he may now be going to school or soon will be going, and when the supreme hour comes, he may arise and flash a story or a poem across Indiana's literary horizon as bright as a comet's tail. Or he may develop into a Tall Sycamore of the Wabash, or a later Albert Jeremiah spellbinder. He is bound to come.

NOTE.

The writer has had the honor of the personal acquaintance of almost all of the members of the Legislature elected from this county during the last seventy years, and is glad to pay this tribute of respect to their patriotism and moral worth and preserve their names a while longer from inevitable forgetfulness.





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LIFE AND MILITARY SERVICES

OF

BREVET-MAJOR GENERAL

ROBERT S. FOSTER

BY

CHARLES W. SMITH

INDIANAPOLIS
EDWARD J. HECKER, PRINTER
1915



PREFACE

As appears upon its face, the following paper was written with a view to its publication elsewhere, but the writer has consented to its inclusion in the publications of the Indiana Historical Society.

In addition to the story of his army service, the following sketch of the life of Robert S. Foster is appropriate here:

General Foster was born in Vernon, Jennings county, Indiana, January 27, 1834, and died at his home in Indianapolis, March 3, 1903. He received his early education by attendance in the public schools and the academy located in his native town. At the age of sixteen he left his home, and, coming to Indianapolis, learned the tinner's trade; but in a short time he entered the mercantile establishment of his uncle, Andrew Woolen.

He was for many years president of the Board of Trade of the city of Indianapolis. He served a full term as United States Marshal for the District of Indiana, and held many other places of honor and distinction.

He was the principal factor in the establishment of the Grand Army of the Republic. Upon his death he was buried with military honors, under a proclamation of the Governor of Indiana.



Life and Military Services of Brevet-Major General Robert S. Porter

I have for a long time felt that the people of Indianapolis had never appreciated the character and ability of many of the volunteer officers in the Union Army during the Civil War who entered the service from this city and, at the close of their active service, returned to civil life and thenceforward resided here. While they were alive and touching elbows with their neighbors, the latter really had little knowledge of the value of their services, or of the skill and courage which they had manifested while in the field. And now that they are gone, and no longer on our streets, they are quite altogether gone out of mind, and the public of the city and this new generation have no consciousness of the fact that they had reasonable ground for pride and glory in the lives of these departed men. It has therefore appeared to me that it would be no unworthy endeavor in these days, marking the fiftieth anniversary of the closing scenes of that great war, to bring to mind the character and service of these men to whom reference has been thus made.

And here let me premise a moment. I know very well that many enlisted men have somewhat resented that any special mention should be made of the conduct and services of Generals, or Colonels, or indeed of any commissioned officers. They say that the officers did not do anything more than did the enlisted men; that the men with guns in their hands did the real fighting, and all the glory goes to the officers. Very certain it is that the enlisted men showed just as much devotion,

exhibited just as much patriotism, incurred just as much danger, suffered and endured just as much from the fatigue of the march, the shock of battle, and the painful and torturing experiences of hospital life, from wounds, disease, or exposure. Nothing is farther from my thought than drawing any invidious distinction between officers and men.

It is also very certain that there were very many incompetent officers of all grades from Generals down, who had secured their appointments and retained their places by unworthy methods. It is also equally certain in the volunteer forces during the Civil War, there were, as in no other war, many enlisted men,—perhaps they were found in every company,—who were as competent to command the company as its Captain, who yet never wore the chevrons of sergeant or corporal.

Yet it remains that there were some competent officers who from their positions had opportunity in a marked degree rightfully to become conspicuous and to mark them as men of ability and worthy of the commendation of their own and succeeding generations.

And it is not quite, or at least always true, that the General was not worth more than the enlisted man. If the General by natural gift, by education or experience, has the power of quickly discerning how to handle his men on the field of battle, so as to protect them as far as possible from the danger of the hour, he, by the exercise of that faculty, may lead them to victory instead of to a pit of slaughter. And further than this, a General may have so far won the confidence of his men, that his presence upon the scene of action is worth the presence of many men.

I have heard Mr. John B. Elam say that General Sheridan's appearance at Winchester at the opportune

moment was worth more than would have been the arrival of a division of troops on that fateful day.

Having thus premised on this point, I desire to add one more statement. These papers are intended to deal only with their subjects in their capacity as military officers. The first sketch I desire to present is that of Brevet-Major General Robert Sanford Foster.

At the breaking out of the Civil War Robert Sanford Foster entered the service as Captain of a company in the Eleventh Indiana Volunteers in the three months' service, whose Colonel was Lew Wallace, afterward Major General Lew Wallace; at the expiration of the term of service of that regiment, he re-entered the service as Major of the Thirteenth Regiment, was advanced to Lieutenant Colonel of that regiment and later to Colonel. As Colonel he for a long time commanded a brigade. He was made Brigadier General of Volunteers on the 13th of June, 1863, upon the most earnest recommendations of his division commander for past meritorious service. Thenceforward he was almost continuously in command of a division in the Tenth or the Twenty-fourth Army Corps. For several months he was Chief of Staff to Major General Quincy A. Gillmore; on the 13th of March, 1865, he was brevetted Major General of Volunteers for conspicuous services during the war. Most of his service was with the Army of the Potomac or the Army of the James in their operations in the various campaigns against Richmond, but for several months he served in South Carolina.

In the official Record of the War of the Rebellion, published by the United States Government, comprising 125 volumes, containing all the official reports and correspondence on the Federal side, as to the conduct and operations of the war, and so much of the Confederate

records as have been preserved or discovered, his name appears hundreds of times; many times with special commendation by his superior officers, and never at any time touched with the least disparagement. He was mentioned favorably while yet a Captain in the Eleventh Indiana Volunteers in the three months' service; and again while he was Major of the Thirteenth. After he was Lieutenant Colonel of the Thirteenth, he was for a long time in command of the regiment. After he became Colonel, and before he came regularly to the command of a brigade, he was frequently placed in the command of that regiment and other forces, and sent upon expeditions to discover the whereabouts of the Confederate forces, with discretion to give battle or to refuse to fight as circumstances might justify. Sometimes he gave battle, sometimes he withdrew, but the exercise of his discretion, whether he fought or withdrew, was heartily approved by his seniors. More than once he was mentioned as that "capable officer." Many times he was commended for the manner in which he handled his men in action while in the immediate presence of the enemy. He had a tactical instinct and quick perception of the dangers to his command which might develop on the field of battle. In one of his earliest engagements, March 22, 1862, at the battle of Winchester, also known as Kernstown, while under a hot fire, he had three times to change the front of his extended line to avoid an enfilading fire from the Confederate artillery.

In his own report of his operations in conjunction with other commands he would have legitimate occasion to refer to the troops in contact with him on either flank; and likewise other brigade commanders would make like references to him and his command; and

never was there a complaint that he and his men did not do full measure of duty in support of the other forces in connection with whom he was acting. He never but once found fault with any troops acting under his orders. This was in the spring or early summer of 1864, when, after hard fighting, he had advanced his line and held an important point. A new brigade was sent to his support and placed under his command, and he replaced some of his regiments that had long been under strain with the new brigade. On the first night some picket firing occurred, upon which the new brigade at once abandoned the point and the line without making any defense. He retook the line the next morning, after severe fighting, and made an immediate report, criticising the men who had abandoned the line very severely, but later in the same day excused them by saying that they had never been properly instructed and probably had but little experience in performing picket duty.

In June of 1864 General Butler, under whose command he was, sent for him to visit his headquarters and advised him that he was to take a number of men and cross the James river, establish a pontoon bridge across the stream, fortify the end of the bridge-head and hold it if possible against all attack. General Foster once told me that at the close of the interview, General Butler said to him that he had about equal chances of success or of going to hell in the attempt. He swung the pontoon across the river, then let go the ropes by which it was connected with the land seized, thus leaving no escape for the men. Before daylight he had built an earthwork to protect the head of the bridge on that side, and that bridge was maintained until the close of the war. This crossing was known as "Deep Bottom."

Just after this he was placed in command of a division, and his presence there was deemed of so great importance that he was ordered to make the headquarters of the division at that point.

During the fall of 1864, he with his command took part in the hard fighting north of the James river, as the result of which the Confederate forces were forced back to an inner line of earthworks, within about six miles of Richmond, which they continued to hold until the fall of that city on the 2d day of April, 1865.

During the year 1863 he was in charge of the lines south of Suffolk, Virginia, having under his command considerable force of all arms, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and was almost constantly in contact with the Confederate forces. At times he lost heavily, but maintained his position and performed the work assigned to him to the entire satisfaction of his superior officer. In the summer campaign of 1864 his command fought alternately on the south side of the James river in front of Petersburg and on the north side of that river in front of Richmond. A list of the engagements in which he took part would fill many pages.

On the 27th day of March, 1865, General Ord, commander of the Army of the James, withdrew two divisions of the Twenty-fourth Corps, Foster's and Turner's, and one, Birney's colored division of the Twenty-fifth Corps, Major General Gibbon commanding the three divisions, from the front of Richmond, and, marching in the rear of the fortifications of the Army of the Potomac, came to near the left of the line of that army at Hatcher's Run. On the 29th, 30th and 31st of March, and the 1st of April, Foster's division front was constantly engaged with the whole line in active skirmishing and picket firing. On the morning of the

2d of April, the Sixth Corps, occupying the line immediately to the right of Foster, broke through the Confederate line, and General Foster, pushing forward his command, carried the line in his front. After this movement was completed, these troops then forming line perpendicular to the line of the works just carried, but within them, first marched to the left, then faced about toward Petersburg and marched toward that city.

But there were interior works more or less complete, extending from the outer line to the Appomattox river, on which Petersburg was situated. These works had been constructed in anticipation of the event which had now transpired, to prevent the capture of Petersburg in event the outer line of defense should be captured. On this line were two forts, built each with a view to the support of the other—Forts Gregg and Whitworth.

General Foster's division assaulted Fort Gregg. It was a strong work with heavy earth embankments, with a deep ditch more than ten feet in width before them. I sat upon my horse on a little rise of the ground and saw the entire attack. His first brigade enveloped the fort, and went into and across the ditch, some of the men helping others up to the parapet, and for the instant it seemed that the work was carried. But the garrison poured such a musketry fire upon the charging force that most of the men reaching the top of the embankment were killed or wounded, or dropped behind the bank. Flesh and blood could not stand against the withering fire of musketry. The second brigade repeated the effort, with the result of getting more men up out of the ditch upon the parapet; then the third brigade followed, and two of Turner's brigades also come to their support, and finally the fort was captured, after a

heavy loss in killed and wounded. General Gibbon says of this assault, that it was "one of the most desperate of the war"; and Gibbon was in the very thick of the fight at Gettysburg, and while in command of his brigade was wounded in resisting Pickett's charge on that bloody field.

All this day of the 2d General Lee fought most desperately to hold the lines and bridges across the Appomattox river in the vicinity of Petersburg, to enable his troops to withdraw. Early in the day he telegraphed to Mr. Davis, the President of the Confederacy, that both Richmond and Petersburg must be evacuated that night. The withdrawal was accomplished over the bridges thus protected.

An incident of the day may be mentioned, although not strictly pertinent to the subject of this paper.

In the late afternoon, all the Confederate lines to the left of Petersburg had been carried for the distance of about fifteen miles to the last interior works surrounding that city. Sheridan, with his quick perception of the situation, had already put his troopers in motion to cut off Lee's retreat. The remaining forces were closing in around Petersburg.

Immediately in the rear of the troops brought over from the Army of the James, on a slight elevation, there came together General Grant, commander of all the armies; General Meade, commander of the Army of the Potomac, and General Ord, the commander of the Army of the James, each accompanied by several members of his staff. They were but a few rods from that part of our line occupied by the regiment to which I belonged. I had frequently seen both Generals Grant and Ord, but had never before seen General Meade. I was very forcibly struck by the appearance and conduct of each of these men.

General Grant, as far as I could see, displayed no excitement or sense of elation whatever. General Ord, a descendant of one of the English Kings by a morgantic marriage, was self-contained. General Meade, on the contrary, by his countenance and every feature manifested the most intense but suppressed excitement, which seemed to communicate itself to his horse, which champed his bits, tugging upon the reins, throwing his head up and down, and pawing at the earth.

That night Richmond and Petersburg were evacuated, and on the morning of the 3d the pursuit was begun which ended a week later at Appomattox Courthouse.

A word as to the general plan of the campaign of that week. That plan was very simple, although its execution involved much exertion, hard marching, and some hard fighting. Briefly it was this: The Army of the Potomac (except the Fifth Corps) under General Meade, was immediately to pursue Lee's retreating forces, and press that pursuit as fiercely as possible; to force General Lee to halt and face about and give battle as frequently as possible, and to detain him as long as possible on each occasion.

General Sheridan with his cavalry, the Fifth Corps, and the provisional corps from the Army of the James, were to march on a line to the south and left; were to outmarch Lee's army thus hampered and hindered, cut off all supplies that had been ordered along his line of retreat, and finally, if possible, get across his front and force a battle or his surrender.

General Foster's division was part of this command, which, passing to the south of the main line of Lee's retreating army, was endeavoring to pass it and get across their front; and this meant hard marching by his troops to keep within supporting distance of the cavalry.

During the 7th and 8th of April, letters had already passed between Generals Grant and Lee, looking to the surrender of Lee's army; but during the day of the 8th, Lee had answered General Grant's note, saying in part: "To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army."

But at the close of that day he found General Sheridan's cavalry was across the line of his retreat. He recognized that the emergency was at hand. After consultation with his generals, it was decided to make one more effort to avert the inevitable. It was determined that General Gordon's infantry should undertake to force its way through the cavalry before the Union infantry could be brought up to its support, and, this failing, the surrender should be made.

General Foster once told me of the happenings of that night. He said: "My division was in the advance of our infantry column, and my orders were to march until 10 o'clock and then go into camp. My inspector had been making observations for a suitable camping spot, and we had come to a little stream. I was riding at the head of the column with the inspector and my staff, and I directed the head of the column to turn to the right and then front to the stream, so that the men could have water, thus putting the front in the direction of the advance.

"Just as the column started to break to the right, I heard the gallop of horses in our front, coming in our direction. I stopped until I might find out what it meant. In a moment I heard the advance guard halt the on-comers, and in a few moments two bearers of the same dispatch, in duplicate, in order if one failed the other might be able to deliver it, came up and said they had dispatches for General Gibbon, who was commanding

the three infantry divisions. I told them that General Gibbon was riding with General Turner, and they would find him further down the road. They then told me that while the dispatches were addressed to General Gibbon, their orders were to show them to the first general officer they should meet, for his inspection, and then carry them on to General Gibbon. I told them I was General Foster, commanding the advance division; they told me to open and read them. I lighted a tallow candle, read the dispatches, and found that they were from General Sheridan, stating that he with his cavalry were across General Lee's front, and would hold on till morning, and that if the infantry could be up by daylight, Lee's surrender would be compelled. I endorsed on the order to General Gibbon, 'I, of course, understand this means to continue the march, and will do so until I hear from you,' and sent the messages on to General Gibbon. I ordered the division forward and, after half an hour or such a matter, I had word from General Gibbon to continue the march until 1 o'clock; then not to make camp but to let the men lie down for two hours, and to resume the march at 3 o'clock. I followed those orders. At 1 o'clock the division halted, and the men lay down in the road; at 3 o'clock we resumed the march, and early in the morning reached General Sheridan's headquarters. I was ordered to form the division in line of battle in the rear of the cavalry so as to support them. But the enemy were also moving early, and almost at once vigorously attacked the light line of cavalry, driving them back. So quick was the movement that I had to put some of my brigades in position at the double quick, and then advanced. As soon as the head of Turner's Division came up it went in on the run, extending and supporting my line. As soon as Gordon

saw our troops in front, he signalled to General Lee that there was infantry before him, and very shortly the white flag of truce brought General Lee's request for suspension of hostilities, until the formalities of the surrender could be completed."

And this was a true story as shown by the official record, and General Foster's division, together with Turner's on his left and Birney's on his right, were the last troops formed for action and engaged in battle before General Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court-house on Sunday, April 9, 1865.

General Foster also told me the further story:

"After I had reached General Sheridan's headquarters and while receiving his orders, General Gibbon, with some of his staff, rode up. He dismounted and came up and threw his arm over my shoulder and said, 'Thank God, Foster, I had one division commander who moved on time—Turner and I went to sleep, with directions to our staffs to waken us at 3 o'clock, but everybody went to sleep and I wakened an hour after the troops should have been on the road.'"

General Gibbon, not only in his official report gave Foster great credit for his conduct at Fort Gregg on the 2d, and on this morning of the 9th, but long after the war he wrote some articles for the magazines in which he made reference to these matters. In one of these articles, he discloses that after he had got awake on the morning of the 9th he pressed forward in advance of the troops, and when he came to where Foster's division had been and found it had gone on time, he said to one of his staff, "By God, Foster is a better soldier than I am."

In the "Official Records of the Rebellion," I found an unsigned note asking General Foster at his convenience

to call at Army Headquarters at Washington. General Foster told me of a conversation which he at one time had with General Grant, and which I think must have been on that occasion. Again using General Foster's language, as nearly as I can recollect: "General Grant asked me if I would not like to remain in the service in the Regular Army. I told him that I would, but after having commanded a division I would not like to accept a commission in the line; I would not like to accept an appointment below that of Major, and I felt that it was not possible for me to receive an appointment to that grade. General Grant replied, 'You may be mistaken.' That was the end of the matter, and it soon passed out of my mind."

But it later developed that General Grant had not forgotten it, and on the 29th of August, 1866, General Foster was appointed Lieutenant Colonel of the Twenty-sixth Infantry, to rank from July 28, 1866. A few days earlier General Miles was appointed Colonel of the Fortieth Infantry, to rank from the same date, July 28, 1866, this being but one grade above General Foster.

I think it was a great mistake that General Foster did not accept the appointment, and that he afterward regretted that he had not done so. He told me that two things led him to decline it; one was that his wife desired that he should not accept it, and the other that he had just formed a partnership with a gentleman who had quit his former business to become associated with him in the new enterprise, and that he, General Foster, did not feel that he could honorably terminate the partnership at that time and accept the appointment and for this reason he declined it. Major General Alexander McDowell McCook, of the Volunteer Army, was appointed to the vacancy caused by his declination.

General Miles has long been on the retired list as Lieutenant General, and for many years before his death General McCook was on the retired list as Major General of the United States Army.

Had General Foster accepted the appointment, it is quite certain that he would have been retired with the same rank as was General McCook, and there was a possibility at least that he would have succeeded General Miles on his retirement.

Among other duties performed by General Foster, while in the Volunteer Army, he served on various courts-martial and military commissions; notably two:

In 1863 the United States Government determined upon the enlistment of colored troops, and recruiting officers were appointed to that end. A lieutenant was sent to Norfolk in that capacity. This course aroused great animosity, and a prominent physician of that city foully murdered the lieutenant. General Foster was president of the court-martial appointed to try the Doctor.

The trial resulted in conviction; the offender was sentenced to death; the proceedings, findings and sentence were approved by the Judge Advocate General, and the Doctor was hanged.

He was a member of the Military Commission appointed to try the conspirators in the plot which resulted in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and served upon such commission until their labors were completed.

General Foster was physically a man of fine personal appearance, sat his horse well, and, when mounted in full uniform, belted with the yellow sash of a general officer, presented as fine an ideal of a military commander as any General in the Army, unless it was General Hancock, whom he much resembled.

In the winter of 1864 there was a full-page picture of the General and his staff in front of his hut-headquarters, north of the James. A few years ago I came upon a copy of this picture in one of the museums of the war in the city of Chicago.

He held his men to the faithful performance of their duties, but he was not, in a harsh sense, a strict disciplinarian and had nothing of the martinet in his disposition. He sympathized with them in their hardships and was patient with them—and even with their failures—in times of stress. His men loved and greatly admired him, and he was loyal to his command and its reputation.

A Connecticut regiment had long served under him and had proven itself a reliable command, but in the fall of 1864 it had been greatly depleted in numbers and the State undertook to fill up its ranks. But the men who were sent down were in large part professional bounty-jumpers. They would get their bounty, join the regiment, and then at first opportunity desert. There was no end of trouble until a number of them were tried by court-martial and shot in the presence of the division. Thus it came about that the name “—— Connecticut” became an anathema in that army.

On the march from the Army of the James to the Army of the Potomac, as the regiment marched past Gibbon in the presence of Foster, the former said he was quite ashamed to have the regiment with him and that he felt no reliance should be placed upon it. Foster resented the statement.

The regiment had just received a new flag to replace one that had been reduced to tatters from long service.

At the storming of Fort Gregg, this new flag went forward with the first brigade, and, when driven back

for a moment, again went forward, and this was repeated a number of times until Gibbon said to Foster, "What regiment is that which holds on so fast?" and Foster said, "That is the — Connecticut that you said you were ashamed of four or five days ago."

Many personal incidents and anecdotes might be set down, but time and space do not permit.

The purpose of this paper has been accomplished, if for a little time I have brought the genial gentleman and the magnificent soldier back to the memory of those who once knew him well, and given some slight basis for an appreciation by those who knew him not.

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